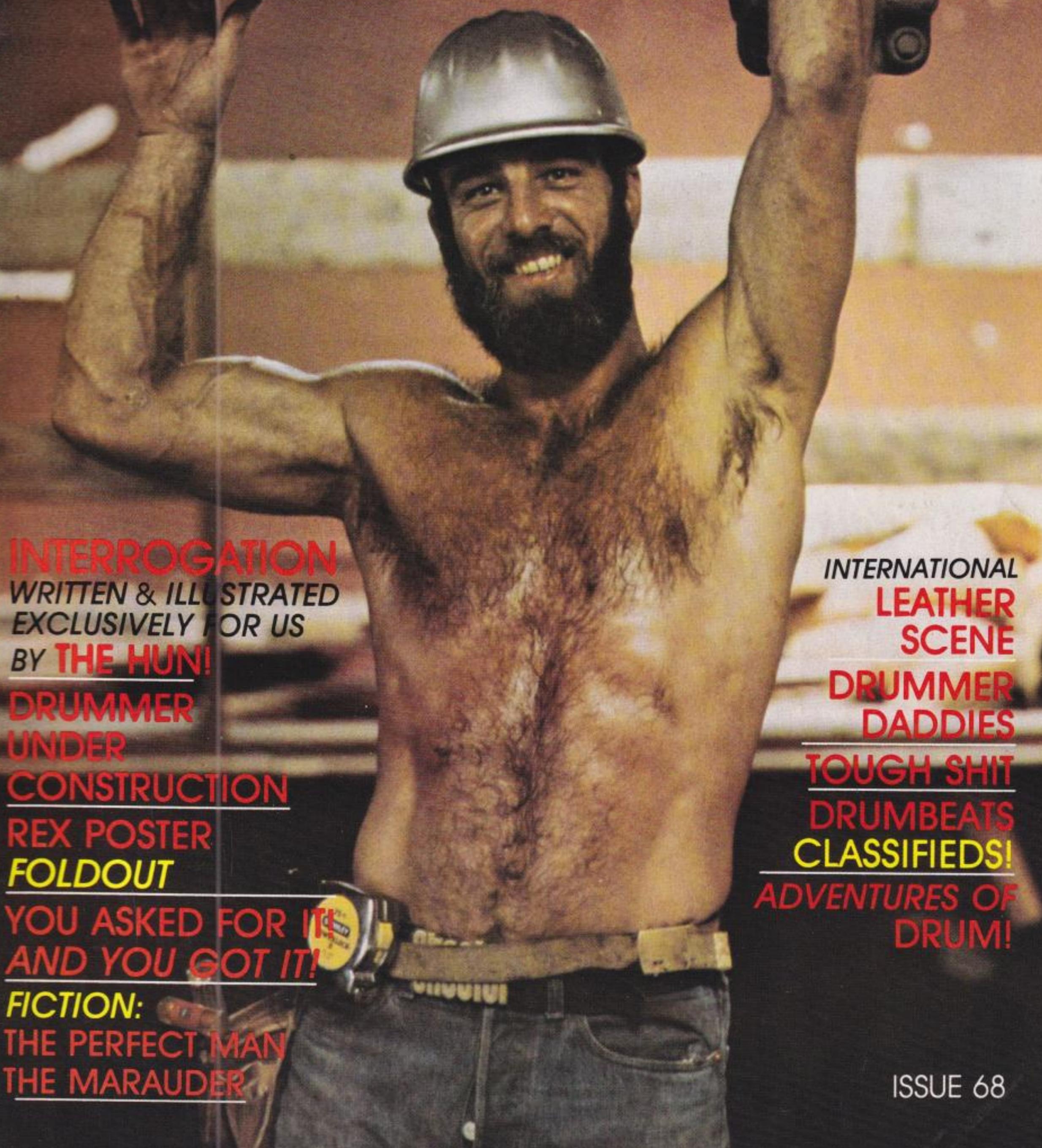


THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵



INTERROGATION

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED
EXCLUSIVELY FOR US
BY **THE HUN!**

DRUMMER

UNDER

CONSTRUCTION

REX POSTER

FOLDOUT

YOU ASKED FOR IT!
AND YOU GOT IT!

FICTION:

THE PERFECT MAN
THE MARAUDER

INTERNATIONAL

LEATHER
SCENE

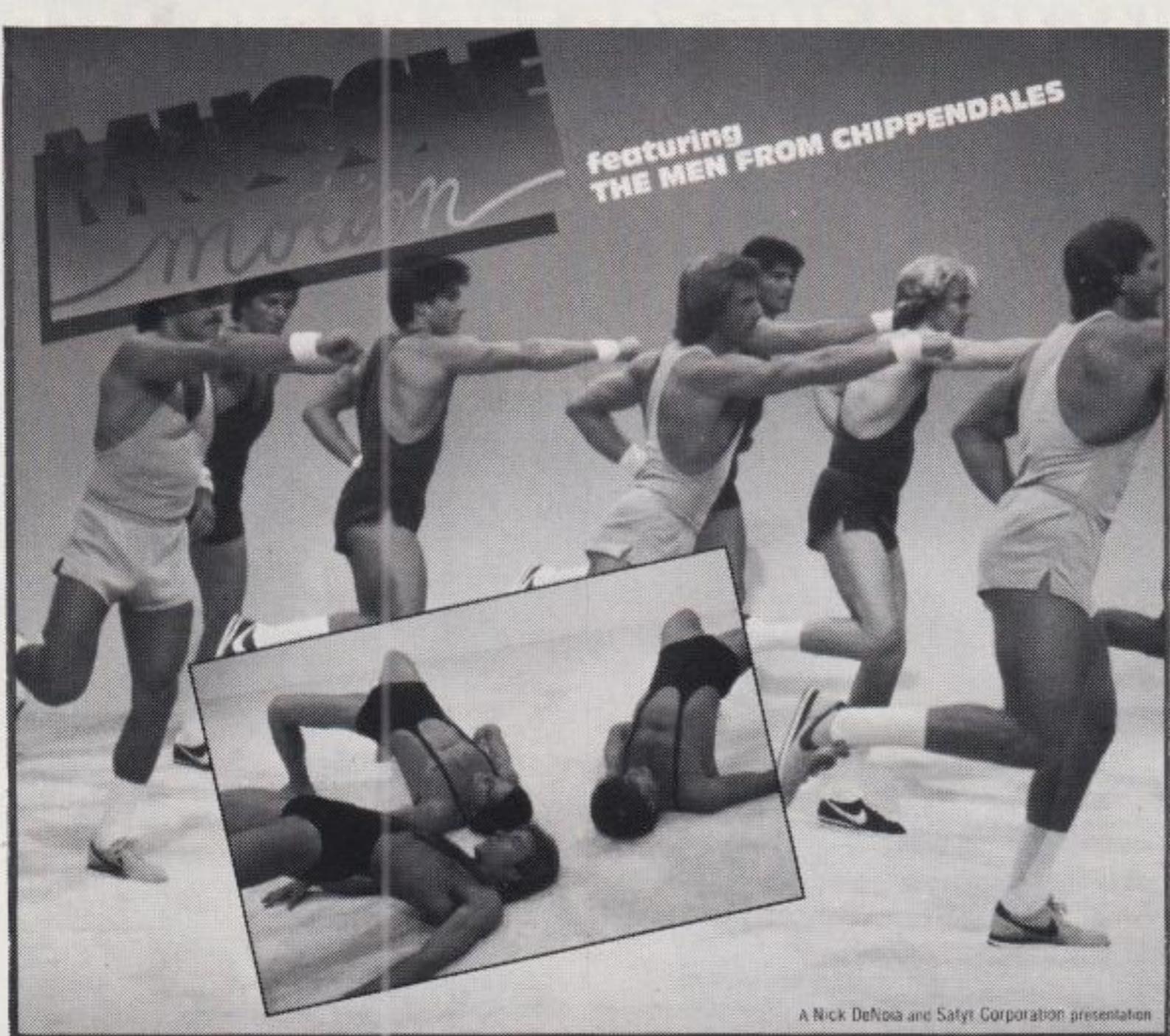
DRUMMER
DADDIES

TOUGH SHIT

DRUMBEATS
CLASSIFIEDS!

ADVENTURES OF
DRUM!

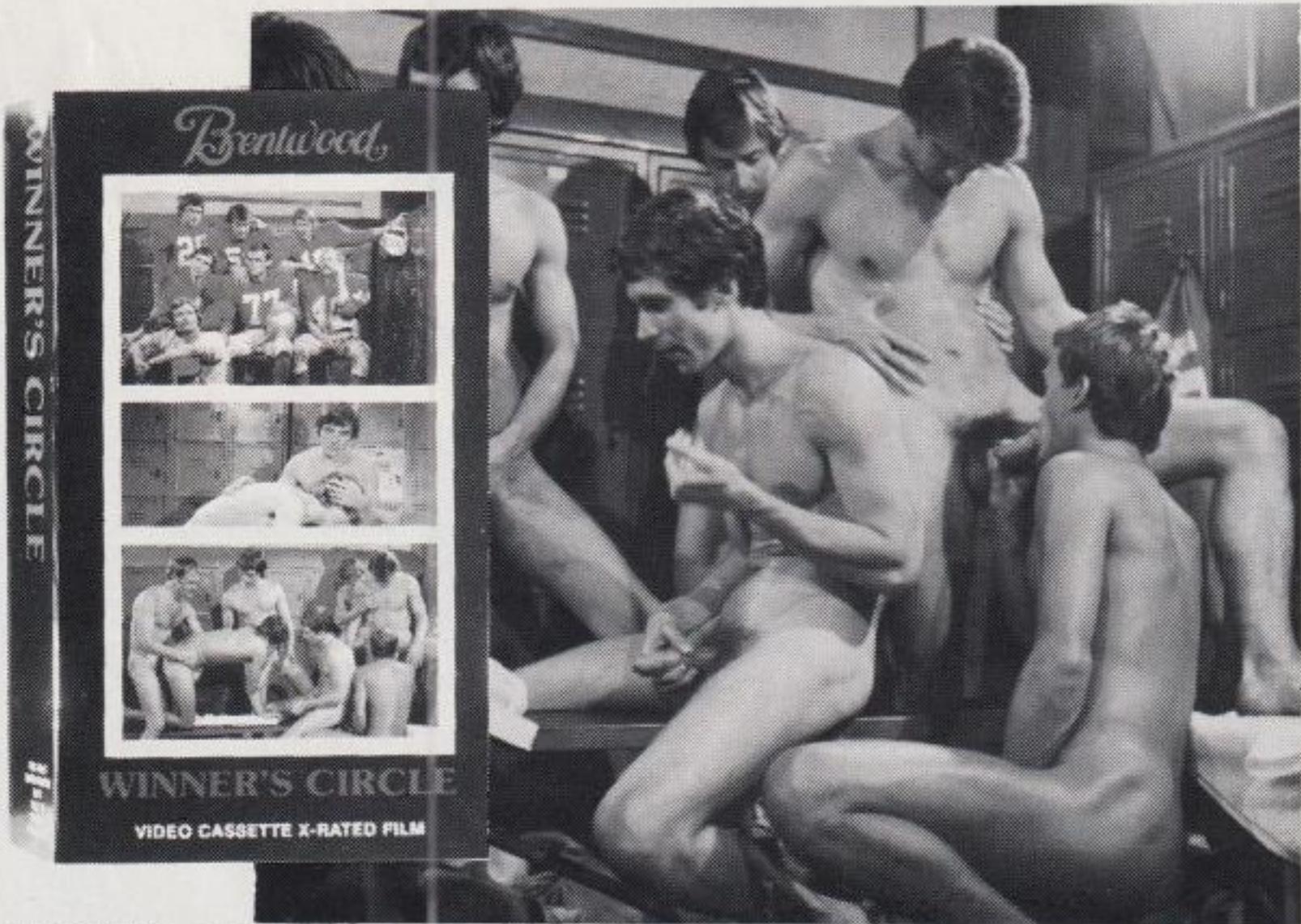
ISSUE 68



MUSCLE MOTION

There is nothing like the Chippendale Men, and there has never been an experience like *Muscle Motion*, a unique video cassette created by the most famous male strippers in America. Structured as a series of aerobic exercises featuring one or more of the hot Chippendale Men, *Muscle Motion* will put you through your paces as you watch these handsome, muscular, athletic guys work up one sweat after another. The single most erotic look at exercise ever filmed, *Muscle Motion* will become the most watched cassette in your video library.

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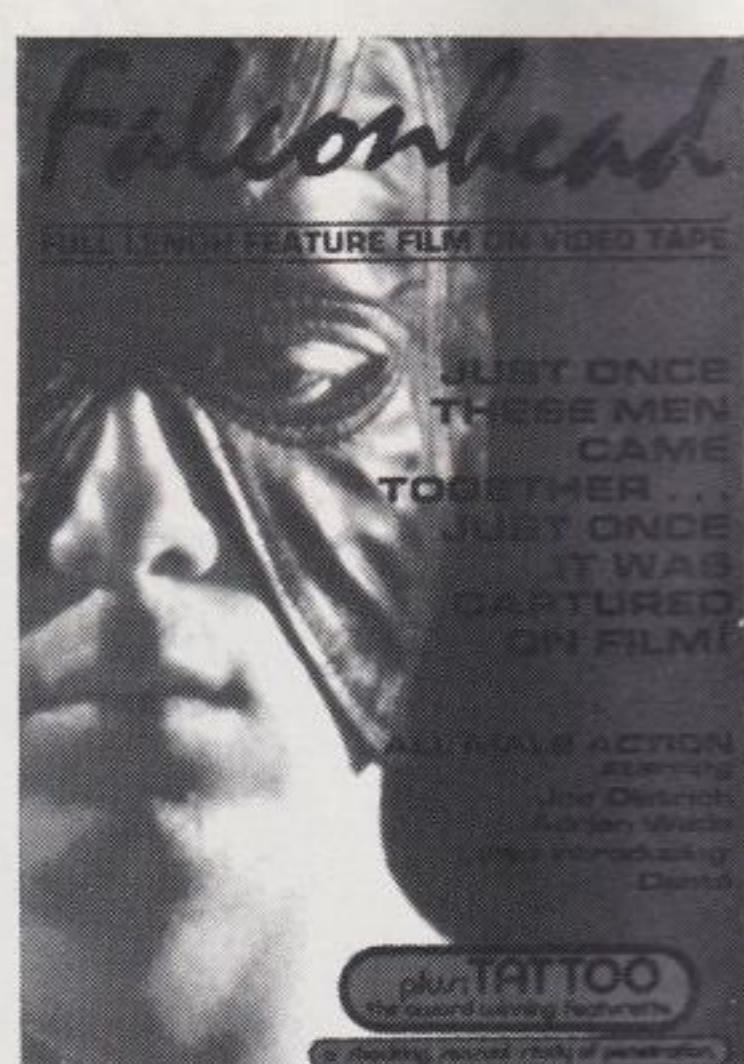


WINNER'S CIRCLE

Leave the football field with the players and go into the locker room. A full team of beautiful hunks stripped and hot, grab-assing and messing around until it turns into a full fledged orgy. These athletes are hung, hot and horny. One of Brentwood's finest films! One hour.

DRUMMER 2

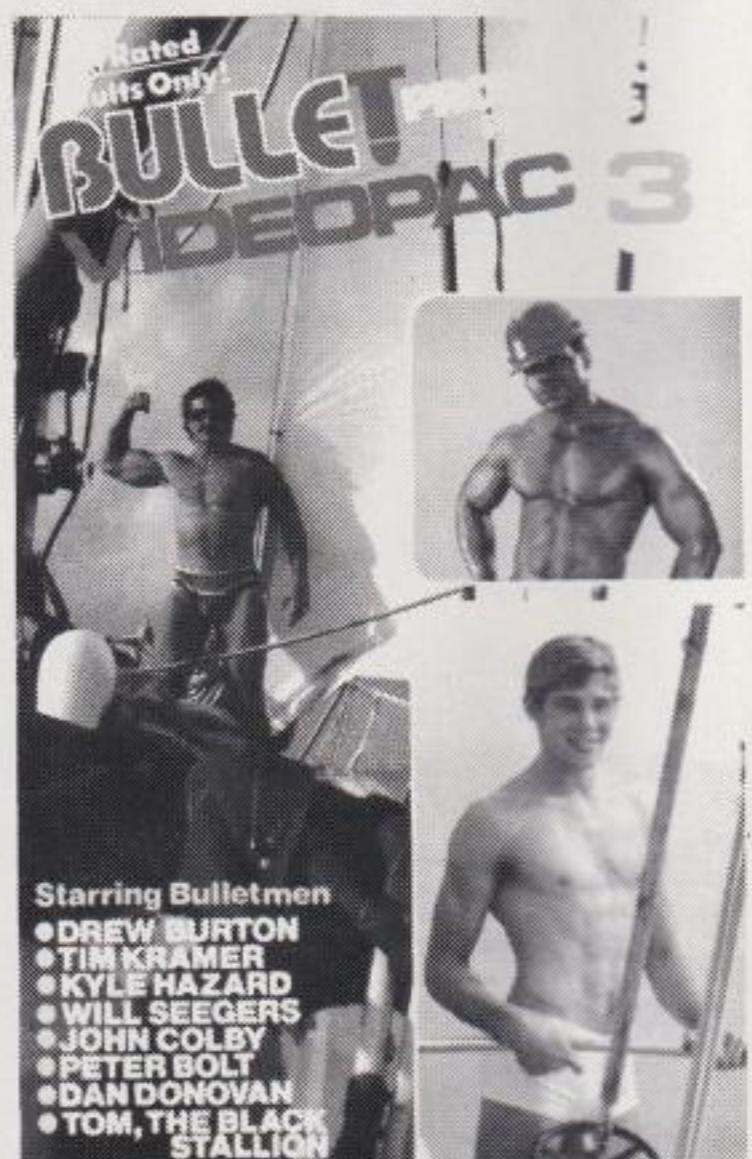
VHS/BETA **6495**



FALCONHEAD

Michael Zen's mystical and sensual tale of what happens to a number of men who come together under the power of the Falconhead and his mirror of lust. One of the finest, most creative gay films ever made. Starring Joe Dietrich, Adrian Wade, and introducing the powerful, menacing Dante. Plus an award-winning short film *Tattoo*, that explores the mystique and pain of body decoration.

VHS/BETA **7997**



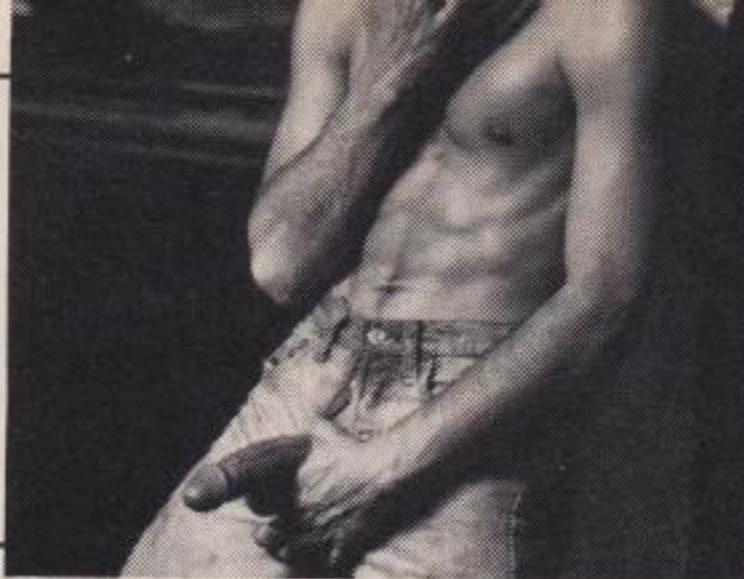
BULLET VIDEO PAC 3

Drew Burton and Tom act out some exciting games in *Fantasy Time*; Tim Kramer slips aboard Kyle Hazard's boat under Kyle's power in *Sailor Beware*; Will Seegers, Peter Bolt and John Colby are Cowboys with more than tumbleweeds on their minds; Dan Donovan shows you what a hot young man can do when he's left alone at home in *Danny Boy*.

VHS/BETA **7995**

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



GETTING OFF

DRUMMER's big move from Harriet Street to Folsom Row was about two and a half blocks and has taken over four years. We looked South of Market over when we first came to San Francisco but nothing suitable was available so we found a great old Victorian on Divisadero and were there for two years. Then when we took over our own distribution we needed ground floor space and we bought 15 Harriet, which at least got us to South of Market. After four years, it was becoming apparent that we had outgrown that building. Then the former location of The Trading Post became available and we went for it. Several months later here we are, after interminable delays from the fire department, spacey realtors, non-functioning workmen and the weirdest set of rules ever fostered on indifferent contractors by a building department since the great quake.

It was an off-again, on-again show and months overdue, but the new offices are turning out better than we expected. More room, new people should produce a better product. That's the theory.

But the big change will be the new STUDSTORE on the main floor, where Taste Of Leather/Trading Post used to be. Now when you are in San Francisco you can come in to our new showroom. There are lots of exciting happenings planned and we are looking forward to meeting you in person.

The address is 960 Folsom, which the Post Office is having difficulty learning. We have had mail returned instead of forwarded and are taking measures to put a stop to that. If you have problems, make sure your mail to us is:

960 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

We can remember having this problem virtually every time we have moved. It is just that the tonnage is so much heavier this time around.

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6 MALECALL/DEAR SIR Your chance to talk back.

8 FUCKING OFF AT THE NEW DRUMMER OFFICES When the construction crew found out that the building they were redoing was to be the new Drummer offices, they had a hard time keeping their minds (and their hands) on the job. And we had Jim Moss there to document all the "coffee breaks."

20 INTERROGATION BY THE HUN

Hold onto your balls, The Hun is back with a two-fisted, gut-wrenching new adventure (and a heart-stopping illustration to go with it) that'll remind you why everyone calls him Sir!

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A dark stormy night...a van...a mysterious stranger...a knife...lock the door and read at your own risk.

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Something as mundane as doing your laundry can turn out to be the experience that changes your life, if you know what to look for amid the dirty socks, and if you're man enough.

45 YOU ASKED FOR IT!

More of the outrageous requests from our readers (or) Fantasies Fulfilled.

CENTERFOLD POSTER

The first look at the bold new Rex poster commissioned for the opening of the Studstore.

53 DRUMBEATS If you can't get your ass plowed (or find the perfect ass to plow) in these pages, then you might as well hang it up, 'cause this is the biggest collection of prime meat you'll find anywhere.

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Drummer's newest department, a cross between Leather Bulletin Board and The New York Times...

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True confessions from a father and a son.

94 IN PASSING

Something to quench that endless thirst...

Cover: When construction was announced on the new Drummer offices, some of the hunkiest carpenters on the block showed up. Photo by Jim Moss. Opposite page: Strung up for Old Glory...or whatever. Photo by Jim Moss.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

OLD HAND

You deserve a better letter than this one scratched out on paper is going to be, but better this than nothing at all, especially as I want to say thank you for *Drummer*.

I have been a reader since the magazine began, and I have almost a complete set of back issues. I still get a rise rereading the older ones, a rise where a rise counts.

When *Drummer* began I wondered how long it would last. Were there enough leathermen to support it? Could it stay real enough and not become just another set of posed photographs? Other magazines that started at the same time seemed to have gone out of business just as quickly as they began. I think only Bob Miser's *Physique Pictorial*, which was sometimes interesting, stayed around.

But *Drummer* is still in there, better than ever, exploring as well as entertaining, and you have encouraged a whole convention of very good writers and photographers and artists who wouldn't have developed without *Drummer*.

I've been interested in leather for more than 50 years. That tells you something about how long I've been around. Leather as a lifestyle came along too late for me to take it up exclusively. I've not lived where it was easy to meet other leathermen, to find a group to belong to. But I've experienced a fair bit of it in one-to-one encounters.

My interest began very early with a fascination for straps laid on bare, naked asses. Both my interest and experience have included a lot more since then, but the strap and the bare ass are still at the center of things for me. That, and the submission of humiliation.

Everyone has special kinks, and you cover such a good range that it seems like anyone could find his particular turn-on in your pages. And guys shouldn't complain about what doesn't turn them on, because it does turn on the next guy down the line.

If I tried to tell you what I liked best about *Drummer* it would be a long list. And there are probably some things I've forgotten. The articles on *Inferno*, *The Quarters*, and *The Compound* come immediately to mind, as well as the *Black Mask* and *Mr. Leather* events.

In places like *Inferno* and *The Quarters* people experience instead of just fantasize. To imagine a place like that, where a man could be stripped and taken outside into the full light of day, laid over another man's knees, and have his ass worked over with a belt, paddle, switch, or hand by a bunch of guys who knew what they were doing, and who liked to watch a

man having his ass worked over: That's a lifelong fantasy I've always wanted to experience and never have. But you might be surprised how hard it is to have those fantasies come to life when you live in a remote area.

The fiction in *Drummer* has gotten better and better, more subtle, with more depth, more sense of reality about it — and it was never very bad. John Preston and Larry Townsend come to mind, but so many of the other writers stand out as well.

I have enjoyed the articles about leather in individual cities. It's not the same as being there, but it helps bring the rest of the world into focus.

John Preston's article on AIDS wasn't pleasant to think about, but it was so necessary.

Most times, even the ads are a turn-on, and the ads have provided me with much information over the years (I recall a visit to Canada where the ads in *Drummer* told me where to go — and I did!) and I'm sure a lot of other people have met through *Drumbeats*.

In fact, every issue of *Drummer* has had something I would like to thank you for. In *Drummer* 66 for instance, Steve Roberts training his two slaves was a special turn-on. Watching him strip, collar, and slam their asses to the wall was stimulating — I would have liked to take a paddle to their asses. As for his ass, I'd lick it and kiss it all over with proper respect, then have him take his paddle to my ass for a good spanking. The photo of the three open asses that occupied two pages gave me a whole new set of ideas!

But Steve is a special case — his photo in the previous issue (*Drummer* 65) paying off his bet by eating dog food showed he had just the right sense of humor about himself. And that's fine — when he manhandles a slave, he's strictly in charge.

The Cyclist and the Trucker was worth dreaming about as well. Payne & Wigler are some combination! And I'm sure glad the old Quarters saw some use after it was disbanded. Deep down, I've always wanted to submit myself there for some humiliation.

As I said in the beginning, your hard-working genius deserves a better letter than this, but bless your leather-clad asses anyway. I always do best when urged on by the strap.

I'd like to add that some parts of *Drummer* always get my immediate attention: *Getting Off* (because it says where you guys are at), *Tough Customers* (a chance for ordinary guys to show it off), *Drum* (who is so good-natured and uninhibited), *Drummer Daddies* (because it

isn't over at 30 or 40 or 50...), *In Passing* (this and the centerfolds just can't be found anywhere else). And one question: If the art director gets to check out all the models, how does he have time for anything else?

Thanks for being there, and I hope this letter gives you some idea how I feel, and gives you some satisfaction as well. I just ask that you not print my name or address — as you can see, this is a very small town.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

CAN I JOG ALONG?

I have been buying *Drummer*, *Mach*, and the *Annals* since *Drummer* took on its present format. There have been many issues that have really turned me on. Cavelo's artwork, Sparrow Photo's "How I Spent My Summer Vacation" (*Drummer Rides Again!*), Jim Wigler's photoplays — but Robert Pruzan's photograph on page 89 ("Leather in the Woods," *Drummer* 66) was just great! That is an understatement. It was just a simple easygoing picture of a very handsome man. What makes the picture so meaningful is that he is not trying to put on an image. He just is.

The easygoing nature of a man putting on his jogging shoes caught me totally by surprise. He offers me and us an image of someone we could meet on the path, not just in a bar. I won't meet him, but he presents to me someone I could meet if I wasn't too chicken-shit to say "Hello," or "Can I jog along for awhile?"

What all this means is: Thank you for the photo.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

SOME OF US ARE CONCERNED

Concerning the special report "Some of Us Are Dying" by John Preston in *Drummer* 65: As it says, "Don't just sit there..." Well, I didn't. I wrote President Ronald Reagan and my Congressman, Michael Bilirakis.

I'm a very active gay man and believe I've been gay since I was five years old, I'm 35 years old and I'm in good health and take care of myself, and I'm concerned.

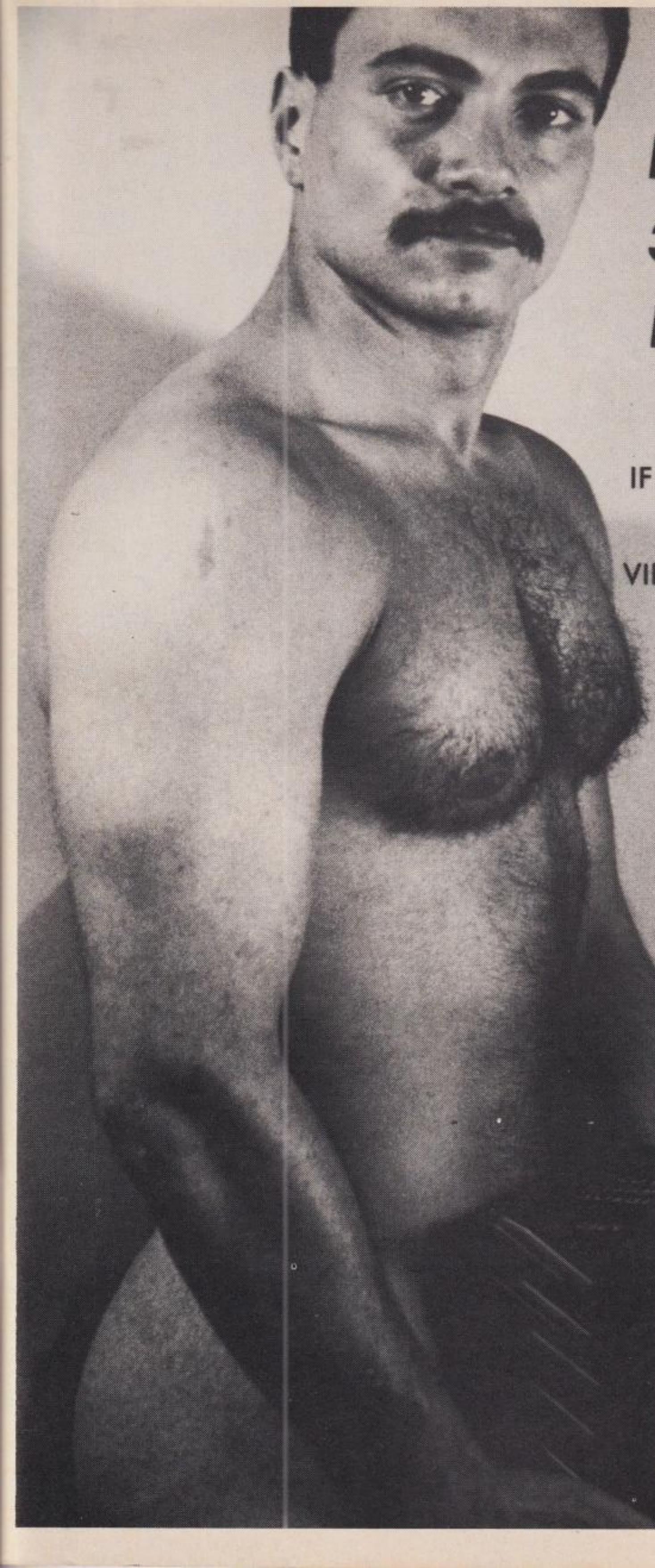
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FUCKING OFF and GOINGS ON

AT THE NEW DRUMMER OFFICES

Photos by Jim Moss





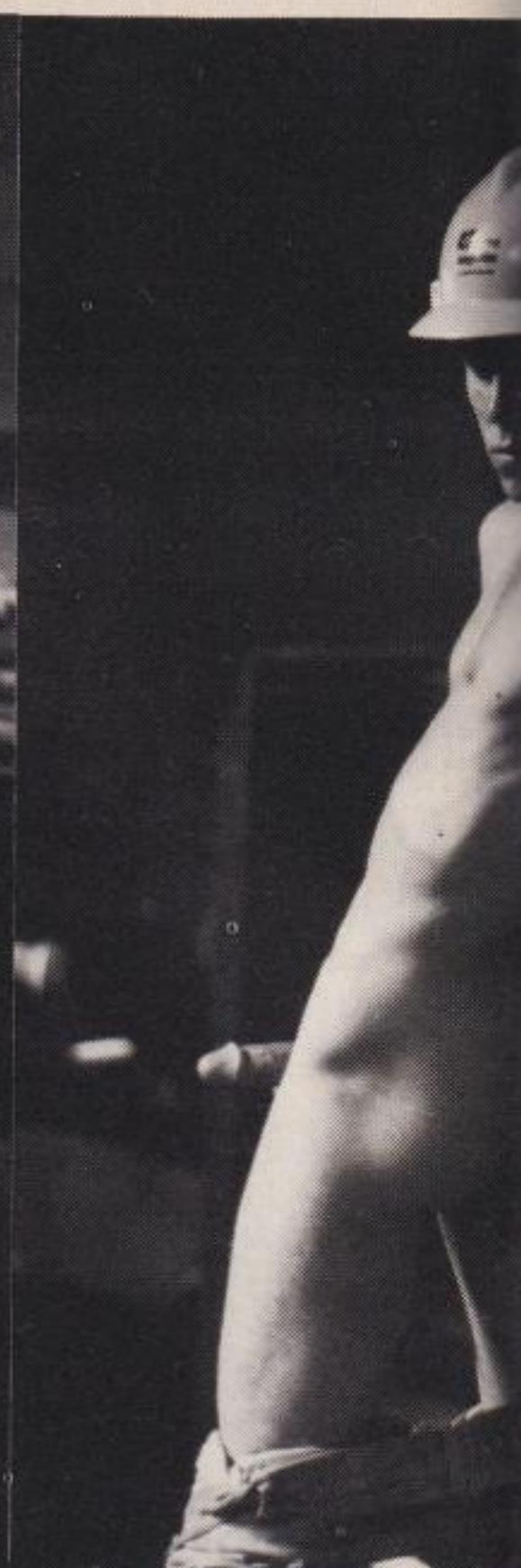
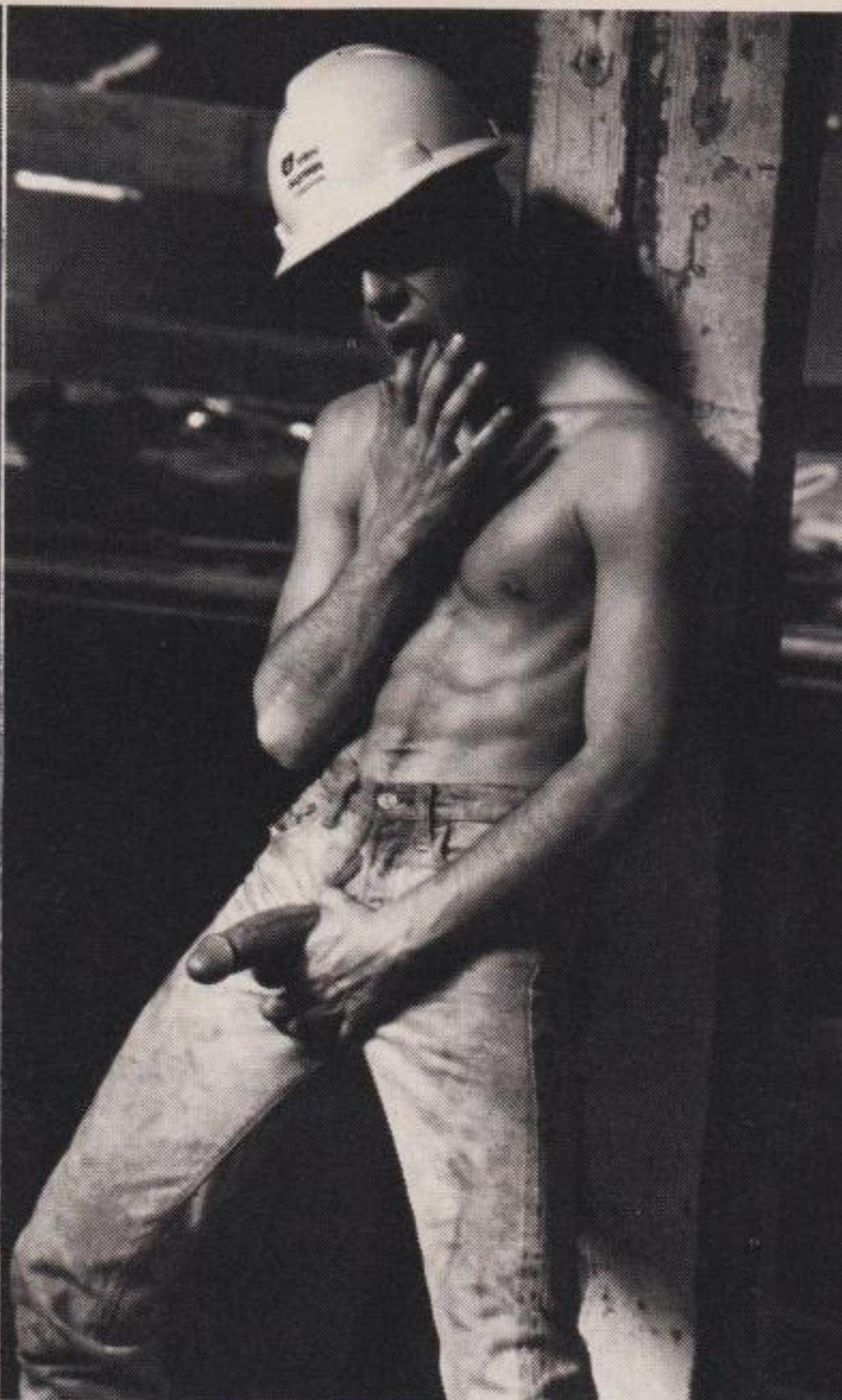
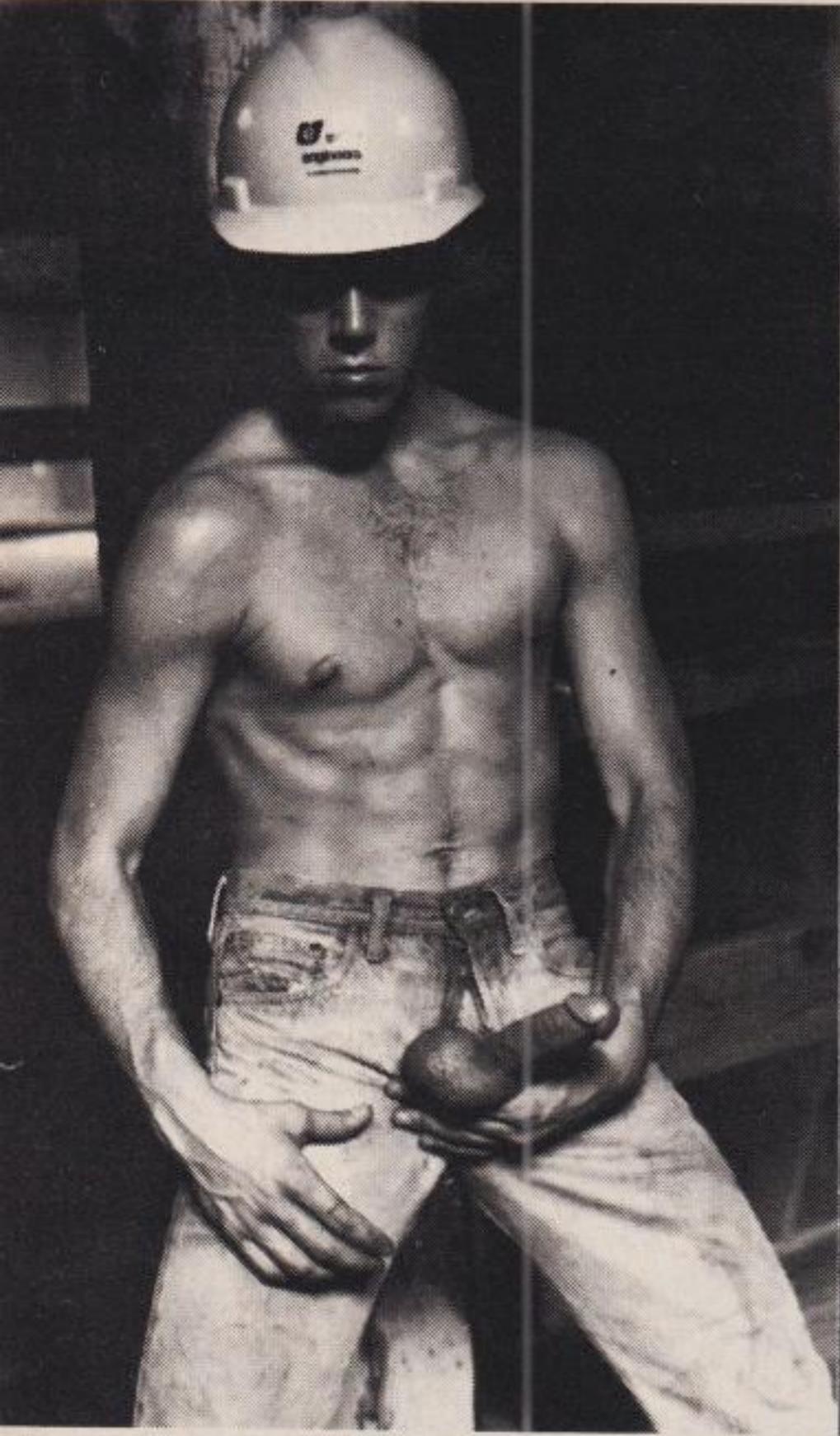






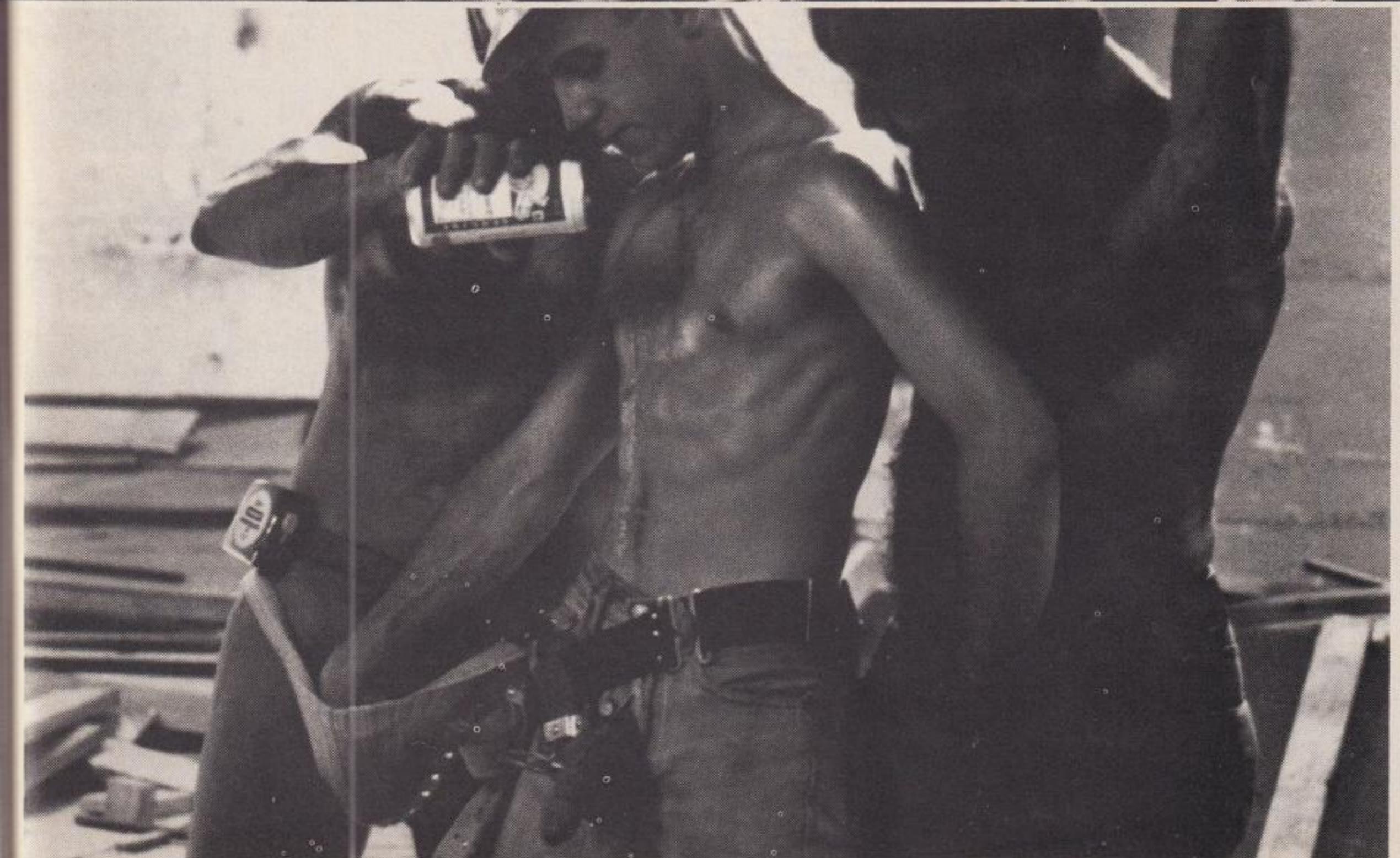


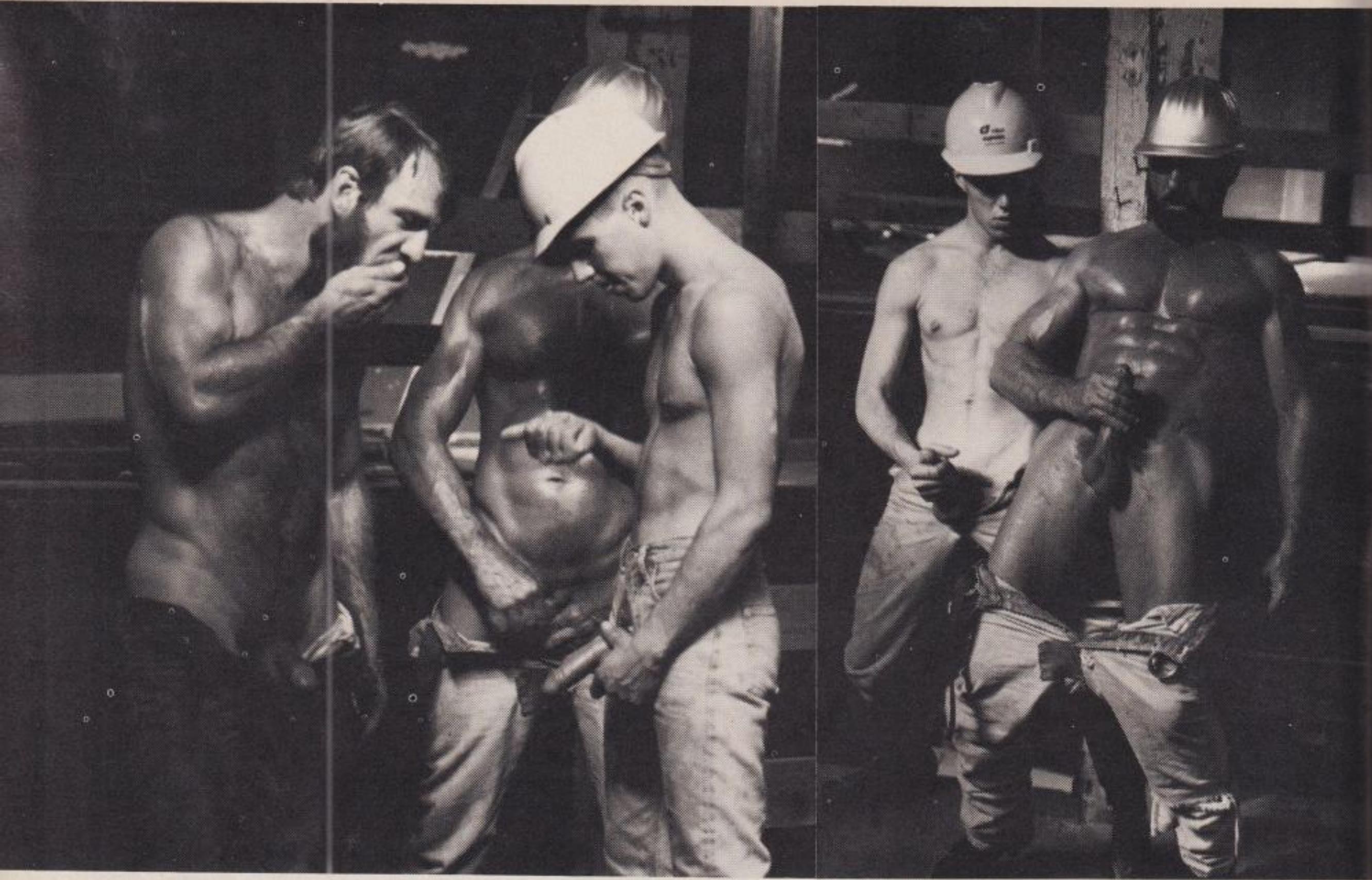




During the early rough stages of construction at the new DRUMMER offices, everyone who could and would help joined in to try to bring us up to within a couple of months of schedule. Even Val Martin took off everything else during the hottest spell San Francisco has seen in years and donned a carpenter's belt. He brought his friend Chet with him and together they put a new ceiling in the art department. It took two days and it was hot work. Then they went to another part of the building for some heavy construction.

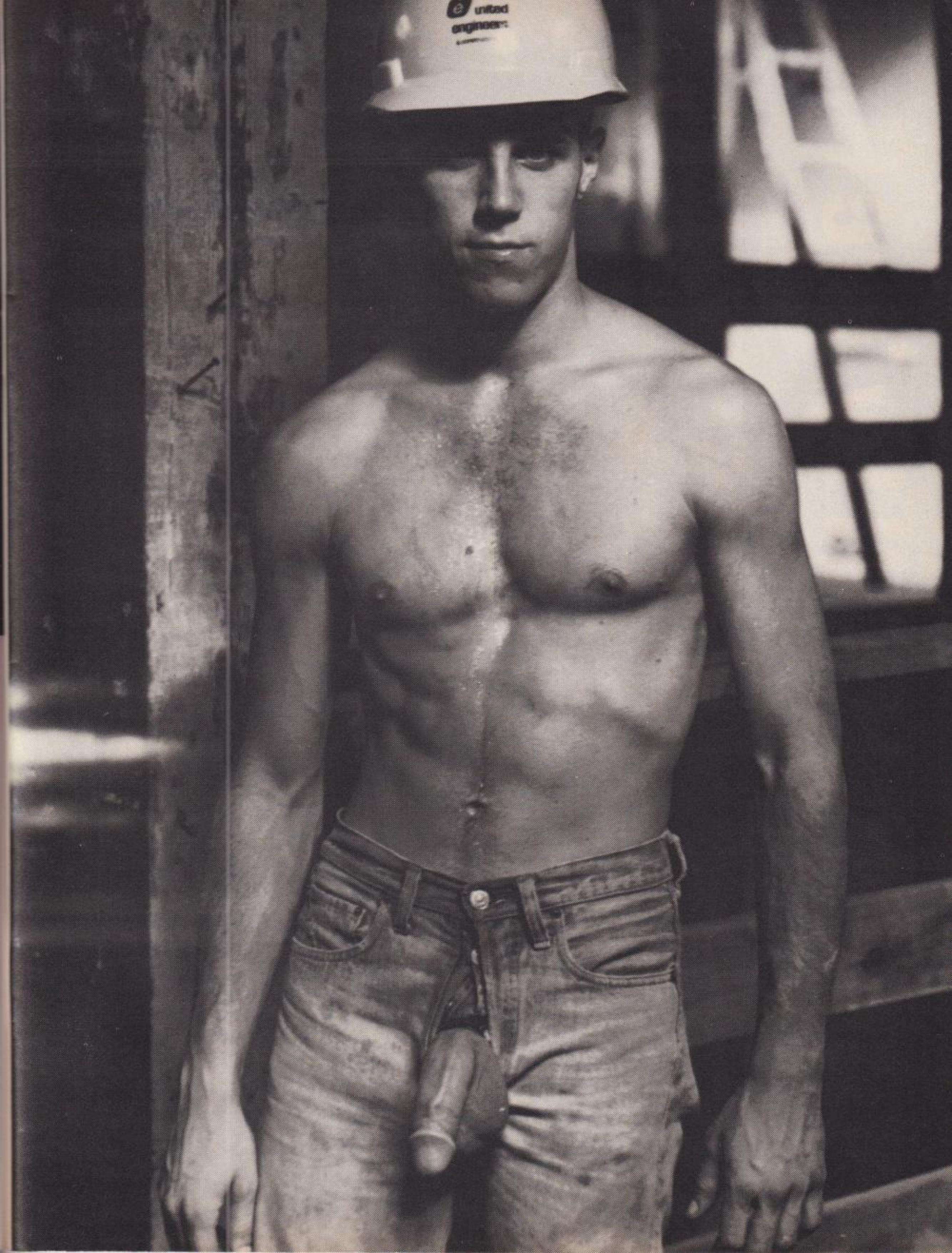
Along came the Kid, who wanted to learn the trade. The guys said alright, but to start his training properly, he had to work with his cock and balls hanging out. The front of his work pants was sticking out anyway from the time he was introduced to Chet and Val. He willingly unbuttoned and let it all hang out as they worked his little ass off.



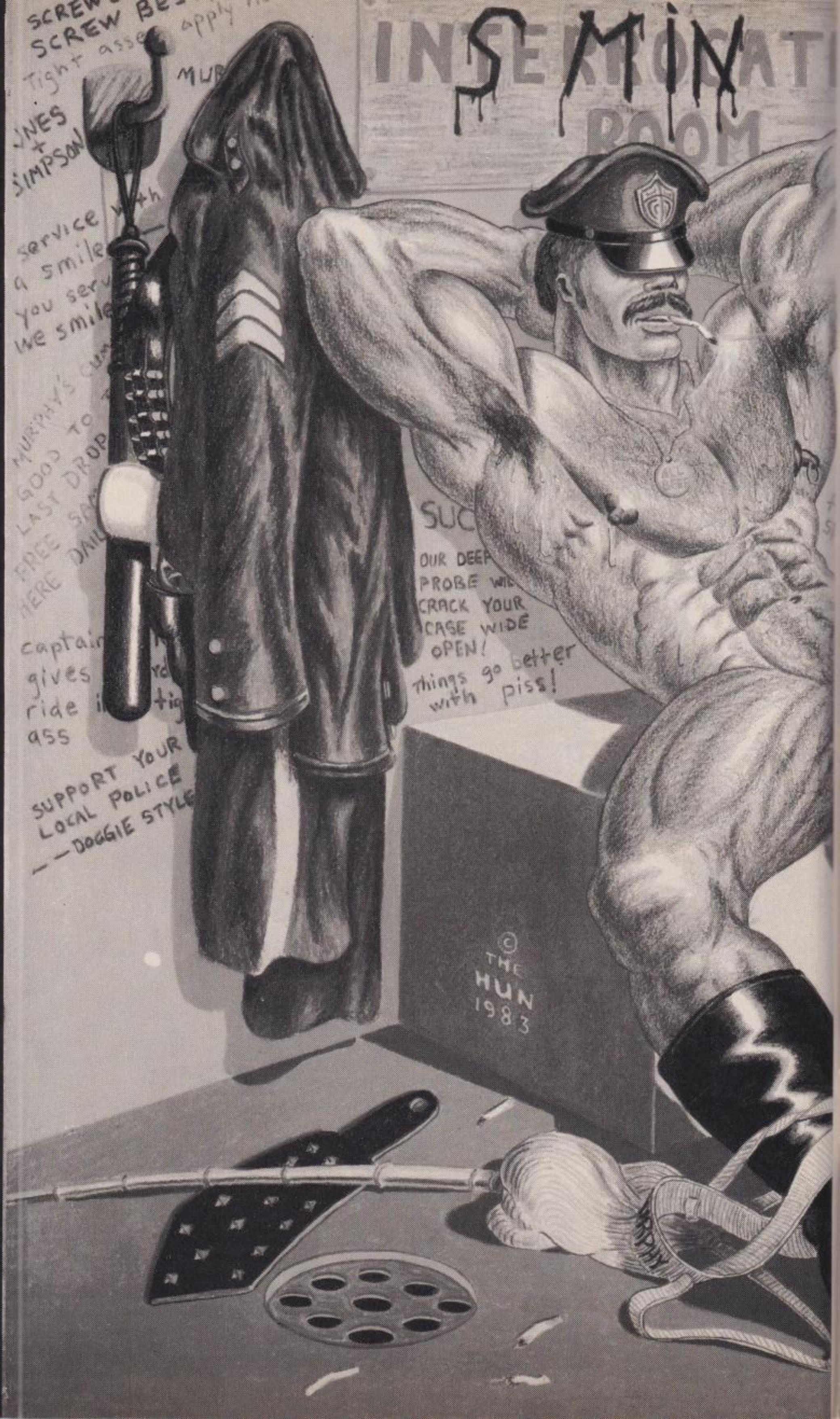


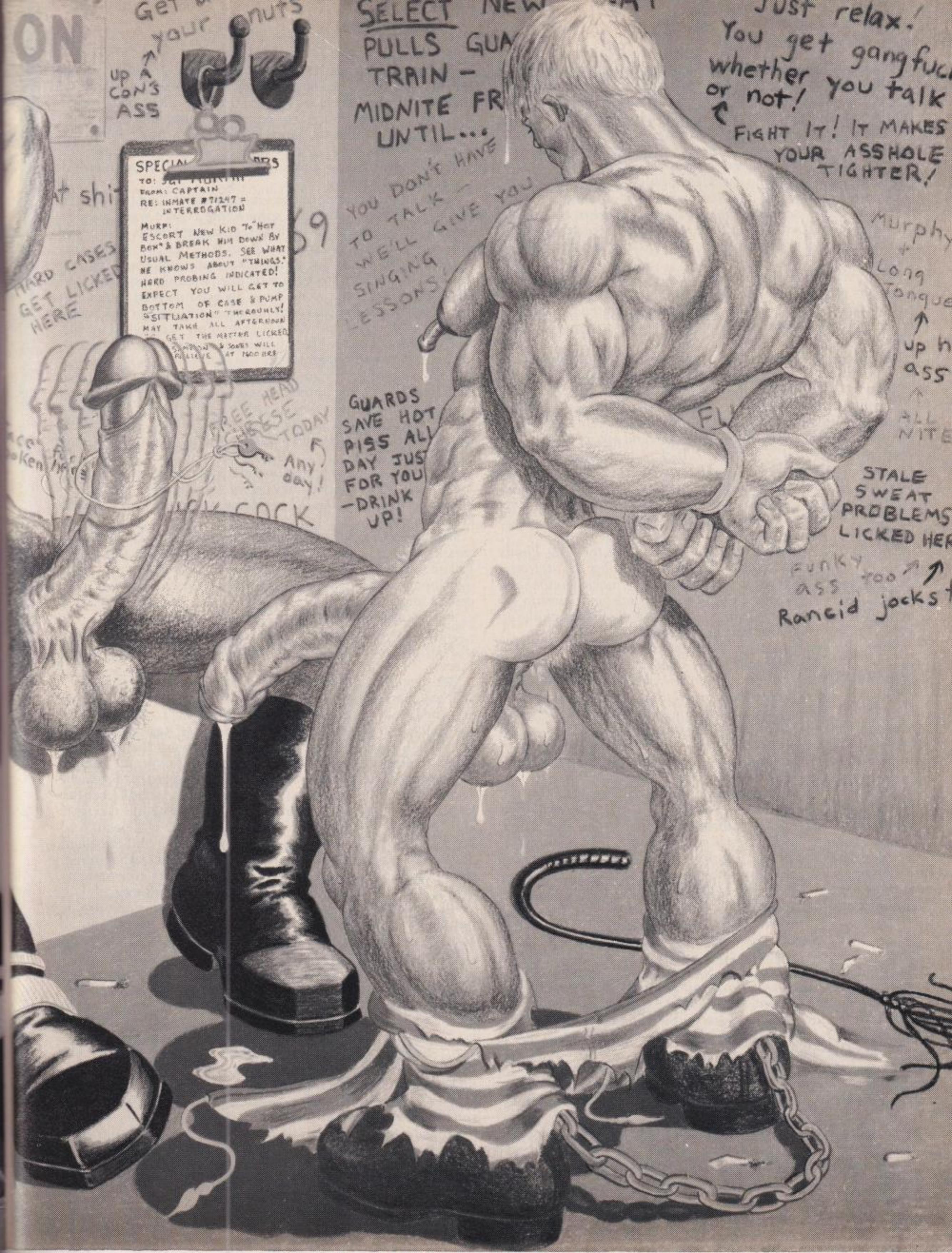
One afternoon they caught him in the back with a hard-on, looking down at it, making like he was gonna do something about it. The fellows put a stop to that real fast. Finally Val took pity on the kid and told him he could beat off during the next break. But it had to be done properly. No halfway measures for Val.

The kid's technique didn't satisfy Val at all and the master had to show him. Chet joined in and showed him how to spit on it, slick it up and enjoy it more. The kid now spells relief with some great one-handed meatpounding and was so grateful afterward he happily went about his chores, carrying lumber, handing tool expertly, running errands and getting down on his knees to keep everybody happy. □



INTERROGATION by The Hun





S

Sig didn't know what all the rush was about, but they did seem to be in a powerful hurry to get somewhere. Double-time, thumping up cement stairs, clattering down metallic stairs, along darkened corridors, past the barred and meshed windows that looked out briefly on the bleak gray walls of County Central Holding Facility for Men. It was hard for Sig to keep up with Sergeant Murphy's long stride and rapid pace. The too-short chain between the ankle shackles hobbled his best attempts to walk into a clumsy and humiliating hop-and-skip pattern. With his hands cuffed so tightly behind his back, Sig lost his balance more than once and would have fallen, but Sergeant Murphy's enormous paw caught his upper arm and dragged him along in its vise-grip.

The cement corridors echoed with the methodical clump of Sergeant Murphy's heavy boots, the jerk and clatter of Sig's ankle chain, and the ragged breathing of both the sweaty men. Neither spoke. Both seemed intent only on the dimly lit tunnel ahead of them.

Sig didn't know if there was more than one Murphy employed as a guard at County Central. The young blond had been an inmate at the institution only two days himself. From the "Murphy" on this giant's lapel tag, however, he was sure that this man must indeed be *The "Too Long" Murphy* he'd heard some of the other inmates mention in hushed and guarded tones. *His legs are "Too long!" His stride is fuckin' sure "Too Long!"* Sig thought, stumbling again. *Must be why they call him "Too Long" Murphy!* What Sig didn't understand, and frankly it was beginning to worry him, was where were they going at this killing pace, and why did Sergeant "Too Long" Murphy keep looking so angry?

This Sig kid is scared, Sergeant Murphy was thinking. Plenty scared! They always get like that when I take 'em to Interrogation the long way around...through every fuckin' tunnel and back staircase at County! Doesn't know where he is! Sweatin' up a real lather, and it ain't all from joggin'! He's gonna crack like an egg! This session's gonna work out real fine!

They rounded the corner from one dimly lighted corridor to another. Sig observed two heavy doors on the left-hand wall. Sergeant Murphy pulled him gruffly past the first one, then stopped abruptly before the second door. "This is it, fuck-up!" he barked. "In you go!" With one enormous paw Sergeant Murphy yanked the door open. With the other he virtually hurled the stumbling youth through the doorway. Sig slipped on something just inside the doorway, skidded partway across the floor and landed face-down on a wet slimy mattress.

The door creaked on ancient hinges and slammed behind the hapless youth. He was alone and sweating in a brightly lighted room, the stillness of the moment punctuated only by his own ragged panting. *God, this mattress stinks like shit!* he thought, inhaling again. *It is shit!* Quickly he rolled to his feet and struggled to a standing position, well away from the foul and tattered mattress. *Where am I?* Nervously, his eyes took inventory of his surroundings.

The room was like a cement box, maybe twelve by twelve, with a high ceiling, maybe twelve feet again. The only furnishings were a heavy wooden crate flush against one wall and that filthy old mattress, from which Sig had arisen, lying askew in the middle of the floor. Lengths of chain stretched from rings bolted securely into the cement. At the end of each chain was a shackle. They seemed to be everywhere—dangling from the ceiling overhead, or from the wall to his right. Still others were imbedded in the floor.

Sig guessed this place must have been pretty busy recently. The floors were wet and slimy, littered with cigarette butts. Even with that big drain and that hose and nozzle at the faucet over there, no one seems to take much care of this place.

Dangling from the wall and scattered haphazardly across the mucky floor were an assortment of whips, studded belts, paddles, knotted ropes, yard-long bamboo staves and a few varied lengths of heavy, black garden hose.

On the wall to his left was, of all things, a mirror. A large mirror, maybe six by four, running horizontally. It was just a plain mirror, but to Sig it seemed strangely out of place, given the rest of the sordid surroundings. He studied his unhappy reflection. A handsome, large-boned young man. Blond hair sweat-matted down his forehead and over his left eye. His thin and faded prison issue clothing was all askew, half unbuttoned, and soaked with sweat.

The heat in this cement box was oppressive, like the hot and humid day it was outside...somewhere. There were no windows to stir the air or to ventilate the stagnant odors of the stale piss, funky man sweat and rancid socks.

What is this place? Sig continued to wonder. *And what's all this equipment for?* His eyes took in a faded signboard posted just above the wooden crate. Now, Sig was no speed reader, but he sounded out the letters in his mind, his lips unconsciously shaping the syllables. "In-ter-ro-ga-tion Room." Or was it...some wag had scribbled broadly over parts of the old lettering, so that the sign might read: "In-sem-i-na-tion Room."

"Insemination" Sig had never heard of (at least not by that particular word), but "Interrogation," he knew from TV movies, was where they asked you questions. Where they didn't stop asking you questions till they got answers. The answers they wanted. Where they would indeed get their answers. One way or the other.

Now what would they wanna ask me? Sig pondered. *Only been here two days now. They tell me I'm bein' sent someplace else in couple more days. Can't think of nothin' they'd wanna know from me.*

Sig observed other words scrawled on the walls. Ominous messages all to the effect that inmates "talked" in this room. Talked...or else. The young man slowly assimilated the crudely inscribed testimonials to many previous interrogations...successful interrogations:

"Sgt. Murphy's Deep Probe Gets Yer Hole Truth!"

"Talk Now or For Never Hold Your Piece!"

"Naw, You Don't Haf to Talk! We'd Rather Hear the Big Ones Scream!"

"We Don't Crack Yer Mind! Yer Nuts Go First!"

There were other scrawlings Sig frankly didn't understand. Like the one about free Head Cheese ("Special Today...All You Can Eat!") and several about Recycled Beer ("Kept on Tap, Just Fer You!"). Sig wondered if perhaps that meant that they sent out for refreshments if the questioning period ran too long at any one time. How long did they question people in this place?

With the muffled crump of smooth metal and solid wood, the latched door shut behind him, jolting Sig out of his idle thoughts and unanswered questions. Sergeant Murphy was back. And Sergeant Murphy still looked real angry. The big officer stalked across the small room to hang his nightstick by its leather thong. His holster and gunbelt followed, to coat hooks conveniently placed in the wall. He turned to confront his prisoner.

The Sergeant's voice was quiet, self-assured, no-nonsense, as he half-inquired, half-commanded, "You goin' to tell me all about it? Or do I work it all out of you, bit by bit?"

"Sarge, honest," Sig stammered, "I don't think..."

"Cut the shit!" Sergeant Murphy snapped, backhanding the younger man across the jaw, sending him to the sticky floor. The Sergeant took a step forward and placed a heavy boot square in the middle of Sig's heaving chest. "Now, for the record, fuck-up," he said very carefully, "I'm not 'Sarge.' I'm not 'Murphy.' To you, I'm always 'Sir!' All I wanna hear outta you is, 'Yes, Sir!' and 'No, Sir!' and a whole lot of straight answers! You hear me good, fuck-up? Am I comin' through?"

"Y-yes, Sir!" Sig croaked, his heart thumping against the heavy sole of the guard's boot.

Sergeant Murphy took his boot off Sig's chest and turned away, muttering more to himself than to his prisoner, "Hottest damn day of the summer, and I draw interrogation in this stinkin' hot box with some dumb kid who don't know his ass from his

alibi!" Seeing Sig still sprawled on the floor, he snapped, "Stand up, kid! Nobody told you to lie around takin' it easy!"

Sig struggled to his feet once more, unconsciously wiping his bound hands on his already soiled prison issue.

Sergeant Murphy pulled the visor of his cap even lower, completely shadowing his eyes, and continued his soliloquy. "Hottest day of the summer, and it looks like this fuck-up kid is gonna try to keep us here awhile! Might as well get comfortable for a long session!" As if that were explanation enough, his giant hands went to the buttons of his own uniform. Apparently oblivious to the startled attentions of the younger man with him in the room, the Sergeant was taking off his uniform! He doffed his regulation tunic and tossed it casually onto a coat hook. His tie and shirt followed with equal insouciance. Sergeant Murphy turned three-quarters to the large mirror and took stock of his torso as he fingered the belt buckle at his waist. Yeah, it was all still there...wide, sinewy shoulders...broad, hairy chest...rippling arms...thick-veined biceps. *Not bad for forty-two, he had to admit. Not bad at all! Damned fine, as a matter of fact!*

Even more to the point, he observed from the deep shadow of his visor that the kid was takin' it all in too. The little punk was pretending he didn't notice, like he was studying the wall in front of him. But those eyes kept cutting over, taking in the measure of the Sergeant's massive chest, the washboard abs that even all that matted hair couldn't hide, those arms that could and would crush anything. *Not bad at all, the Sergeant mused, and I'm gonna break this hunky kid all over this big body!*

Sergeant Murphy smiled wryly to himself as he made a slow production of unzipping his trousers, peeling them down, revealing his very stained, very frayed, very funky jockstrap...a jockstrap straining to contain the fat load of his monstrous cock and heavy balls. The kid was staring right at that big elastic bag of hairy goodies, the Sergeant observed obliquely in the mirror. Staring, and breaking into a whole new sweat! Let him look! This slow strip wasn't something the Sergeant did every day. The kid damn well better look! The officer sat down on the crate just long enough to kick off his boots, skin down his pants, and put his boots back on.

He rose to toss his pants onto a coat hook...and to check himself out in the mirror again. Dressed now in cap, jock and boots, he was more than satisfied with the hairy, muscular giant of his own reflection. With an unstudied gesture he adjusted his jockstrap, lifting his cock and balls upward and forward. Sweat glistened on his columnar thighs and dripped from his conical brown nipples. To no one in particular, he opined, "Now! That's a little better! Not a helluva lot, but some!"

Sig only gulped in response, as the heavily-muscled guard sat down again on the edge of the crate. Sergeant Murphy casually leaned back...way back...against the cement wall, cupping his massive hands behind his head, tilting his cap even further forward. He spread his thick, hairy thighs in a wide V, which had the effect of hanging that big load of thinly-covered prime meat out into the void in front of the crate. And in front of Sig.

"Now punk, just what is it you're supposed to know?" the Sergeant asked. Without waiting for an answer he continued, "Might as well talk up now...make it easy on yourself." A big hand came out from behind his head, wiped a swath of sweat off one pectoral muscle, wiped the sweat onto the already brine-laden elastic band of the jock, and returned to behind his head. "Make it easy on both of us!"

"S-s-sir!" Sig stammered, "Sir, I'm wonderin' if maybe you got the wrong guy! I mean, I only been here two days, Sir! I mean, I don't think I know..."

"Fuck-up!" Sergeant Murphy bolted upright from the crate, all up in Sig's face, cutting him short. "You Inmate Number 71247?"

"Y-yes, Sir!"

"No mistake!" The Sergeant read from his orders for the day, "Escort Inmate Number 71247 to hot box for interrogation,' et cetera, et cetera, et cetera! Now, boy, the Captain don't make

no mistakes! Two days, two months, two minutes, I don't give a fuck how long you been here! Somehow you have fucked up! Somehow you know somethin' the Captain wants to find out about! I'm tellin' you now, if it takes us all day and into tomorrow and the next day, we're not leavin' this room till I know everything!" The Sergeant couldn't resist smiling, albeit a cruel and demonic smile. "Kid, you ain't goin' nowhere till I find out everything you know and more than half of what you think you don't know!"

Sig opened his mouth, ready to "re-plead" his case, but the Sergeant cut him off abruptly. "Now, boy, I got me a piece of bamboo over there that says you ain't goin' to pull no shit on me! Not at all! You ain't gonna say nothin' till you say what the Captain wants to know!"

Sig got real quiet in a real hurry. He honestly had no idea what the Captain wanted to know from him! He tried to think, his eyes downcast, his heartbeat sounding in his ears like some flat-footed jogger.

Sergeant Murphy resumed his "throne" of inquisition, leaning way back against the wall, hands behind his head. He spread those big hairy thighs again, framing his prisoner in that unnecessarily wide wedge. Rivulets of sweat poured from the matted black jungle of his armpits, down his wide lats and slender sides. The frayed material of his worn jock was sweat-glued to the ample arc of his huge but flaccid cock, leaving little question of his massive endowment. Standing just a yard or so in front of the Sergeant, between those splayed logs of hairy muscle, Sig couldn't help but notice, and, God help him, couldn't help but calculate, the incredible length and the unthinkable potential of the Sergeant's "heavy artillery."

The big guard flexed his hairy buns on the edge of the crate, causing that giant arc to bulge and twitch...just a little...to strain against the yellowed fibers of the pouch. A single drop of sweat...or something...fell from the broad tip of the protrusion. Sig gulped audibly, averted his eyes, and shifted his weight uneasily from one foot to the other.

Seeming not to notice the younger man's discomfiture, the Sergeant asked, rhetorically, "You the one they call 'Big Sig,' huh?"

"Y-yes—" Sig's voice cracked, as an adolescent's might. He cleared his throat, as a man might, swallowed, and answered, "Yes, Sir! I guess they do, Sir!"

"You guess?!"

"I mean, yes, Sir! They do call me that, Sir!"

"You don't look so 'Big' to me, kid." Sergeant Murphy rose to his feet, stood his full six-foot-eight directly in front of Sig, their sweaty bodies mere inches apart. "You're what?...five-five...five-six?"

"Five-six, Sir!" Sig spoke softly, as though the thick brown nipple directly in front of his eyes were a cleverly disguised microphone. He added quickly, "It's just a nickname, Sir!"

"Big Sig," the Sergeant mused aloud, again that note of speculation...calculation...in his voice. "Big Sig," he pondered, pacing slowly around the younger man.

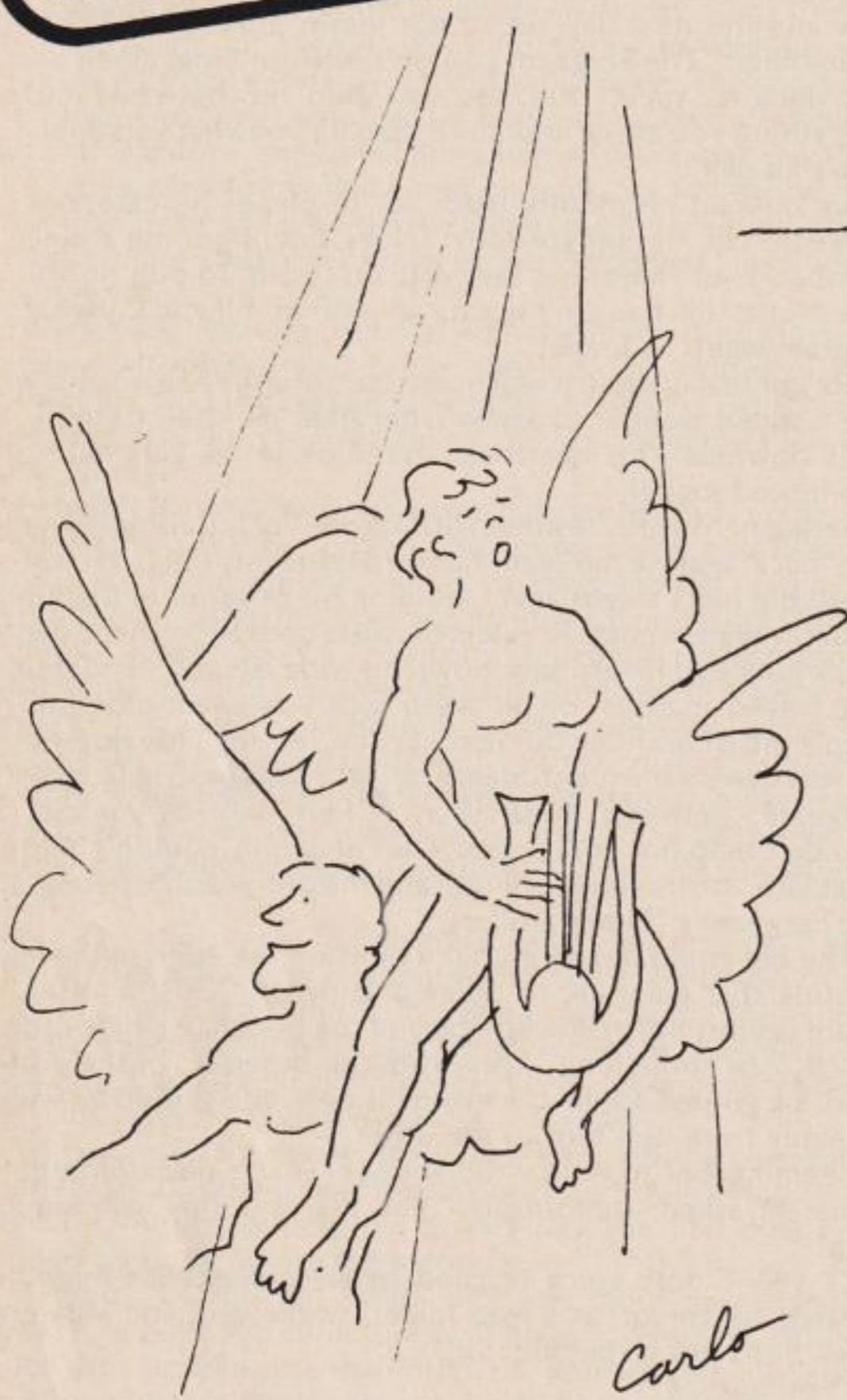
Sig's prison issue was adrip with sweat. He felt the rivulet begin trickling from his scalp, down his broad neck, cascading through the natural ditch of his lower back, washing from the crack of his ass onto the seam of his thin, soggy prison issue.

"Looks like this fuckin' heat's gettin' to you too," Sergeant Murphy grunted from behind his prisoner. "If you're gonna keep us here all day, you might as well get a little comfortable too, huh?" The Sergeant was still speaking when his giant hand grabbed the soiled collar of Sig's faded shirt. One quick yank of that rippling arm was all it required to pop buttons, rip seams and tear the entire sweaty rag from the body of the hapless youth. With a flick of his wrist, the Sergeant tossed the soggy remains into some far corner. "Little better, kid?"

Sig was scared as hell now...half-naked in front of his captor. The day and the room were sweltering, but Sig was shaking. He

(Continued on page 31)

DRUMSTICKS



*Some men seem to find fistfucking
a religious experience*

Three Haiku

I.

He gave me a warm
Beer as an invitation.
His eyes told stories.

II.

I am your lover.
Let me rub my loins with you,
And full moon, kiss me.

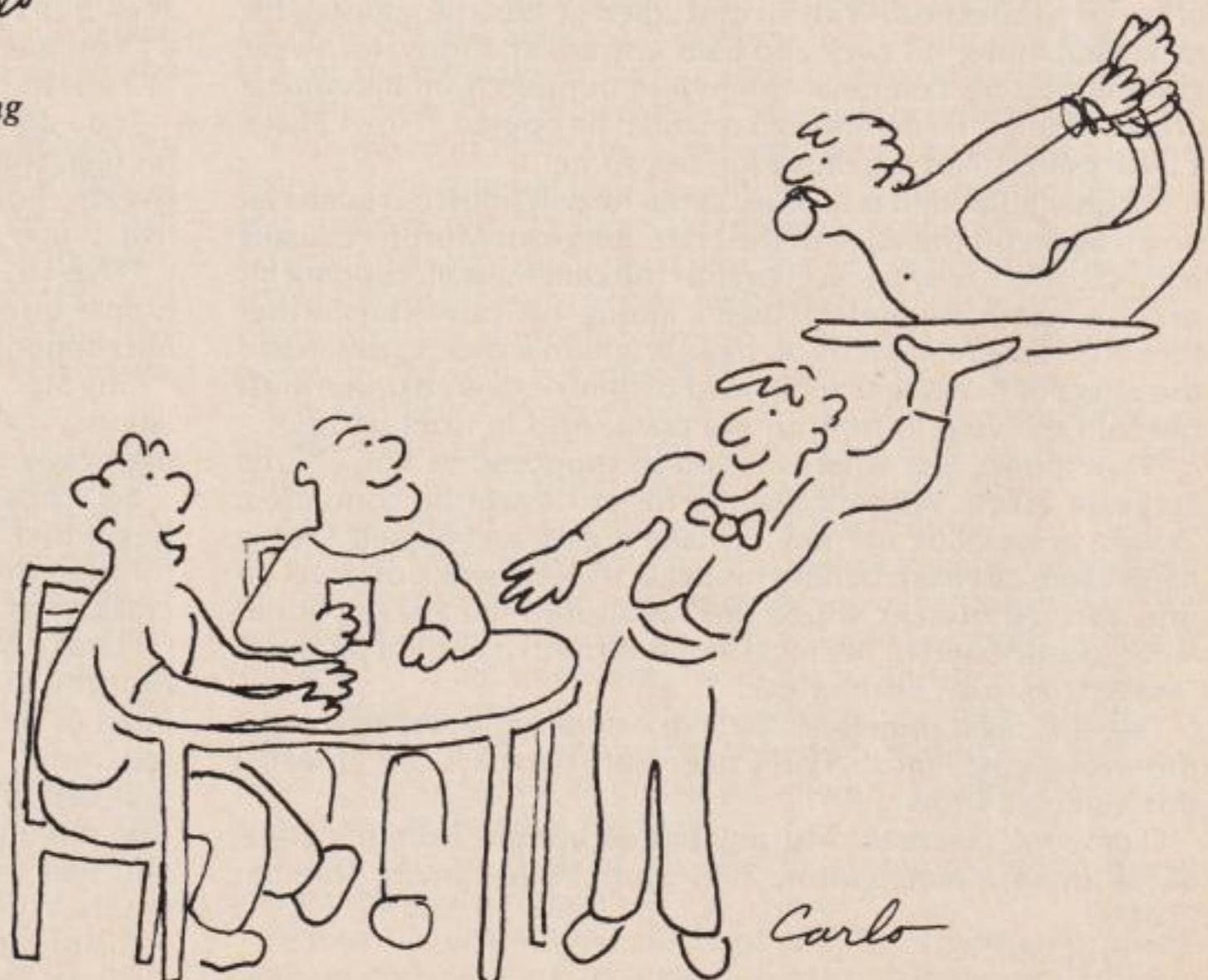
III.

I know these strangers.
I watch them and I envy,
Just as their lips touch.

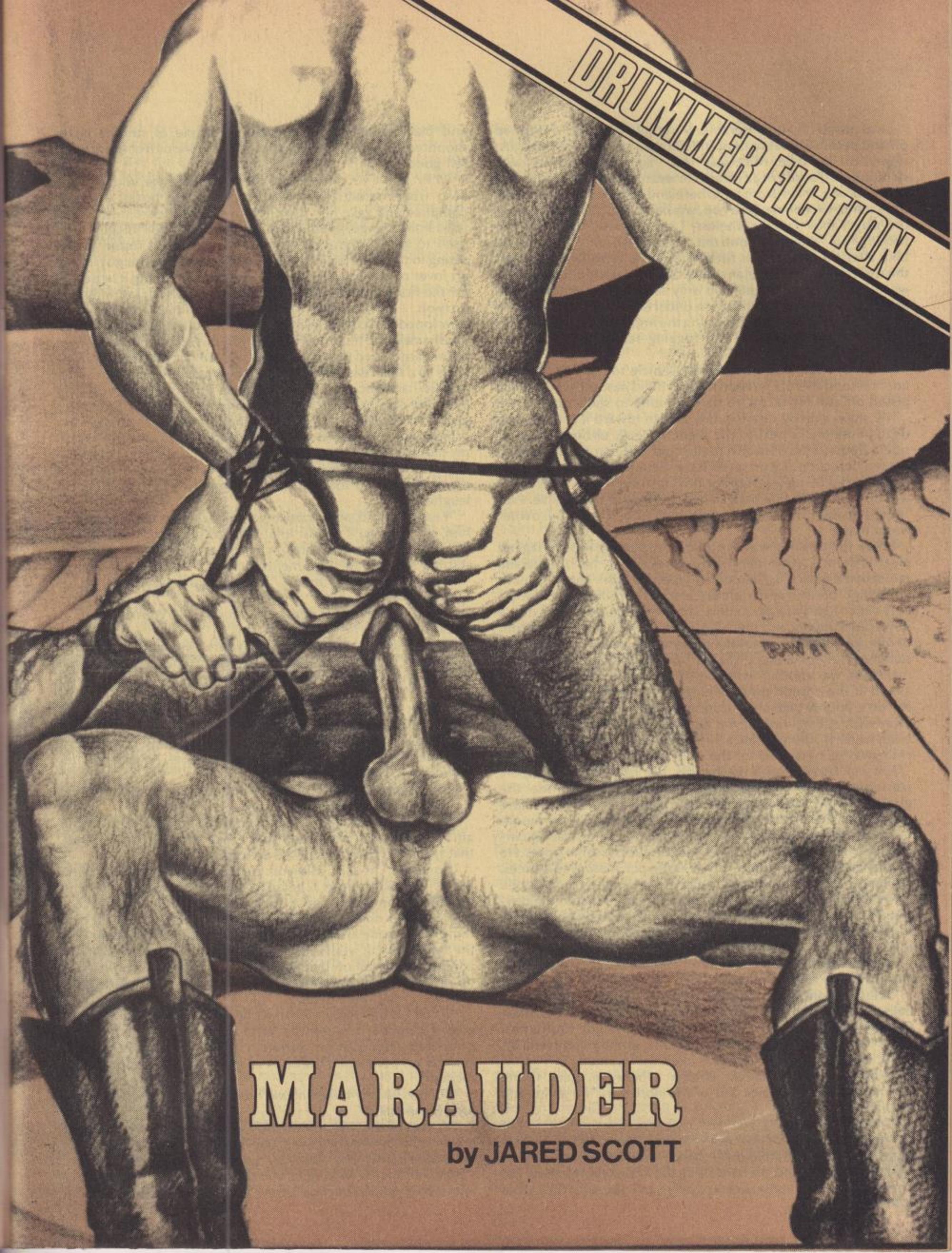
—Aubrey H. Sparks



"So which do you prefer, physical or mental cruelty?"



"Now, this is what I call a gay restaurant!"



DRUMMER FICTION

MARAUDER

by JARED SCOTT

I was pissed off and miserable. Miserable because I was pissed off and because it was raining and because some asshole had just ripped off my bike. Miserable too, I suppose, because I was standing on the side of an Interstate wearing the only clothes left to me, broke, miles from anywhere and certain no one in their right mind, except maybe a cop, would stop to pick me up given the way I looked. Nonetheless, I stood there, feeling like a fucking fool, with my thumb out. The bastard who'd swiped my bike after I'd serviced his fucking prick so expertly hadn't had the decency to leave me anything other than my boots, underwear and a denim jacket. The only saving grace in the whole stupid episode was that I'd worn underwear and that they were dark blue bikinis with no fly, giving the impression, I hoped, that I was standing around in the frigging rain in a goddamned bathing suit.

When the van slowed, the only vehicle to do so in the two hours I stood there, I jumped back as it slid past and was actually pissed off at it for taking so damned long to show up.

My anger quickly disappeared as I ran toward it and stopped dead in my tracks next to the scene expertly airbrushed on its side. I stood there, oblivious to the cold rain, staring at the bold, brazen depiction: I wondered for a second how the guy inside had avoided being arrested for driving around with what to me was obviously porn painted all over the side of the vehicle. I say "guy" because the instant I saw the picture, I knew the owner was a man.

Below the painting was one bold word painted in bold, jagged electric colors: *Marauder*. In the foreground, his back facing me, stood a muscular, herculean-type guy, stark naked save for knee-high boots, his marblelike asscheeks reflecting the mercury vapor lights of a gas station. The face was turned back over a powerful shoulder and his hands were down out of sight in front of him, giving the impression he was taking a piss. I smiled at the statement until I noticed that in front of the figure, harder to make out, was another man kneeling down on all fours, his ass aimed at the unseen prick. Seeing the second guy really made me do a double take and I wondered again how the driver got away with it. I figured maybe the two-hour wait for a ride had been worth it after all. I felt a flush run over my body, driving the chill away as I grabbed for the door handle.

Just as I latched onto the handle, the large door slid open, scaring the shit out of me. Kneeling inside, glowing under the ghostlike light, was the flesh and blood twin of the figure painted on the side. My words of thanks choked in my mouth because, like the painted figure, the guy kneeling, staring curiously out at me, was stark naked save for those same boots. He sat on his thighs, his muscular bulk resting on his toes and knees. His long cock and heavy balls nearly touched the black carpet.

My mind and eyes were riveted to the guy's incredible physique and his super sex gear and I forgot about being pissed off, forgot about being cold and wet and forgot about my long-gone bike.

"Where you headed?" he asked casually, reaching down to cup his heavy nuts in his palm.

"West," I stammered, watching him gently squeeze his huge balls, forcing them one at a time between his fingers like Captain Queeg working his ball bearings—except this guy wasn't nervous, he was relaxed and grinned down at me mischievously. "You, uh, always greet strangers like this?" I asked.

"Whenever I can... breaks a hell of a lot of ice, quick. Climb in," he said, pulling back out of the doorway, "I'll see if you qualify."

"Qualify?"

"I sure as fuck don't give rides for free." I nodded my understanding, not sure if I did understand, and climbed in, rubbing my bare thigh against his hard flesh, the contact turning me on. The interior of the van was completely barren save for the carpet

and black walls and ceiling and a couple of storage boxes mounted behind the two front seats. The warmth of the interior felt good.

"Why don't you strip outta them clothes," he said, moving away from the entrance to sit on one of the boxes. I eagerly complied and gave him the once-over as I shucked my things. I felt a little strange, getting so fucking turned on by this guy. I was used to guys turning on to me. Nonetheless, I found myself sitting in the middle of the van floor worshipping this guy like an art lover might worship a favorite painting at seeing it in person for the first time; the feeling for me was unusual, but in itself a turn-on. I savored the hard, smooth flesh and the expertly developed musculature which lay powerfully beneath it. I stared unashamedly at his powerful shoulders which sat board-straight above large, hard pecs. His washboard stomach tapered dramatically to a small waist which in turn perched above small, round, marble-hard asscheeks. His lean, powerful thighs were dusted in the same dark hair which grew abundantly on his head and at his groin. And there were his fuckin' cock and balls which were in a category by themselves and which made adrenaline pump into my mouth. The twin tit-rings and the ring through his cockhead did nothing to cool me down, and as I finally pulled off my briefs my cock slapped loudly up against my own flat stomach. He laughed.

"Yeah," he said, appreciatively, when I finally sat naked before him, "I think you'll do just fine. You any good with that thing?" he asked, nodding toward my rock-hard prick. The question startled me: Did he want me to fuck him? I couldn't believe it.

"Yeah, it does okay by me," I replied guardedly, looking for some sort of trap.

"Yeah, I'll just bet it does; it's a good one. Wanna sell it?" I couldn't believe he was buying.

"Sell it?" I stammered, "shit, it's yours." He laughed again.

"I mean sell it. I pay you, you give it to me." Alarms began sounding in my brain: What the fuck had I gotten myself into this time?

"Give it to you...in what way?" I asked, moving my hands nearer to my cock, protectively.

"I always wanted to eat cock, you know, raw. Just chew it up a little then let it slide down my throat...whole. I'll give you ten grand for it, right now."

I sat flabbergasted. "Forget it!" I shouted, and began reaching for my clothes. He laughed harder.

"Relax! I was just askin'. Never know till you ask, right? Shit, I ain't a cannibal." I wondered about that. Why is it, I wondered, that the good ones are always weirders'n hell?

"Come on," he said, rising off the box, "let's get the fuck outta here." When he rose I heard a familiar slurping noise and glanced at the box to see a black dildo sprouting from its top. The guy had nonchalantly sat on then pulled off the fucking thing without me knowing it. I inhaled deeply. With anyone else the self-impaling would have turned me on; with this guy it just confirmed my notion that he was nuts. But before I could make up my mind about what to do, he had slammed the side door and was in the driver's seat.

"Come on up, enjoy the view," he said, slipping the van into gear. I climbed forward and went to sit down when I felt a prickhead jabbing at my asshole. I bolted upright. He laughed again as we pulled into traffic. "You got something against being fucked?"

"No. But usually I like knowin' about it, you know? What the fuck is this thing?"

"It's part of the price for the ride," he said seriously, staring at me with his penetrating eyes. The mood had swung: We'd put the softball away and now were playing with a hard one.

Shit, I thought, looking out past the flapping wipers into the miserable night. I reached below me and felt the fat shaft and

knew I could take it despite its size. But somehow impaling myself on it would be some sort of submission, and I wasn't sure I wanted to play this guy's games. But then I looked back outside again and felt the warmth of the heater as it blew on my legs. Fuck it, I said to myself and gently lowered my ass until the cockhead began spreading my lips. Just then he floored the van and I fell full-force onto the latex prick, feeling it plunge deeply into my unprepared ass. The momentary pain soon left and I turned to curse at him, but the sinister grin on his face told me to shut up.

"You, uh, you get a lot of takers?" I asked, squirming my ass into a more comfortable position.

"Specially on nights like this," he said humorlessly.

"Say, that painting on the side, and the word beneath it... Marauder... what's that all about?"

He stared at me appraisingly for a second. "You ever seen an abandoned mine shaft?" I shook my head "no," wondering what the fuck he was talking about. "They usually put up a sign you know? Sometimes a skull and crossbones, or maybe just a notice sayin' to keep out for your own safety."

My heart skipped a beat. I turned toward him to ask exactly what he meant, thinking I'd misinterpreted his comment, but instead of seeing his face I saw his curled knuckles coming at me full-force.

When I awakened my jaw was killing me and it took me a second to remember him, the van, the whole situation. I was lying flat on my stomach and started to rise up but the pain shot through my balls. I let out a yelp and fell back down. I looked down under me to see that my balls had been wrapped in a tight steel shackle which was padlocked to a ring in the floor.

"Jesus Christ!" I muttered, feeling very panicky. I looked around and discovered that it was daylight, and the van was stopped with the side door open, and that I was apparently alone. The ache remained in my ass and I reached back to massage the aching sphincter but felt instead a leather strap. The brief harness was holding something big inside me and I couldn't get it loose. "Shit!" I moaned, lying down again in resignation. Then I jumped again, forgetting my tethered nuts, thinking that maybe the asshole had gone off and abandoned me. I screamed as the cords in my sack snapped tight, and thought for a second that I'd castrated myself. But the continuing pain radiating out of my balls gave me strange reassurance that I was still a man.

I looked outside and saw we were in the desert. "Hey!" I called out to whomever might be around: No answer. I called out again with no response. Then in the distance, a few dozen yards from the van, I saw him.

He was naked and was climbing to the top of a rugged pile of boulders. I propped my head on my arm, fascinated, momentarily forgetting my predicament. He had painted his marvelous body, accentuating his musculature with lines and shapes with all the patterns radiating inward to his crotch. His maleness was screaming itself to all who might see him. He looked like a savage and the appearance got through to my cock and it swelled painfully, wedged as it was between my stomach and the carpet. I reached down and pulled it loose and gently stroked it as I watched the scene unfolding outside. It occurred to me that the way the van was parked, the way I was tethered, that the show was for me. Shit, I was a captive audience.

I watched as the beautiful form climbed higher, and the sight of his straining body, his swinging cock and balls, caused me to pull more frantically at my own prick, but not so much that I'd come: I had a feeling that I'd need that come and more, later. When he finally mounted the tallest boulder he turned and faced me, his arms held high above him. A black mask had been painted over his eyes, but despite it I could see the stern expression on his ruggedly handsome face, and a bit of a sinister

expression I'd seen earlier.

His legs were spread and he slowly reached both hands down and grabbed his sex flesh fiercely, then lowered his face and bent his back severely and took his cock into his mouth. I about came right then, until my eyes were distracted by a shiny glint coming from between his legs. I looked harder and made out a knife blade emerging out of his ass, hanging down toward the ground. I watched as he freed one hand, and while continuing to suck himself he reached between his legs and yanked the knife free, holding it by the blade. A stream of clear ass jism dripped slowly from his ass to the ground. Grabbing the knife by the handle he slowly brought it toward his groin and lay its sharpness against the base of his stretched balls.

A chill swept over me as I realized for the first time the extent of the guy's... passions. I wanted to look away but could not. He remained motionless for several long minutes, his cock in his mouth, his balls held sharply upward, the blade poised. I frantically maneuvered myself into a sitting position, my balls stretched painfully back under me, and I tugged at them with both hands, praying for them to slip free. Pain was the only response to my struggling and hesitantly I turned to look back outside to the drama atop the rocks.

In one frantic, sudden motion, he jerked the knife away from his balls and straightened himself, his arms once again high overhead in a victory stance, his massive cock standing out before him looking like a symbol of defiance.

I breathed a sigh of relief until he climbed down from the boulders and walked back toward the van. I tugged at my balls again when I saw him coming, when I saw the blade glinting in the sunlight. I wondered for a fleeting second whether it would be better for me to tear my own balls off, or if I should allow him to slice them off, neatly. I gave up my efforts at pulling myself loose and looked up. He was standing at the opening, the knife in one hand, his other hand clenched in a tight fist. The body paint gave him a wild, ferocious look: My heart was racing.

He slowly climbed into the van; his long prick and nuts slammed into the edge of the floor. He reached toward me and I scooted back as far as my balls would allow. I felt his fingers on the harness and in a second felt the leather straps fall loose, felt the giant shaft buried in me yanked free. I exhaled heavily, relieved. He forced me into an all-fours stance and when I cried out at the intense pain shooting out of my stretched balls, he carefully lay the sharp blade at their base: I knelt then, motionless, barely breathing. The quick, expert jab of his prick at my ass took me by surprise and I gasped as it plunged deeply into me. The attack was vicious, nearly knocking the wind out of me. My tethered balls took the brunt of the blow and I gasped at the additional shot of pain which filled them. Once in me he remained motionless. I was speechless, not knowing whether anything I said would calm him down or send him over the edge. I eyed the blade lying in his hand next to me and kept quiet. I understood then why many rape victims don't protest.

After a few seconds I felt his fingers begin probing my entrance beneath his embedded shaft. I gritted my teeth at the additional bulk squeezing through my assmouth. His fingers pushed and prodded until I finally figured out that he was carefully shoving his copious ballsack into my ass. I started moaning then, more in anticipation of pain than from pain itself. I kept reminding myself that I'd taken fists, but even that realization didn't help. I felt a large object being forced past my stretched entrance and jumped when one of his huge nuts slid through the tight opening to become trapped within me. He relaxed for a second, breathing heavily, before he squeezed the second nut into me. I closed my eyes and testingly squeezed my ass muscles around his sex gear. He gasped and I immediately relaxed my muscles and felt my body fight to expel the too-big load.

"Don't let go!" he hissed, apparently feeling my ass pushing him out. "Squeeze me harder...harder! Crush my fuckin' balls!" The wild desperation in his voice scared the crap out of me and I squeezed as hard as I could and with each squeeze he let out a cry of agony which filled the van and echoed off the distant rocks. "Harder...harder!" he screamed between yells of pain. He screamed repeatedly as my assmouth chewed on him until finally he fell forward onto my back and I felt the sharpness of his metal tit-rings dig into my flesh. His fingers dug their way under me, toward my balls, and I held my breath.

"Wait...Wait a minute!" I pleaded, desperately, but then felt the shackle loosen then fall away. My balls sprang free like a suddenly released spring and the pain of that instant freedom caused me to cry out. He pulled my ass backwards and helped me move my legs until I sat on his groin, his equipment still firmly embedded in me. He pulled me around, twisting his cock and balls within me until I sat with my legs on either side of his chest; our eyes were riveted on one another's.

I thought I caught a glimmer of...desperation...in those eyes. Anyway, it was an expression which, oddly enough, made me feel sorry for him. But then it passed and the uncertain look, the wild look of earlier replaced it.

"Grab on and stand up," he whispered urgently, rolling his head back and closing his eyes. I knew that what he wanted was impossible, but I clamped my ass muscles shut and began rising. I guess the size of his sex gear was enough that my ass got its teeth into it, because as I slowly rose to a low crouch I watched his groin rise with me, fused to my ass. I managed to pull his ass maybe an inch off the floor and he lay still, his teeth clenched shut in pain. He reached down and partially encircled his sex roots with his thumb and forefinger, then slowly reached for the knife. As I watched he placed the razor-like blade against his cockroot. One quick motion would free his body to fall to the floor and would fill my ass totally and irreversibly with his manhood.

Run! I screamed to myself, thinking that while he was so

spaced-out I could shit out his equipment and flee. But he still held the knife, and its proximity to my own sex gear allowed the moment to pass.

As I held him slightly above the carpet I held my breath and so did he. Then with a scream of rage which so startled me that I did shit out the precious cargo, he slammed the knife to the floor and grabbed his slime-covered sex organs and rocked back and forth slightly, cradling them in his hands. I was then aware that my ass was leaking. I looked down to see a steady, slow stream of come drip out of my gaping asshole. In the intensity of the situation he had come and I hadn't even know it.

I felt wholly inadequate with this guy. I had no idea what he wanted. But I found that that total uncertainty really turned me on, but not in the usual way. I was no longer getting worked up over his physique, his good looks or even his huge sex set. I was getting turned on by being so completely out of control. I was used to watching slaves jump at my commands, used to people trying to please me and satisfy my desires. But that was all so predictable. The situation with him was anything but predictable, and yet it was wildly exciting in a dark and dangerous way and I felt a side of me emerge that I had never before known.

"Now fuck me," he said, his eyes still closed. My cock, generally as reliable as a steam-driven piston, hung about half-mast, as uncertain as I was. But glancing down at the knife still held in his hand, I began giving it some encouragement. It was strange, having to urge my cock erect, but that strangeness blended in with every other fucking thing that was happening. I caressed and squeezed it, desperately, struggling to ignite that spark of electric energy in its head.

"Fuck me," he said again, more insistently. I squeezed and massaged harder and faster until the spark finally glowed alive. I watched, relieved, as my shaft began rising ponderously. Although not yet rock-hard, I scooted myself forward and crammed it into his sloppy hole. I felt like an automaton; just going through the motions, not really feeling the sensations radiating from my cock that I generally lived for. My only

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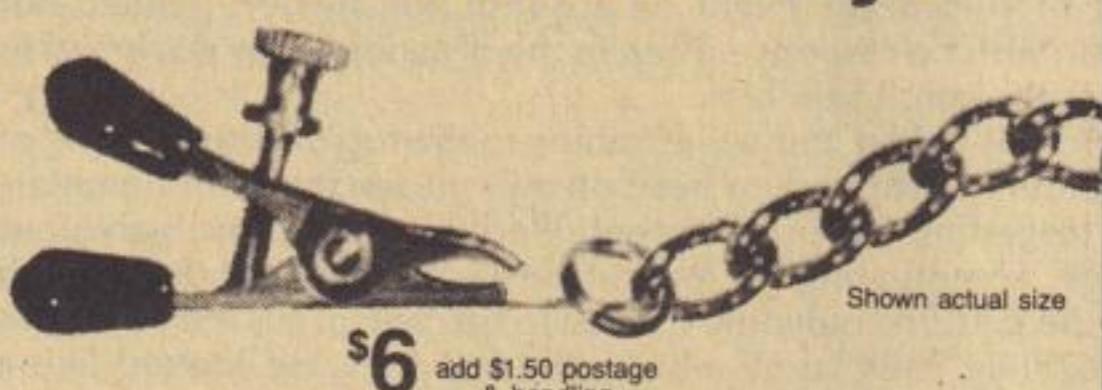
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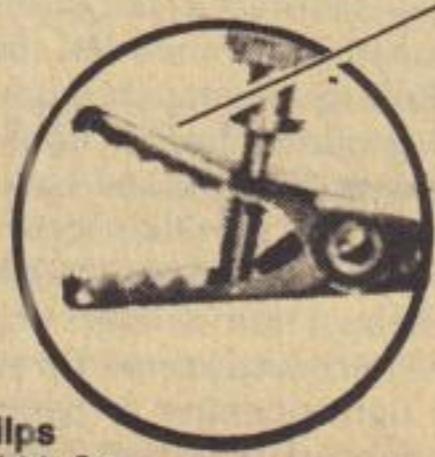
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thoughts as I went through the mechanical pistonning were of his thoughts. Right then, for instance, he gave no indication that he even knew I was in him. He just lay back, eyes closed until for a second I thought he was asleep. My cock was nearly the equal of his in length and girth and I'd never had anyone not react to it as it drove into their ass or mouth, and I soon found myself pissed off that he was so oblivious to my most prized possession. As my anger increased, so too did my intensity until I was pounding into him furiously, slamming against his crotch roughly, scooting him backward on the carpeted floor. I was gritting my teeth, concentrating on hurting him with my prick, so consumed with at least getting his attention that when my cock erupted it took me by surprise. The intensity and unexpectedness of the explosion shook my entire body and my back arched as if in a spasm, which in turn caused my long prick to jab even more brutally into him. He gasped, at last, and writhed under me and his ass began milking me for every drop. I fell forward onto his wide chest, exhausted, and lay there gasping, my cock still plugging his chewing assmouth.

After a moment he slid his ass out from under me and scooted back to sit on his thighs. I looked first into his eyes then down across his sculpted torso and finally at his own hose. It was hard as a rock and I moved forward as if drawn by a magnet and gently lifted its tip with my tongue, savoring the satiny rock-hard smoothness of its flesh, tasting the starchy flavor of the pre-come oozing from its cat's-eye. I opened my mouth wider and played with the gold soldered-shut ring with my tongue before I inhaled the thick shaft, feeling its warmth slide past my lips, over my tongue and finally embed itself down my throat. I smelled his masculine aromas blending with the leather scent from his boots and began eagerly lapping at the underside of the creature within me, caressing it lovingly. I withdrew to take a breath then impaled myself again on the strong, muscular-looking shaft, working my throat muscles against its smooth bulk.

I heard him moan as I worked and thought that maybe I'd finally made contact with him. I reached up and cupped his heavy balls and began tugging and squeezing them, finally understanding that along with the caresses, sucking and other attentions I was paying to his body, he also wanted—needed—some pain, sort of as a chaser...a side dish. I twisted the sack until the balls were held in a tight knot, then began squeezing, harder and harder until he writhed in exquisite agony. I felt like I was servicing a leopard and was unsure just when I'd go too far and what his reaction would be, but strangely, that uncertainty turned me on and my prick resumed its almost-natural state of erection. He moaned louder in pain and pleasure as I twisted and squeezed his sack and worked my tongue along the underside of his penis, feeling its veins and piss-tube bulging like ropes.

His breathing quickened and I felt the shaft shudder and felt his balls attempt to contract. At that moment, he suddenly yanked himself free of my grasp. I looked at him, startled, and saw a look of insane anger on his handsome face.

"No!" he shouted. He got up and quickly jumped out of the van and stood on the low ground beside it and began slamming his cock onto the floor of the vehicle as if it were a rag. I watched in awe as he grabbed his large balls with his other hand and began slamming them too, grimaces of pain and pleasure shooting across his face. I winced too, sympathetically, and held onto my own nuts protectively.

As I watched him brutalize himself, saw the impassioned expression on his face, I realized just how far out of my element I was. I had no idea at that point what to do, for either of us. I thought again of trying to get the fuck out of there, but he had the van, superior strength and the knife, and I had no idea where we were. I felt as helpless as when my balls had been shackled to the floor.

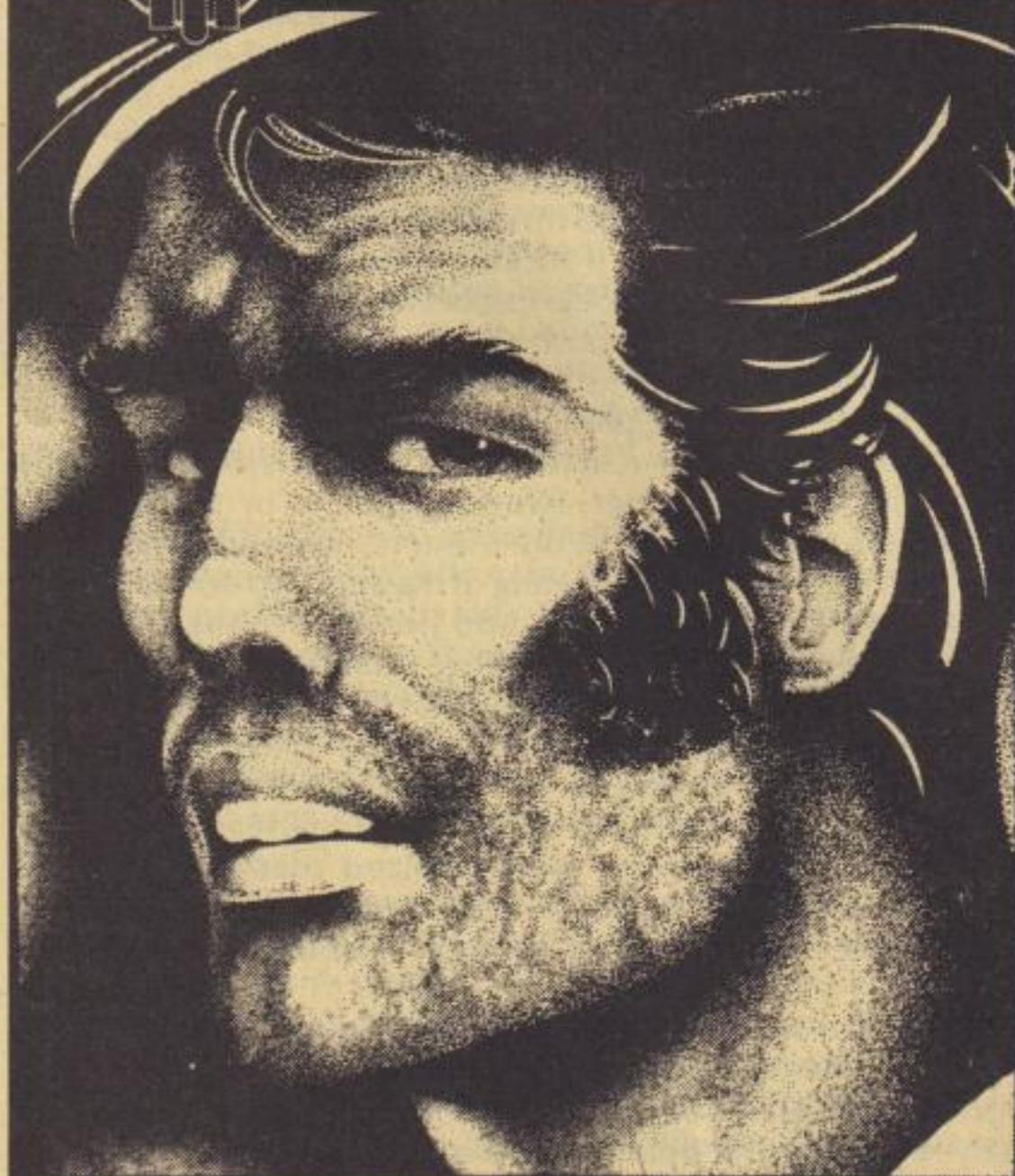
He finally stopped the self-brutalization, stared at me strangely, turned and walked away to sit silently on a large nearby rock.

I sat on my legs staring out at him, wondering what the fuck to do. Finally I decided to go with my instincts. I turned and began

(Continued on page 30)



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rooting in the box where he'd placed the shackle and harness and found a treasure-trove of devices. Glancing back at him and seeing him still unmoving, I began selecting the things I wanted.

Carrying my choices out to him, I knelt before him. I carefully placed a long ball-stretcher around his pendulous ballsack and locked it shut. He stared down but didn't say a word; somehow I knew he wouldn't. I fastened a heavy chain to the lock on the stretcher. I fastened a smaller chain to a tit-ring, passed it through the ring in his cockhead and then pulled the cock roughly upward and fastened the end of the chain to the other tit-ring. He winced from the threefold pressure, but remained passive. Next, carefully, like sticking a hand too near a crocodile's mouth, I inserted a cock-gag between his passive lips and forced its length into his mouth and buckled it in place behind his head. Finally, I cuffed his hands behind him. I stepped back to view the shackled, helpless creature.

He was magnificent: A real turn-on for me. His muscular body with its aboriginal markings, sweating, bound by the balls, his cock and tits straining against their fetters, his hands held firmly behind him... it aroused a feeling of mastery and dominance in me that I hadn't felt in months, and I reveled in the feeling of absolute power I had over him. Before I'd sold my bar... giving in to a wanderlust... I'd had my pick of the litter every night of my life, and the nearly continual scenes in the backroom had seemed to me then all anyone could ever hope for. But this guy had added a new dimension to SM: Genuine fear and uncertainty, elements which the more civilized practice of the art form quite naturally precluded. I felt some very raw, very uncivilized juices begin coursing through my body as I gazed down on him.

I forced him to his feet and smeared lubricant onto the giant ass-plug I'd found and unceremoniously pushed it into him, ignoring his muffled screams as the cone spread his opening nearly to the tearing point. The scream grew louder just as the widest part of the plug entered him. His assmouth slammed shut to engulf the narrower neck. There was a metal ring screwed into the neck and it remained outside his ass, looking like a fixture used to secure a boat to its moorings. I locked the end of the ball-chain to his ass.

Why didn't I just leave him there — get in the van and drive off? I've asked myself that question many times and the best response I can think of is that I was too turned on to just walk away. He had humiliated me and scared the shit out of me; now it was my turn.

I grabbed the long chain in the middle and began leading him toward the pile of boulders he had climbed earlier. He hesitated, but when the chain snapped tight, tugging hard against his ass and balls, he followed. When we started climbing, he occasionally stumbled and had to allow his sack and balls to take his weight; tears streamed down his passive, handsome face. I was glad, seeing the tears. I didn't intend to castrate him, but liked the feeling that he didn't know that.

I had him kneel before me, once we'd reached the top, and I raised my cock to the hollow gag. I felt the piss begin to flow as I pressed my cockhead against the open end. He coughed and sputtered as the warm liquid ran into his throat.

"I understand now," I said to him as I emptied my bladder, "the drawing on the van — the man standing is you. But that less distinct figure, the man kneeling... that's you too, isn't it?" When he didn't respond I yanked on the tit-chain.

He nodded slowly, then eagerly, as if relieved. I removed the gag and was pleased with myself for having guessed correctly.

"You're a marauder all right, but the person you most enjoy... terrorizing... is yourself. That bit with the knife, that's you wanting to cut away the wild man who holds your more tame half captive. All the shit you dumped on me, that's you wanting to dominate... feel like a man. Then when you get that out of your system, your other half takes over and you want to castrate yourself to kill off the wild creature who's in there too. Shit, man, you don't need a knife, you need a shrink." He hung his head without saying a word.

I reached forward to take off the cuffs, feeling that my little

analysis had somehow made us kindred. But as soon as the cuffs were off he lunged at me and wrestled me down, and before I knew what had happened he clicked one cuff tightly around my cock and balls. He laughed, then grinned down at me as I stared up at him incredulously, once again frightened of his strangeness. He clicked the other cuff around the log chain which ran from his ass to his balls and turned and walked across the huge rock. I let out a yelp as the chain grew taut and stumbled to my feet, hanging on, following him, my cock and balls on fire.

We climbed down the jumbled pile of boulders in silence. When I would stumble and the chain snapped tight, snapping his balls back between his legs, he just kept on going, dragging me steadily after him despite my protests.

We stopped at the van. The two of us stood there silently for a moment. I recognized the frenzied expression in his eyes I'd seen before and realized that my little attempt at psychoanalysis had been directed to the wild man... the marauder... not to his civilized, weaker half as I'd thought.

"You think I'm trying to destroy myself, huh?" he hissed between clenched teeth, the veins in his neck looking as if they'd explode. "You think I'd want to do away with this?" he asked, grabbing onto his rigid cock, still pulled taut by the tit-chain, his tits sagging long under the strain. "Or this?" he asked, grasping his steel-encased ball shaft.

"You are crazy!" I stammered stupidly, feeling, as soon as I'd said it, that I'd just thrown gasoline on a fire. He laughed and yanked the chain, pulling me nearer.

"I'm crazy?!" Who the fuck got into the van greeted by a bare-assed driver... an obvious pervert?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Bullshit! I may be a little eccentric, but even I ain't that crazy," he shouted. We stood there at a verbal stand-off, him with his war paint on, his cock tethered to the tit-chain, a chain draped from his ass to his balls; me at the other end of that chain locked by the balls, neither of us moving.

Then, as I stared at him, his head lowered and his expression relaxed. *Shit, I thought, here we go again.*

"Now," he said, avoiding my eyes, "now." Until he reached for my hand and placed it over his engorged prick, I didn't know what he meant. Subtly he raised and lowered his body until I understood. I began stroking the large cock, wincing as I watched the rings in his tits and the ring through his cockhead strain and pull strongly at the sensitive flesh. "Faster," he begged through clenched teeth. I worked my hand faster on the long organ, watching the small chain grow slack then snap tight as I stroked him. He sagged to his knees and I lowered myself with him, watching the copious discharge of his come fly out of his cock. His fists were clenched and his face distorted in rage as his prick hurled charges of white jism up onto his chin, his chest and stomach. As the eruption slowed, the ooze poured steadily out of the large head, running down its sides, onto my hand and down onto his shackled sack to drip to the ground.

He opened his eyes and the expression on his face was one of calm. He gently pushed me away... dismissed me. Grabbing his cock fiercely in both hands, he suddenly snapped it downward, in one powerful thrust, between his legs. His head was thrown back and his lips let loose a piercing scream of rage and pain which dulled my senses. His tits were torn and bleeding and the chain now hung only from the ring in his cockhead; blood dripped down it from the ripped hole.

He sat back on his legs, still holding his cock sharply downward and I watched as his entire being relaxed. I stood mute, feeling numb, staring down at his wounds. He looked up at me and smiled.

When he took me back to the Interstate and let me out, my thoughts turned to previous experiences. I recalled the indescribable thrill that went through me every time a slave begged to be chained, whipped, brutalized, and the sweet ache that filled my groin as I picked up the whip or cuffs to oblige. As I stood there, recalling the brazen scene painted on the side of his van with the bold word painted beneath it, I asked myself: Which of us is not a marauder? □

(Continued from page 23)

didn't know what else to answer...to stammer...except "Y-yes, Sir!"

"Helpin' you stay cooler in all this heat, boy! Oughta be thankin' me!"

"Yes, Sir! Thankin' you, Sir! Much better, Sir!"

The Sergeant continued his slow pacing, executing a full circle around the quivering younger man. The punk was no slouch. A little short, maybe, but that was the way Sergeant Murphy liked them. Heavily muscled everywhere...everywhere in sight, anyway...broad back, good, solid shoulders...big veined biceps...triceps...wide, mounded pecs with distended, even unnaturally long, pink nipples...slender waist...washboard stomach to rival his own. Nice package! Not a feather anywhere, except those moist, glistening swirls whispering out from under his armpits and that little blond trail from his navel straight down that flat gut to where that drawstring was cutting off the view!

"You s'pose they call you Big Sig 'cause of these here long nipples?" Sergeant Murphy queried as his strong fingers reached out to assess the impressive, suckable, chewable knobs.

It was just one of those natural, involuntary reflexes. Sig stiffened, flinched, and started aback from the exploring hands. Sergeant Murphy didn't pursue. He chuckled softly to himself and strolled on around his quarry, as if continuing his explorations.

Sig heard the whistling too late! The bamboo stave cut the humid air and seared down upon his naked shoulders, sending him wrenching away in the convulsion and squeal of genuine pain! Genuine, bad pain! The muscles of his broad back knotted as he prepared to receive another blow. Instead he heard the hypnotic rasp of Sergeant Murphy's low voice.

"Now, kid, you gotta learn to stand still when I'm talkin' to you! You stand where I tell you to stand. You sit where I tell you to sit. You hang where I hang you. You do what I tell you to do. You don't move until I tell you where and how fast you're goin' to move. And...you never...I mean never...jump back from me, unless I'm tellin' you to jump! You got it?"

Sig's mind was a garble of protest...of conflicting responses...of pain. Any fool knew, though, that he and Sergeant Murphy, Sir!, were alone at the ends of the earth in some sweltering cement box...and Sergeant Murphy had his hands free...and he didn't. Sig had one choice, and one only. "Yes, Sir!" he said, his chin cast down to the deep ridge between his thick, hairless pecs.

"Now, don't fuck up, boy! Want you to hold that position unless I tell you to change it! Got it?"

"Yes, Sir!"

This time Sig heard the whistle. Loud. Long. Seemed like it would never land. But it did! The bamboo stave came down again. Hard. Bruising. Splitting the flesh. The muscles of his broad back knotted, twisted and jumped in agony, but Sig himself stood real still, clenched his jaws, shut his eyes tightly...and took it! It hurt! It hurt bad! But a brief grunt of acknowledgement was the only sign he gave of the intense distress and pain he felt inside...and all up and down his back.

"Good boy!" the Sergeant said. "Now that's more like it!"

Sig didn't understand what was happening to him or why, but the two blows across the back seemed to be causing an unaccountable reaction to the front side of him. Front, and lower down. Down where the sweat-soaked gray and white stripes were tenting out from where his legs came together, a hardening, stiffening arc of hot flesh lifting out in front of his left thigh. Sig couldn't believe it, but something about the pain...the Sergeant's commanding voice...his own shameless obedience...the cement box in which they were both trapped...something was making Sig throw a boner...a raging hard-on...right there before God, Sergeant Murphy, and nobody else!

"Now, that was bamboo, kid," the burly officer informed him from behind. A pause. "Now, this is my favorite. It's a wide leather belt, kid...with pointed metal studs...little silver pyramids. Ol' Murph's favorite! Want you to feel it! Just once!"

Real good! All ready?"

"Y-yes, Sir! Ready, Sir!" Sig didn't move. He heard the soft whish. His cock twitched in anticipation of the impact.

With a heave that held back nothing, Sergeant Murphy laid a swath of red skin and evenly-spaced, little bloody nicks right between the twin welts the bamboo cane had raised. Sig grunted real loud this time. Not a cry or a sob; just a real loud grunt of very real pain. His back muscles knotted and knotted again in agony. His swelling cock stiffened down the length of his thigh, twitched a whole lot, and released a great gob of pre-come...a gob he could feel running down his shin and into the top of his prison issue high-top work shoe.

"We got some other things here I can give you a sample of, if you want 'em," the Sergeant chuckled. "But I think we'll save those till we need 'em. Maybe wait till I string you up by your thumbs...or by your big toes...to these little babies up here on the ceiling. But we'll wait a little bit...see if I wanna use 'em right now."

Sergeant Murphy had walked around to face Sig again. He was standing real close when the thumb and forefinger of each hand sort of slithered up Sig's tight belly and came to rest in a hard, pinching action at the very tips of Sig's distended nipples. Sig didn't flinch, didn't move, didn't think of pulling away. He just stood there, his face lowered in a fiery blush as the Sergeant pulled and pinched and twisted his tits, any way he wanted to. "Yeah," the Sergeant said, only half aloud, "must be why they call you 'Big' Sig!"

With the Sergeant standing so close, his hairy pelvis slouched slightly forward, Sig guessed it was just accidental that the blunt tip of the big man's bulging jockstrap was pushed rather firmly against Sig's navel. Though the monster was still pointed downward, Sig had no doubt the steaming sausage was getting real hard. Through the worn material he could feel the slimy goo oozing a little puddle right into his belly button. Sig was sure all this nearness and hard fondling wasn't a part of your routine interrogation. On the other hand, maybe it was; he'd never been interrogated before. He was trying very hard to control his reactions, but all this jock rubbing and tit pulling was causing Sig's boner to twitch and engorge even more. It was embarrassing as hell, 'cause he knew he wasn't supposed to move, and here his own rebellious cock was pushing hard against the Sergeant's naked thigh.

"Whatcha rubbin' on my leg, boy?" the Sergeant demanded with convincing outrage. "You got somethin' else you wanna show me?"

"N-no, Sir! It's just that..."

"You packin' a concealed weapon, kid?"

"N-no, Sir! I mean, you're..."

"Better have a look at that artillery," Sergeant Murphy chuckled softly. To his credit, Sig didn't move as both the Sergeant's hairy hands slid slowly down the young man's sides, the enormous thumbs nearly touching as they traced the firm, hairless belly...down to the drawstring of the faded pants...and, even more slowly, pulled the dangling ends of the sweaty drawstring. With a little pop you could feel more than hear, the bow was undone. With a rip you could hear loud and clear, the prison issue was yanked hard both ways from the fly. The scraps and tatters of what had been Sig's pants cascaded down his bronzed young thighs to become a pool of rags around his ankles.

"Well, now...well, now...What do we have here?" Sergeant Murphy made no attempt to hide his wide, gaping grin as he sat on the crate again, leaned back against the wall and clasped his hands behind his head. He frankly appraised the naked body of the blushing youth standing nervously some three feet in front of him.

The kid had a piece of meat on him! Twelve inches, maybe more. Arcing straight out from that glistening bush of blond pubic hair, the cock looked to be about the size of a radiator hose shoved into one of those smaller-sized Washington apples. You could tell the young man had been wearing shorts while he got his rich summer tan. The stark white of the pelvic area



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contrasted sharply with the hot pink and angry red of that drooling cock, cross-hatched with a pale blue network of thick veins. The rubber-tight foreskin had pulled back just enough to reveal the fiery pink tip of that good-sized apple it was sheathing. Nuts, big as turkey eggs, lightly fuzzed.

Sig was embarrassed as hell, standing right there, throwing a rod in the Sergeant's face. He tried to think about football, church, the dentist...anything to make it go down. But the pumping pole wouldn't cooperate. It just arced out there with a mind of its own, twitching with each heartbeat, getting redder, harder and more embarrassing.

There was a note of genuine appreciation in Sergeant Murphy's voice as he whistled softly and said, "I think we have just figured out the 'Big' in Big Sig, kid! Damn big!" After a long silence, the Sergeant spoke gruffly out of one side of his mouth, "And we both know you're enjoying this! Standing around buck naked, showin' your hard fuckstick to a big hairy guard. Right, punk?"

Actually, it was embarrassing, and scary, and all kinds of things except enjoyable, but Sig could only murmur, "S-sir! Whatever the Sergeant...Sir...Sir..."

"Let's see you flex that fucker, kid! The Sergeant wants you to peel that umbrella back without usin' your hands! You know you wanna show it!"

Sig really didn't want to show anything. But the Sergeant was giving the orders, and Sig was obeying as best he could. "Yes, Sir! Flexin' for the Sergeant, Sir!" Tightening his ass and groin muscles and thrusting his pelvis slightly forward, Sig flexed cock real hard. The long appendage snapped up at a steep angle toward his abdomen. In one smooth roll, the tight foreskin peeled itself back, well beyond the corona, revealing the whole large pink apple, glistening with slime and collected curds...and dripping, just ever so slightly, a long slender thread of preseminal fluid from the gaping slit at the tip.

"Big Sig," Sergeant Murphy murmured around the cigarette hanging loosely from the left side of his mouth, "Big Sig...standin' there with your legs spread open, sweat runnin' down the crack of your ass, your fat balls danglin' half-way to your knees, that big red horsecock throbbin' and twitchin' and leakin', standin' there just wonderin' if I'm gonna give you a little peek at what I'm packin' in this jockstrap! That right, boy?"

Now, Sig had to admit to himself that his legs were indeed spread wide, his ass dripping sweat, his balls were dangling low and heavy, and his thick tube of meat was throbbing and dripping. But there was not a moment's wondering in Sig's mind about whether he was going to see what the Sergeant was packing in that jock. The way things were developing in the close, hot room, he had no doubt that Sergeant Murphy was going to give him a real good look at anything and everything the Sergeant wanted him to see. But he couldn't say all that. Sig swallowed hard and answered simply, "Sir! I...whatever...I mean, if the Sergeant...anything..."

Sig could be forgiven for jumbling his words. It was indeed a prodigious lump filling the worn, piss-stained strap. Standing right in front of that swollen pouch that Sergeant Murphy made no attempt to hide, Sig couldn't help but notice that the burly guard was indeed packing a monster...a monster Sig was sure he didn't care to see. He couldn't judge the length because of the material, but the wide, rounded dome straining against the soppy elastic promised a head that would relegate his own apple into second-class category. The whole pouch seemed to be twitching and twisting all on its own, when Sergeant Murphy abruptly changed the subject.

"Them cuffs a little tight on you, kid?"

"Yes, Sir! Actually too tight, Sir! Circulation..."

"Think if I loosened 'em up some...took 'em off maybe...you'd cooperate a little better with this interrogation?"

"Yes, Sir! Tryin' to cooperate with the Sergeant, Sir!"

"Sure, let's do it, kid. What the fuck? You don't need them cuffs on. Now, the key...the key to the cuffs," the officer pondered with well-faked bewilderment, "now where the hell did I hang that damn key?...Someplace I'd be sure not to lose it...Oh, yeah! I remember now!"

Without further ceremony or acting, both his enormous hands came from behind the Sergeant's head, slid quickly down his chest and firm belly. The giant thumbs hooked in the tattered waistband of the soiled jock and rolled it down his crotch. He lifted his hairy ass off the crate only enough to accomodate the elastic band, pulled the sweat-soaked pouch and straps down his massive thighs, and stepped his left boot out of the straps. The funky roll of soiled elastic rippled across the arch of his right boot and came to rest.

Sig was not especially watching the precise path of the jock-strap. His devout and fearful attentions were riveted instead on the thick tube of Grade-A fucking beef standing straight up between Sergeant Murphy's splayed thighs! The monster tool rose out of a thick jungle of black hair. Fat, pulsing, angry inch upon fat, pulsing, angry inch...all the way up to that killer dome, a broad purple-pink knob, that flared suddenly from the end of the shaft. Not aloud, certainly, but to himself, an astonished Sig realized he had just figured out the "Too Long" in "Too Long" Murphy. The throbbing fucker was way too long...too wide...too thick for man or beast. Blue-gray veins stood out like miniature levees along the entire length of the shaft, up to the roll of peeled-back foreskin. Enormous balls, covered with a jumble of thickly matted hair, hung ponderously from the cock-base, over the edge of the crate, and far down between the spread thighs.

And there, true to the Sergeant's word, there was the key to the cuffs. Almost hidden against the enormity of the stud-cock...just below that flared mushroom head...dangling from a loop of very soiled cord...there was the little metal object, the key to the cuffs!

Sergeant Murphy's hands were behind his head again. He was in that same realaxed slump, a cigarette held lightly in his sensuous lips. But that too-long, too-wide, too-thick fucking pole was hard at attention. The enormous member twitched. It seemed inadvertent at first, but it was quickly apparent that the officer was controlling the movement with some well-rehearsed use of local muscles.

The tiny key jumped on its cord and began to rotate, describing an orbit around the thick tube...a little skill the Sergeant had thought up after watching a tassle act at a night club a long while back. The hairy guard didn't miss a twitch, nor did the key wobble the slightest in its appointed orbit as Sergeant Murphy said softly, almost with disinterest, "Well, there's the key, kid. You best come and get it if you want them cuffs off."

"But, Sarge—Sir! I can't...I mean, I don't know..."

"Now you the one wantin' them cuffs off," the Sergeant frowned with rising indignation. "Here I go to all the trouble of finding this damn key for you!" The slowly gyrating fuck-club didn't miss a throb. The orbiting key described its perfect ellipse. "I do all this work for you, and now you don't want the key! Now, take a good look, boy, and tell me straight! You want this or not?"

Sig wasn't just too sure what the Sergeant meant by "this," but he felt the big man must be talking about the key, surely. He took a deep breath and put his case as best he could. "Yes, Sir! I want it real bad, Sir! But my hands, Sir! They're still..."

"You want it, punk? Come and get it! I told you, it's right here waitin' for you!"

"B-but, Sir! I can't very well get at the key if my hands are..."

"You damn fuck-ups are all lazier than shit!" Sergeant Murphy's voice was raspy with growing anger. "You can't make it out there, so you fuck up and get thrown in a nice public institution like this! Then you want us hard-workin' public servants to do all your thinkin' and workin' for you! Now, I done enough work for one day! Let's see you put a little effort into this!"

Sig was speechless. He just stood there in the silence of the next two or three minutes, watching intently as that big monster sausage and that tiny key continued their appointed rounds.

Sergeant Murphy's low, assured voice broke the silence. "Been thinkin' on your problem, kid. Now, you s'pose you could get that key off my peg with your mouth? You know, just kinda grip it in them soft pink lips, and lift it right off. If I seen you was willin' to put out...to put out some effort...maybe I could help

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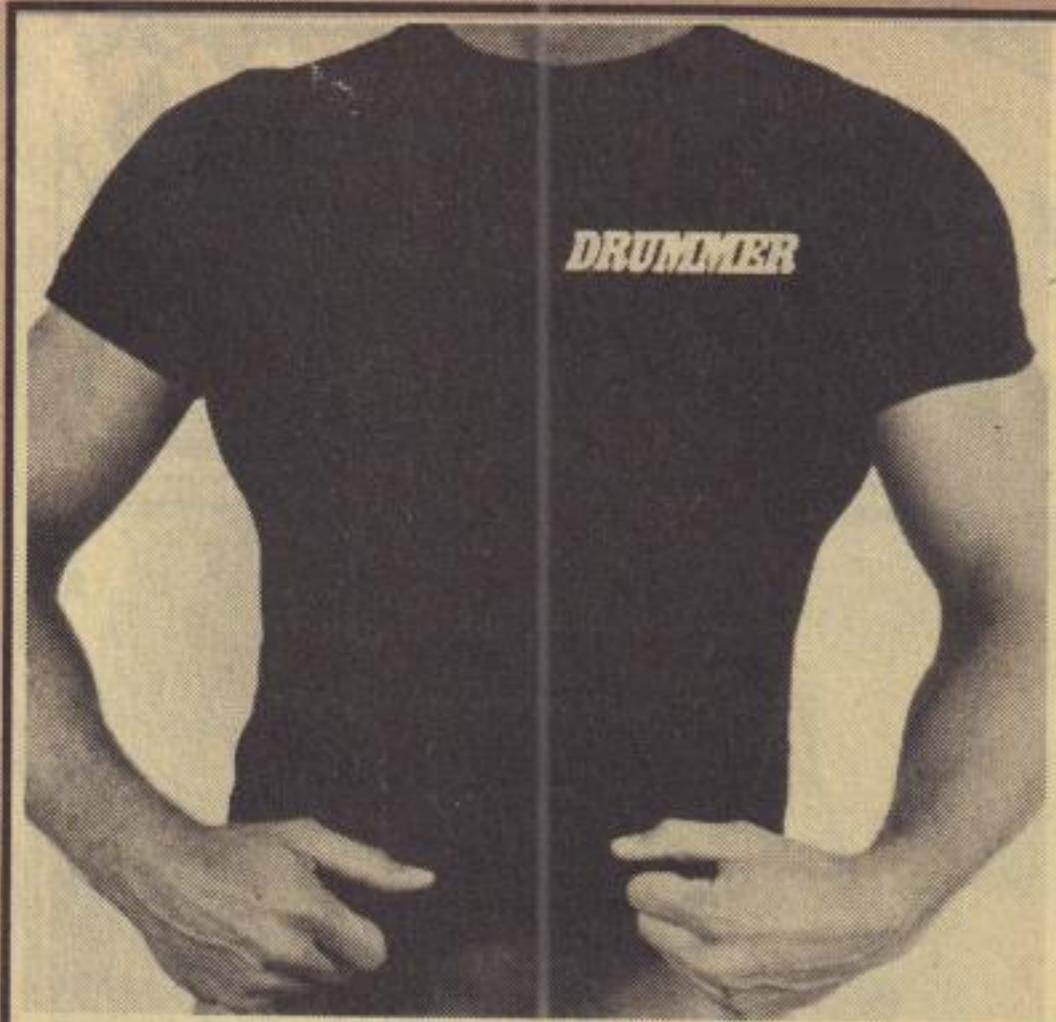
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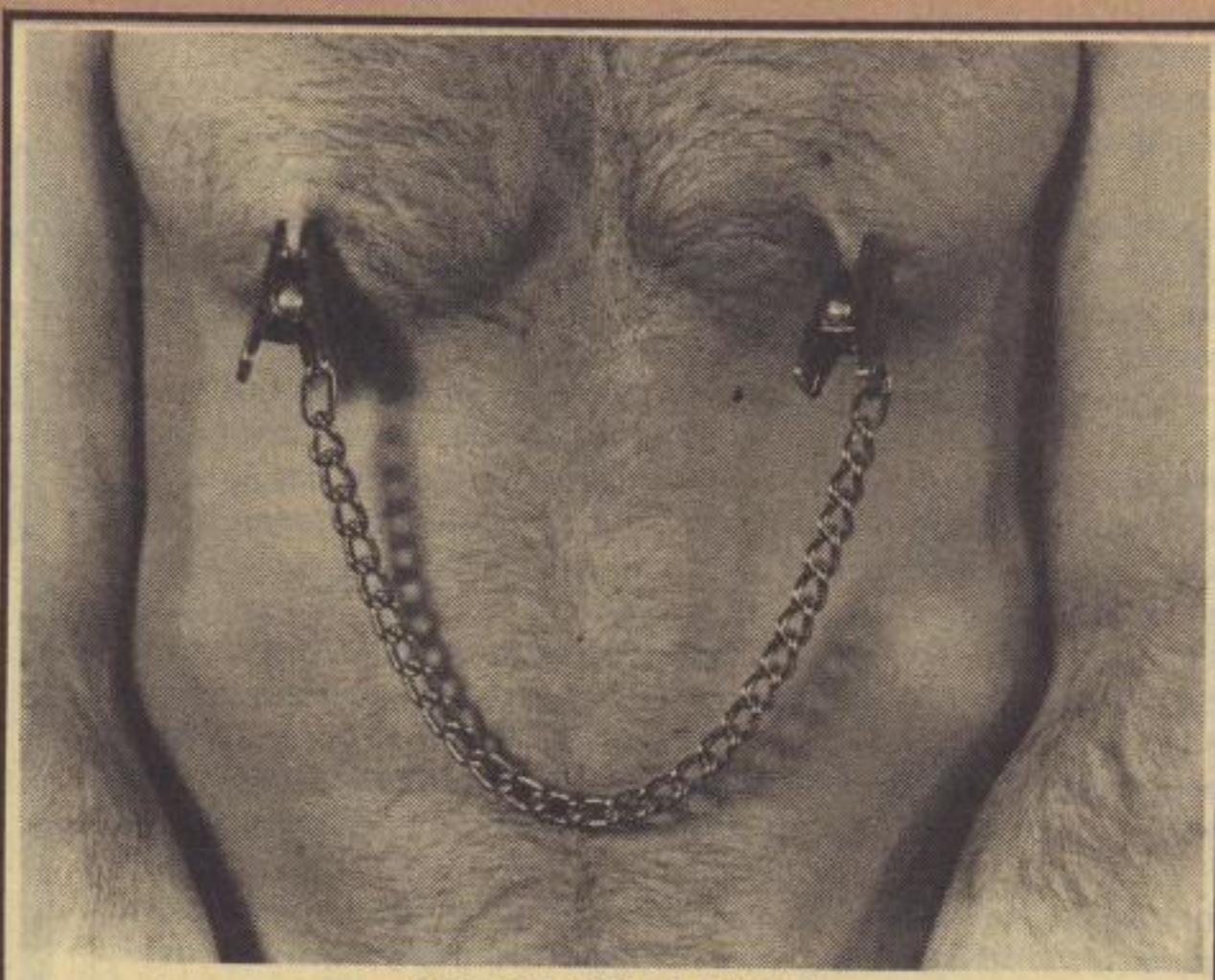
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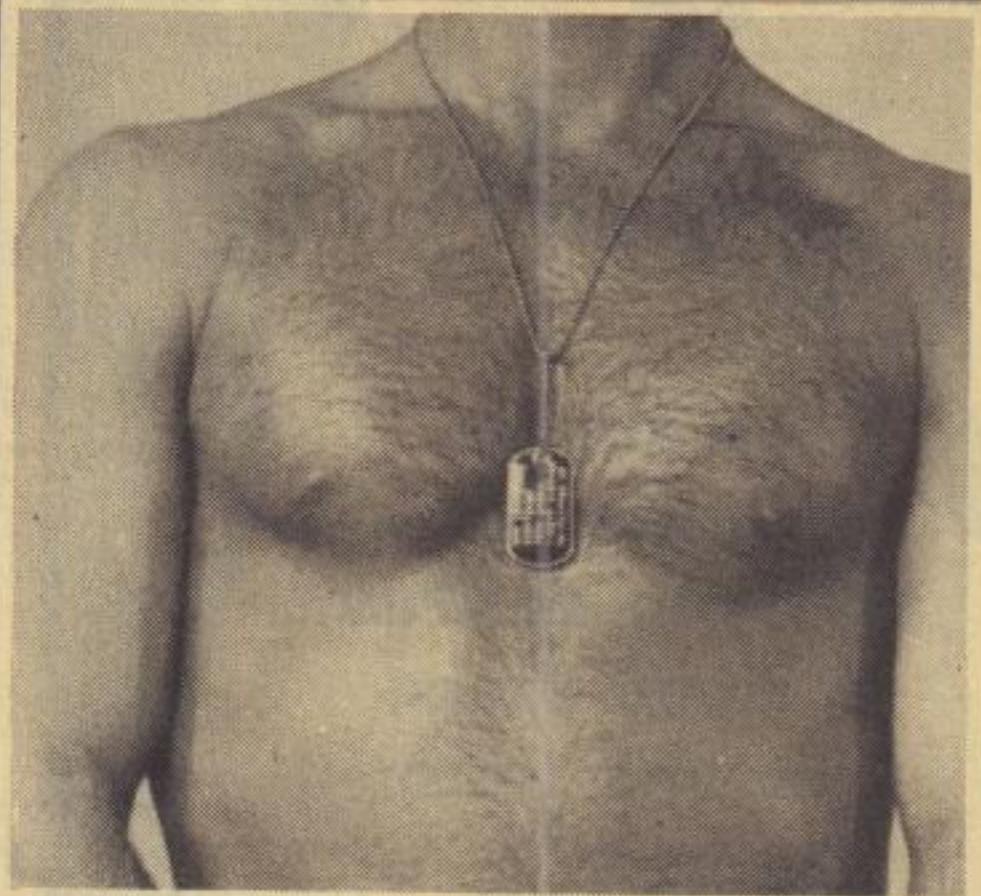
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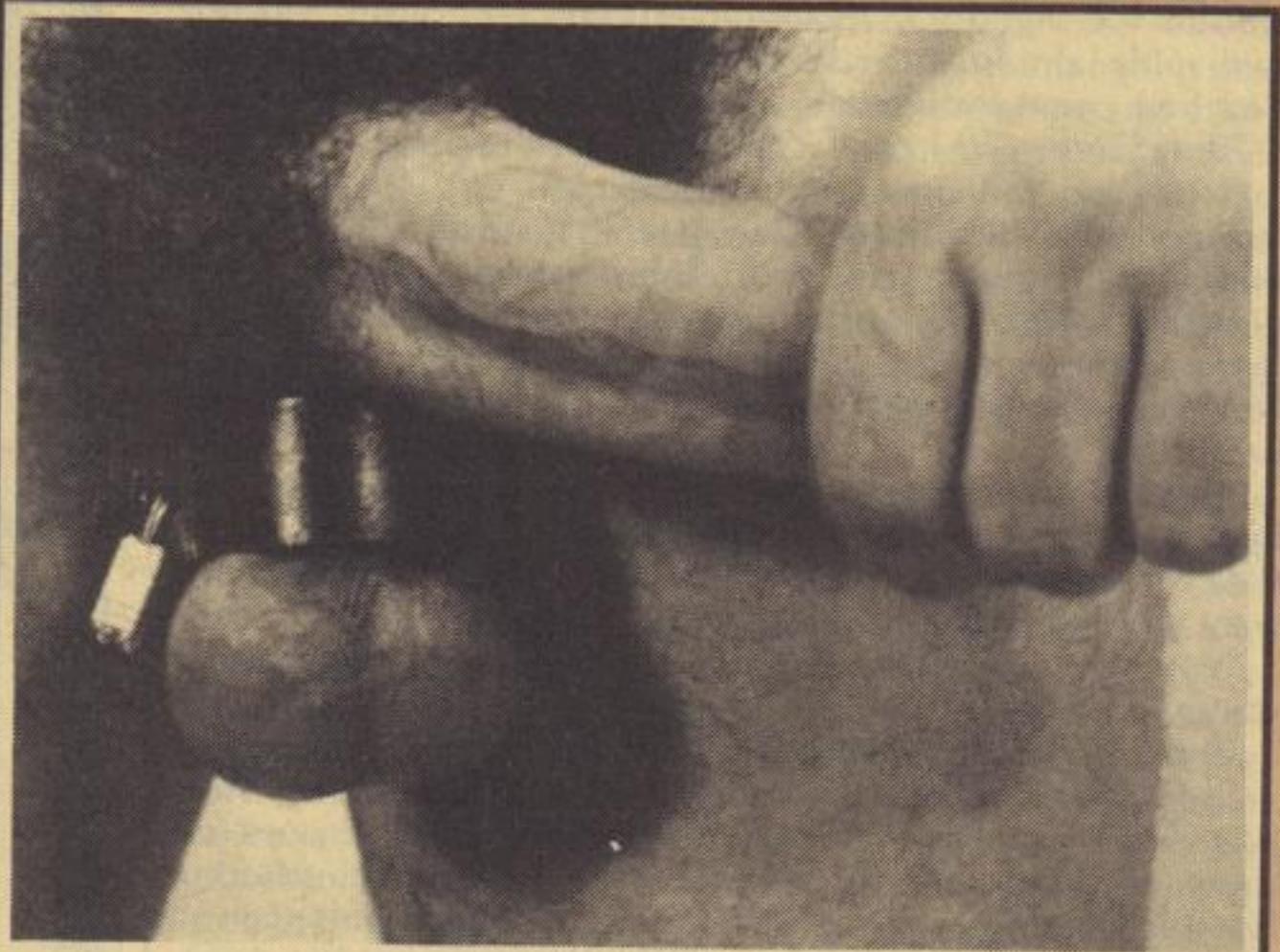
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you some from there."

Sig studied the logistics of the situation for a moment, then responded, "Yes, Sir! I think that would work, Sir! I'd like to try, Sir!"

"Try!" the Sergeant huffed. "Nothin' to it! You just get on it, and the rest is easy! Now, hunker down here, so you can really get at it! Yeah! Like that, on your knees... yeah! Right between these big hairy thighs. Lemme hold this thing still, so you can get a really good grip on it."

With a mighty spasm, the sweaty tower of turgid guardmeat snapped to finely vibrating attention. The tiny key ricocheted on its leash and executed a series of wobbly circles as it spiraled down, down, down the rigid pole and came to rest just left of center on the Sergeant's bulging scrotum.

"Now, there's your key, punk! Want you to go down and bring it up like a good boy! All yours... nice and easy... get on it!"

Sig leaned way forward in his kneeling position, put his face right down into that sweaty crotch to get at that key. The odors of well-rotted funk were overwhelming—down there, up real close to the Sergeant's steaming balls. But Sig couldn't take time to gag or to back off and get a breath of what little fresh air there might be in the room. He wanted that key and the relative freedom it promised! And there it was, lying flat against Sergeant Murphy's big left nut, half-buried in bristly black hair, but Sig could get at it!

Sig's right cheek was right up against the Sergeant's sweaty, ooze-trickled fuck rod when his lips... Sergeant Murphy hadn't said teeth—Sig was using only his lips... half closed over the small metal object. Better not pull any hair... little help from the tongue. In spite of the foul and acrid taste his tongue encountered on the Sergeant's scrotum, Sig couldn't take the time to puke. He wanted that key! There! The key to freedom was in his mouth; the little cord was secured by his tongue. Now, just to lift the prize up this sweating, stinking, tumescent...

"I think you wanna stop right about there, fuck-up!" Sergeant Murphy's voice wasn't loud, but his tone was so determined, commanding, that Sig dropped everything. The tiny key flopped back onto the guard's ponderous nuts, trickling the spit from Sig's mouth through the matted hairs.

"Now, hear me good, boy! I'm tired of all your fuckin' laziness! We ain't goin' to go no course of least resistance! You want that key, we're going to go after it the hard way... the long way!"

Sig studied the situation all over again. His mouth dropped open in genuine disbelief. "But... but... Sergeant... Sir! You mean you want me to..."

The burly guard snapped back, "I don't want you to do nothin', kid! You want that key, you gonna work for it!"

"But, Sir! I can't... I mean, I don't... I mean, I never..."

"Now, I got me a wide leather belt over there... lots of sharp steel studs all over it. And it tells me loud and clear you gonna go all the way down for that key... the right way... and you ain't gonna stop goin' down till you got what you're goin' after! Think that belt's tellin' me right, boy? Think someone's lyin' around here?"

Sig's mind was a riot of terrified responses. But the one and only course open to him was perfectly clear. "Yes, Sir!" he blurted. "I mean, no Sir! I mean, nobody lyin', Sir! I mean, I... I..." Sig studied the impossible length and breadth... and funk... of the chore standing rigidly before him, and continued, "I got to try for that key the right way, Sir!"

"Well, fuck, boy," the Sergeant almost crooned with "sincere" concern, "if you think that's really what you want to do... I guess I could let you, maybe this once..." Sergeant Murphy's tone changed abruptly to a sharp, demanding, "You got good teeth, kid?"

"Yes, Sir!" Sig blurted. "Real good teeth! No cav—"

"Glad to know it!" Sergeant Murphy cut him short. "Thought as much. Now, I want you to know—clear, fair and up front—I don't wanna feel no teeth. This little peg," the guard flexed his monumental cock, "it's kinda special to me. I feel the least little thing that even reminds me of a tooth, and we're goin' to drop all them pearly teeth of yours down that drain over there, one by

one. You hear me, boy?"

"S-sir... Yes, Sir! Hearin' you real clear!" Sig answered from his kneeling position. Sig wondered how he was going to follow through with his announced promise, to get at the key the "right" way. He wondered if all this was what "interrogation" was all about. He wondered why his own cock seemed to be getting longer, harder, redder, in the midst of all this humiliation. Sig wondered a lot. But his meditations were terminated by the Sergeant's insistant growl.

"Peg waitin', kid! Now, put your hot mouth over this fine piece of meat, and suck it real good! Want the best head you ever gave!"

Sig couldn't take the time to protest... to explain... to plead that he had never given any "head" to anyone. He knew the Sergeant wouldn't be interested... probably wouldn't believe him. He rocked forward on his knees again, his mouth poised over the guard's inflamed dome. He could see the constant stream of pre-come flowing from the large slit, running down the hard ridge of the underside of the throbbing member. He could smell the acrid odor of unwashed manmeat. Sig swallowed again. He opened his mouth wide, tried to retract his teeth, like a cat does its claws, and went down on the fat, fleshy mushroom!

Caught! As surely as if he were trying to swallow a fencepost, Sig's face was caught on Sergeant Murphy's giant cockhead! The enormous mushroom and maybe an inch... a half-inch... of the thick column below it were all the way to the back of Sig's throat! There was no room left to put anything... certainly not the rest of this twelve to fourteen inches of throbbing shaft! And certainly no room for a key, no matter how tiny! Then it hit him! The dreadful taste! The stale odors! The thick clumps of curds loosening from the back ridge of the crown! Sig gagged. And coughed. And pulled off! He would have vomited too, but he sensed he damned well better not!

"Sergeant, Sir! Please!" he coughed and swallowed through his tears. "Sir, I don't think I can..."

"You was doin' right fine, boy!" Sergeant Murphy reassured him. "Right fine! I think maybe you bit off more than you could chew, like they say. What you wanna do is start with a little exponin' first. I mean, get your mouth and nose down into some of these places, kid... find out what your Sergeant smells like, get used to the taste of genuine mancock. Then you won't have no problem eatin' me right. And don't go gaggin' and pukin' like ol' Murph don't bathe so reg'lar! I get me a real thorough bath every day of the world... every nook and cranny cleaned out all the way! And today you're gonna give me that bath... with that long pink tongue of yours! Real slow... real thorough! That right, punk?"

Sig was astonished at the new assignments he was receiving so abruptly. "Sir, I... Sergeant, Sir, I..."

"And you're gonna do it," the Sergeant continued in his low, calm, commanding tone, "not because you want to, not because you like to, not because it tastes good, not because you like the smell. You're gonna do it 'cause I tell you to do it!"

The Sergeant's huge boner hadn't gone down a bit, in spite of all the conversation. Interestingly, Sig's almost equally monstrous erection seemed to have grown a little, maybe because of the conversation.

"What you're gonna do, kid, is lick around a whole lot on this big hard mancock... suck all the sweat and salt and dribble off these fine, hairy balls... do a nice, thorough 'shampoo' on every last hair in this funky crotch... and then you're gonna lick where I tell you after that. That about right, boy? That what you're gonna do?"

"Sir, I..." Sig started to protest. But he had to be honest with his own raging fuck-rod, peeled way back and standing up real hard between his kneeling thighs. He had to be honest with that thin string of continuous drool and droplets funneling out the end of his thumping cock, forming a good-sized pool of lust-leakage front-and-center of his widespread knees. It was like you could read the flow of self-revelation that swept across Sig's young, astonished face. He debated his answer only briefly, then threw it all on the side of his aching, pumping cock.

"Yes, Sir! Right, Sir! Startin' on the Sergeant's big hard man-cock, Sir!"

Sergeant Murphy relaxed and slouched further back against the wall. Sig leaned forward from his knees. His wide pink tongue rolled out to meet the steaming pillar of flesh before him. Slowly, experimentally, he took short, lapping strokes on the ridged underside of the thick tube. His tongue met and savored the mingled flavors of sweat-salt and briny pre-come. His nose was filled with the pungent odor of manfunk. His own cock thumped approval, as Sig's halting strokes became eager slurps lapping the full length of the shaft. That pink tongue was really out there, wide, flat, dripping with zeal for this assignment! Sig's kneeling body twisted in every direction to help his tongue address every inch, every angle of the Sergeant's pulsing prod—topside, underside, around and around that mushroom head, under the foreskin, down into that oozing piss slit, back again to topside, down to the balls, left ball, right ball, front of the sack, back of the sack, around and around, and all the way back up to the mushroom dome again.

All the while, the Sergeant was muttering encouragements, orders and profanities in short, ragged breaths. He was frankly impressed that Sig was getting into the "program" so quickly and expertly. The kid was hooked! A natural! He'd be needing a lot of guardcock as long as he was at County Central! The Sergeant smiled wryly to himself, knowing that County Central just happened to have more than enough guardcock to keep the handsome young inmate occupied on his knees a long, long time!

"All right, punk! Enough of that sissy lickin' stuff! Time for some serious cocksuckin'! Wrap your face around that mushroom! Yeah, like that! Now, when you open wide and go down on this fucker, want you to *breathe in*...big gulp of air through your mouth. You'll find you can swallow this fine piece of meat real easy! Now get on it! Wanna feel them hot lips combin' this crotch hair!"

Sig followed orders, best he could. And it worked! Somehow, that "big gulp of air" business opened Sig's throat. The enormous fuckpole pushed deeply in. But Sig's eyes suddenly

widened with terror when he looked down the shaft and realized he still had half the monster to go!

"Don't panic, kid! Keep breathin' calm and deep," the Sergeant said, adjusting his own angle to facilitate the matter. "Easy does it...now just slide that pretty blond head back and forth on this nice hard cock! Yeah, kid, just like that! You got it, punk! Oh, yeah! Oh, cocksucker!" With a sudden thrust of his hairy ass, the Sergeant rammed another seven inches of guard meat into the young man's face and down his throat. As his lips brushed wiry hair, Sig's eyes widened in amazed disbelief. He was indeed all the way down! Just like the Sergeant had said!

"You're on it, kid!" the Sergeant barked. "Now, slide like you mean it! Yeah! Eat that sausage!" Sergeant Murphy bucked his hips in the slow, grinding rhythm of experienced face-fucking. Sig bobbed his head and entire upper body in the matching cadence of fast-learned cocksucking. His bruised lips traveled down the pulsing manhard all the way to the base, then all the way back until just the oozing mushroom filled his mouth, then all the way down again.

In perfect timing, their pace quickened. "That's it! Yeah!" the Sergeant groaned. "Oh, shit! Oh, yeah! Ugh! If you keep that up, kid...I think I'm gonna...oh, yeah! Now! Ugh! Fuck! Eat! Ugh! Good! Oh, damn! Get that load, kid! Swallow it all! Ugh! Ugh! Awwwww! Ugh!"

Thick ropes of liquid paste exploded into Sig's throat, filled his mouth! Glob after glob of gamey come fired down his gullet, gushed up the back passage into his nose, spurting globs and strings out each nostril! Sig swallowed and swallowed, but still there was more! He was having trouble breathing when the flow of guardcome rapidly ebbed. Sig kept sucking and swallowing, moving his mouth and throat up and down the softening monster cock. The Sergeant lay back against the wall, wheezing and groaning in his post-orgasmic ecstasy.

At length, Sergeant Murphy revived. "Okay, kid. You can back off that thing now. No, not all the way! Just suck on the head a little, while I catch my breath! Yeah, like that. Gotta tell you, you don't give bad head! For a beginner, you're a real cocksuckin'

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punk! You like ol' Murphy's hot cream, don't you?"

Sig's still erect and oozing cock was honest answer enough, but he nodded sheepishly without looking up and garbled, "Yes, Sir!" as best he could with his lips wrapped around the Sergeant's still sizable mushroom.

"And don't all that work make a body thirsty, boy?"

Again Sig nodded and tried to say "Yes, Sir!" around the softening sausage. He was actually surprised that the Sergeant was so considerate of his tired, aching throat, and he cast his eyes toward the faucet and hose on the far wall.

"Know you're plenty thirsty, kid...all that rich hot cream gonna help you clear your throat. Got a six-pack here, just for you!"

Sig thought hard. He couldn't remember any package in the Sergeant's hands anytime today. Certainly nothing that looked like a six-pack. Then he knew! It was just a trickle at first—hot, saline piss covered his tongue and ran down his throat!

"Don't move that face, punk! Keep them lips tight, and swallow fast as you can! The Sergeant's buying you the best recycled beer at County Central! I'd be mighty offended if you wasn't to drink it all!" As he spoke, the trickle became a flow, a gusher, a torrent, a yellow river of hot, foamy piss into Sig's mouth and down his throat.

Sig was trying hard to accomodate the Sergeant and follow orders, but the big man was giving him too much at once! Deliberately! Sergeant Murphy was pissing as hard as he could! The torrent ricocheted up the back passage and out Sig's nostrils, spurted out the corners of his mouth, ran down his chin on to his hairless chest, down his belly, crotch and legs, to the floor. As much as he had swallowed, Sig was soaked and kneeling in a sizable puddle of guardpiss by the time the flow subsided.

To the kid's credit, Sergeant Murphy noted, Sig hadn't moved. His hunky young face was still there, impaled on that big cock, his mouth suctioning the last few trickles and dribbles of manpiss. The burly guard had to fight to control his smile as he observed with convincing anger, "Now, punk, I told you to drink all of that! And here you went and spilled all that good beer all over this floor! Look at this damn mess you made! Don't want my new boots gettin' all wet! Get down there and lick that floor dry! Now!"

"Yes, Sir!" Sig released the still giant dick and reluctantly set about his new task. It was hard to keep his balance with his hands still cuffed behind his back, but Sig had to admit to himself that he had indeed made all this mess by not following orders and swallowing faster than humanly possible. He knew the Sergeant was only being fair.

The room fell silent except for the heavy slurping of the younger man, licking the large puddle of the Sergeant's piss mingled with his own pre-come...and whatever else was already on the slimy floor.

The cement wasn't anywhere near clean when the Sergeant barked, "Good enough on the floor! I think you spilled some on my boots, though! Clean 'em off!"

It was true. The telltale spatters were there, all up and down the Sergeant's best boots, Sig observed. Obediently, he set about licking them dry. Slowly, thoroughly, even reverently, Sig licked, sucked, kissed every square inch of the officer's boots. He was amazed to discover that his own erect cock was raging even harder as he adoringly licked the shiny black leather!

"Lemme hold this one up so you can get at the sole," Sergeant Murphy murmured, rocking all the way back onto his tailbone, lifting his left boot some three feet off the floor. As Sig caressed the rough, heavy sole with his wide tongue, he couldn't help but notice that the Sergeant's cock was getting hard all over again. That big suck-sausage was already standing up on its own, swaying uncertainly as it leaked the first threads of promise of a brand new load of thick, hot mancome.

"Good enough on the boot, kid," Sergeant Murphy muttered softly. "But as long as I got my foot up in the air, why don't you come up this way," he casually lifted his pendulous balls to one side, "and eat my ass!"

Even considering the humiliation he had already been

through, Sig was genuinely repulsed by the very idea. But he knew the Sergeant wasn't making a suggestion or a request. However he phrased it, that was an order! Sig gulped audibly and said, "Yes, Sir!"

The officer helped him out some by rolling way back and holding both heavy boots in the air. Sig's head disappeared into the hairy wedge. His tongue darted out hesitantly, flickering lightly at the matted hairs around the rosy target.

"I didn't get a chance to wipe so good before roll call this morning," the Sergeant volunteered. "But I know you wanna clean me up real good."

Sergeant Murphy wasn't lying about the quick wipe, Sig observed. The foul odor of moist shit was all up in his nose, and his lightly flickering tongue was experiencing the equally disagreeable taste. Sig knew this damn well better not be puking time, but clearly he just wasn't getting into the matter at hand.

Sergeant Murphy exploded in a riot of hairy, twisting muscles that hurled Sig across the room and down on his back on the funky mattress. "Holy shit, punk! You call that rimmin'?" he bellowed. "I didn't give you no lollipop! That's Murphy's prize-winnin' donut you're fartin' around with!" He moved swiftly to stand over his helpless captive. He yanked the key from around his cock and hunkered down to unlock the shackles at Sig's ankles, ripping away the tattered shreds of the young man's prison issue and hurling Sig's high-top work shoes into a far corner.

With one smooth movement, he knelt backwards over his prisoner, pulling the now freed ankles upward, rolling Sig back onto his shoulders, bringing the young man's smooth white ass straight up in the air. His own hairy cheeks were planted firmly and squarely on Sig's face. Over the knotted muscles of one enormous shoulder, he growled down at his terrified prey, "Now learn this, and learn this good, you stupid cocksuckin' punk! This is ass-eatin'!"

Sig lurched in wide-eyed amazement as he felt the Sergeant's expert mouth and tongue set to work on his helplessly exposed, tightly stretched bung! Sure the officer could have beaten his prisoner into compliance, but the truth was, Sergeant Murphy loved to eat tender young asshole! He'd known since he had watched from Observation as the kid stripped for admission to County Central he was going to get his face all the way up into those fine, rounded buns! But it sat better with the Sergeant's self-image, frankly, if he were giving a "lesson" instead of getting his jollies.

He pressed his tongue wide and flat against the tightly wrinkled rosebud, a firm, eager, drooling slurp! "You didn't wipe so good yourself, kid," he muttered back over his shoulder, savoring the flavor. "This ain't chocolate syrup you're servin' up here!" As if it were indeed chocolate syrup, the Sergeant fell right back to it, licking, and licking, and licking, until that smooth ass gleamed and all those little blond hairs around the ring glistened in the overhead light!

Suctioning like some giant leech, Sergeant Murphy planted his lips widely, tightly around the young man's contracting asshole and snaked out his tongue. Down it went, into the quivering tube...way down, like he was drilling for oil, searching for water...twisting, turning, pressing...up and down...up and down.

Pinned beneath the Sergeant's steaming, funky ass, Sig was not too quietly going straight out of his mind. He'd never felt such ecstasy! Sergeant "Too Long" Murphy had a tongue like...a German shepherd...an anteater! Too long...way too long...not long enough! The slick probe was driving him progressively and shamelessly senseless!

Sergeant Murphy kept up the lesson a good long time. The punk was a slow learner, he reasoned. Give him a real thorough lesson!

Sig had long since reciprocated, licking the guard's ass April-fresh and probing the soiled chute squeaky clean. They stayed locked in this anal sixty-nine for what seemed an eternity of mutual bliss.

All good things come to an end. If there was one thing the Sergeant enjoyed more than eating out a young man's ass, it was

stuffing his big hard cock up there and fucking even deeper than his tongue could reach!

The kid's motor was running overtime! He didn't resist as the burly officer disengaged his tongue, switched position so that he was facing the young man, wiped a hawk of spit on his drooling mushroom, and brought the tight young ass down to a proper plunging angle. Sig's moans of delirium changed abruptly to screams of agony as the monster cock slipped gently but deeply into him!

"Take it, kid! You can do it! Sit on that big hard ramrod!"

With his shoulders pinned to the mattress and his knees pinned back to his chest, Sig didn't have a great deal of choice in the matter! He could feel his ass rubbing against the officer's hairy thighs and knew the Sergeant had driven the pulsating phallus all the way home! His tightly stretched chute began to adjust to the unthinkable mass of the intruding ram. Now, if nobody moved, he might...he just might...live through this. The Sergeant had every intention of moving, however! Sensing Sig's tight muscles relaxing, giving in to him, Sergeant Murphy began to pump his hips. Slowly, evenly, gently, he stroked his monster sausage in and out of the whimpering prisoner's tight, virgin ass.

The Sergeant was deep-dickin'. Slow. Gentle. But he was deep-dickin'. Slurping all the way out, just to the crown... squishing all the way in, up to the balls. Each time he was hitting the kid's button. Sig had never heard of a prostate gland, but he knew the Sergeant was hitting something that felt better and better each time the massive fuckpole glided its course. He was grunting, and groaning, and whimpering still, but his tone was entirely different...as the Sergeant knew it would be! The kid was hooked on hard cock now...up the ass...all the way!

Sig began grinding his ass a little, lifting it up, spreading his legs even wider, no longer resisting the Sergeant's tightly gripping arms. It would never make it to the legal journals as a watershed case, but even Sig would have admitted this wasn't forcible rape anymore. It was classic man-fuckin' at its best! Sig

didn't want that massive cylinder of fiery meat to go anywhere but in and out...in and out...in and out of his straining asshole forever! Only he wanted it deeper...harder...faster!

Though neither spoke, the Sergeant responded to Sig's yearning. Their pace quickened. The two of them, thrusting and meeting the thrust, like a finely-tuned machine...a fucking machine! The Sergeant was pounding so hard Sig's teeth rattled.

Both men started some loud, hoarse groaning about the same time, their breaths coming in quick, ragged gasps. Their nuts started churning, contracting on cue. Sergeant Murphy gave a heaving bellow as his turgid cock swelled with semen and burst thick clots of payload deep into the guts of his willing prisoner. Sig's cries echoed his master's, as his own throbbing pole erupted with spasms of hot cream, weaving crazy patterns of liquid rope and web into the air...landing with a splat all over the Sergeant...all over the mattress...all over his own chest and face. He knew he'd have some more cleaning up to do, what with this creamy mess spunking up the area, but the thought of that prospect only made his cock twitch again and spurt one last glob of come from its fevered head.

Sergeant Murphy collapsed on Sig's contorted body. Both heavily sweating men breathed deeply and raggedly a long time. At length, the officer rolled off the younger man, his large but flaccid cock popping audibly, painfully from the well-fucked asshole. "You still got work to do, boy! Clean me off!" The bigger man lay on his back on the slimy mattress as Sig knelt between his widespread thighs, licking.

"Yes, Sir!" Sig said. "Lickin' the Sergeant off!" This time he went to his task with the zeal of a convert...a veteran sweatlicker, cocksucker, ball-lapper, ass-eater.

"Sergeant, Sir..." Sig presumed between long strokes of his tongue.

"Yeah, kid?"

"Sergeant, Sir...do you have to...tell anyone about this?...I mean could this maybe...be just our...secret? I mean...about suckin'...your...big hard..."

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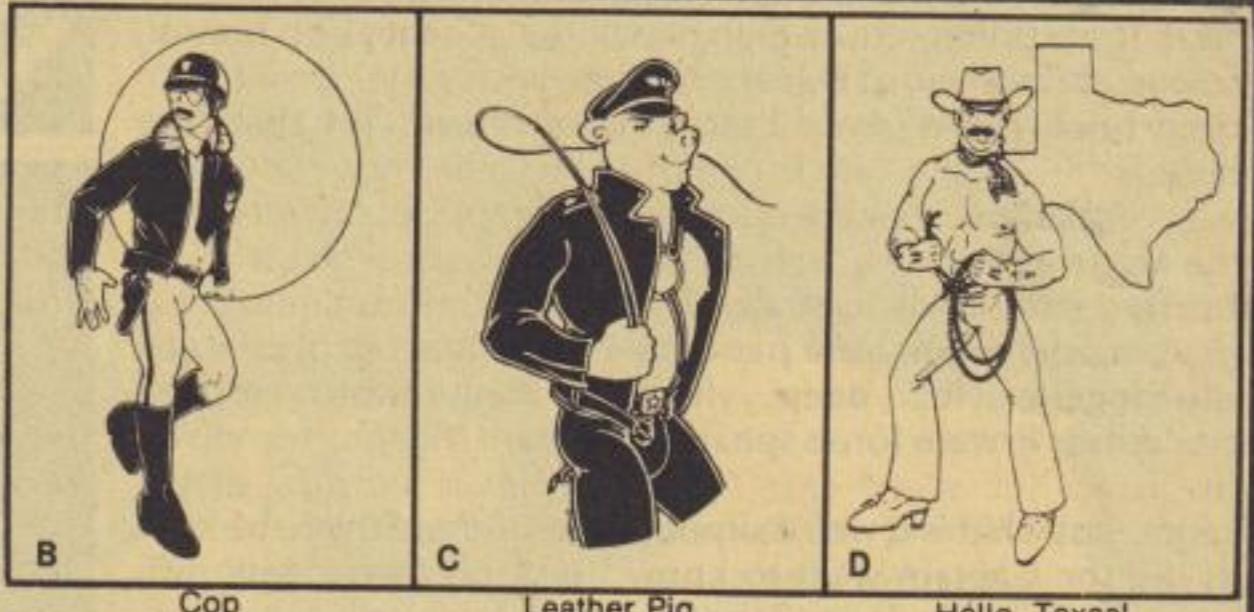
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"Sure, kid! No sweat! I won't tell a—"

The Sergeant was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. Sig stopped licking and sucking. He sat back on his haunches uneasily, eyeing the door.

"Nobody told you to stop lickin', punk! Now get back down on that shitty cock and clean it off!" As Sig resumed his duties, Sergeant Murphy shouted toward the door, "Yeah? Who is it?"

A muffled shout came back: "Simpson and Jones, Sir!"

"Use your damn passkey and come on in!"

With a metallic click the lock opened, and officers Simpson and Jones entered the foul-smelling cubicle, both of them smiling broadly, openly ogling the sight of Sig's sucking and lapping at the Sergeant's crotch.

"I didn't know it was 1600 hours already!" the Sergeant said, as calmly as if he were in full uniform and seated behind a desk, not buck naked, spread-eagled, with a young man suctioned to his crotch.

"It isn't, Sarge," Private Simpson volunteered. "We're not due to relieve you for half an hour yet. But me and Jones got so hot watchin' you two from Observation, on the other side of this one-way glass..."

Sig missed two strokes as he suddenly realized why there was a mirror in Interrogation!

"We thought we'd come in early and join the party in progress... if it's okay with the Sergeant, Sir!"

"Fine with me! I was done anyway... soon as this cocksuckin' punk gets me cleaned off. How long you been watchin' this time?"

"Oh, a little before you tipped his ass up for that 'Murph the Slurp' deep rimmin'," Jones answered. "God, Sergeant, what a tongue you got! If I had an ass-driller like that, I'd have 'em waitin' in line!"

Sergeant Murphy rose to his feet and stretched. "Stay right where you are, kid! More good times comin'!" To the other officers in the room, he continued, "Well, this one's waitin'! I'm all done with him, for the moment anyway!"

Simpson, for one, didn't need the encouragement. Not bothering to remove his uniform, he dropped to his knees behind the youth and plugged his hard cock deeply into the tender asshole still adrip with Sergeant Murphy's come.

"He probably won't need them cuffs anymore," the Sergeant opined. "I think I got him broke in enough to cooperate with your 'investigation.' Key's around here someplace... over there by the mattress."

The Sergeant slowly, casually donned his uniform.

Sig was groaning in loud pants now as Officer Simpson rode his ass doggie-style... deep... hard. Through his own gasping he could hear Private Jones speak as Sergeant Murphy turned to leave.

"Sarge, just what is it we're supposed to find out from the kid? What did the Captain want to know from this interrogation?"

"Damned if I know, Jones," the Sergeant chuckled, "but ain't it a kick in the ass tryin' to find out?" □

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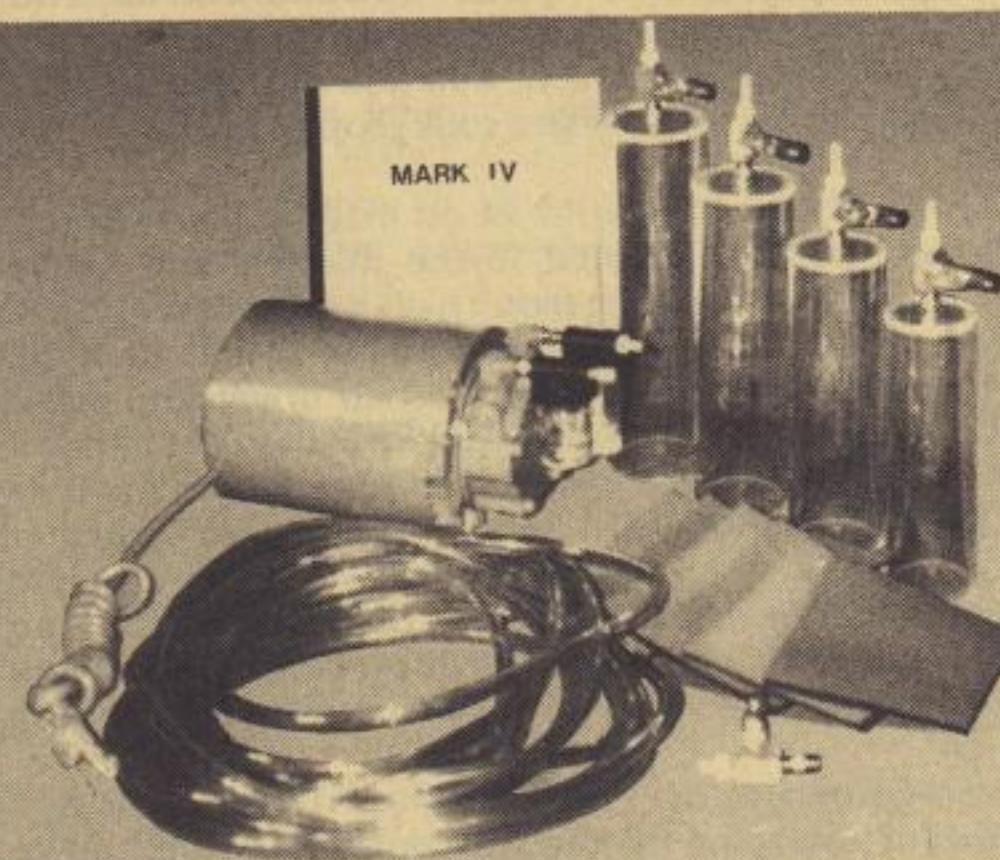
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"I'll never forget those few seconds, watching that hunk coming towards me, getting closer and closer—becoming real..."



W

When you're from a small city like I am, you're cruising all the time: While waiting at traffic lights, grocery shopping, laundromats — any place there's a man, you've got to be alert to the possibilities.

I was in the laundromat when I first saw the Perfect Man. Maybe he couldn't have competed in a Mister Olympia contest, but he sure had muscles! His pants stretched across his thighs like he was poured into them and he exhibited the sort of box you'd die to open on Christmas morning. Like I said, he was pure perfection.

Now I keep myself in top condition, too, so it's easy to get away with staring openly at guys like this stud without (unduly) worrying about getting set-up by queer-bashers — always a danger in a small town where folks are paranoid even while being perpetually horny.

I hate laundromats so I visit them infrequently, leading to sizable amounts of wash everytime I venture into the places. For once, this became an advantage. With every trip to my car for dirty clothes, I got to eye this stallion. He caught on quick to the fact I was interested and didn't appear to get enraged at the idea. I was just about to make an opening gambit when he started unloading his clothes and I saw it.

"It" being a Sheriff's Department uniform.

Just what I needed! I could visualize myself getting tossed in the can for propositioning a stalwart Man Of The Law!

But goddamn! He was perfect! Strong face with a jutting jawline reminiscent of all those heroes in the cowboy movies of the fifties (as seen on the late, late show!). His brown hair was close-cropped (which should have alerted me to his job, even without seeing a uniform), but on him it looked superb. It was easy to picture myself having a session with the guy; I'd willingly play any games he might have in mind!

Well, being only human, I continued eyeing him, but reserved enough caution not to open my big mouth. In due time he gathered up his wash, loaded it into his truck and drove away, leaving me hot, horny and disillusioned. I pretended he looked overlong at me as he pulled away.

And that should have been the end of the episode.

Instead, in a weak moment, I decided to do something foolish. We've got this little weekly newspaper in town whose major attraction is want ads. I sure as hell wanted him, so... I ran an ad! Oh, I worded the damned thing subtly enough. And I knew he's never see it, he wasn't supposed to see it. The whole business was going to be a game. A game in which I could play "what if..." What if he did happen to pick up on it? What if he really did come over and... You get the point? It was all a sort of wishful-thinking proposition. In the kind of town I live in, being "gay" is ninety percent dreaming anyway. Love — and happiness — is somethig reserved for big cities and their steamy bars and baths.

The subtle message ran a week. Now I don't get many phone calls — I'm not a sociable person. Too much of a dreamer — dreaming annoys "practical" people. That week, however, the phone seemed to ring more than usual. I can't describe the emotion which shot through me every time I heard that damned bell. I knew it wouldn't be him — and yet...

The ad expired. So did my hopes. I didn't forget him; but the episode was over. Reality reasserted itself. One afternoon I was just getting ready to step out into the garden to do some weeding when the phone rang. I almost didn't answer the blamed thing.

In the end, I picked up the receiver.

"Is this 543-7264?" demanded a harsh, masculine voice.

"Yes, it is!" I snapped, suspecting I was talking to some damned salesman getting ready to hand me a line.

"You've got a goddamned nerve running that ad in the paper last week."

I almost dropped the phone. I stood there holding the instrument — mute. I had the bastard on the line and couldn't think of a thing to say! Dream and reality were clashing with a

vengeance.

"You still there, asshole?"

"I'm... still here." I think.

"Well? What you got to say for yourself? You think I'm a goddamned queer?"

That annoyed me. I don't mind being called a queer by a member of the club. Hetero sons-of-bitches better watch out.

"You phoned, didn't you?" I asked him, arrogantly.

"Yeah — to find out what the hell you thought you were doing. Only a real asshole would run an ad like that in this town! Why'd you do it?"

You asked for it, I thought.

"I ran it because I think you're one hell of a sexy stud and I'd love making it with you. I can't even say I thought you'd be receptive; hell, I didn't expect you'd even see the blasted ad. The slight chance you might... and might be willing..."

What the hell am I saying? I thought. "Anyway," I rushed on, anxious now to escape, "I'm sorry you aren't interested — but I'm sure as hell not sorry for running the notice."

I pressed the button on the phone and broke the connection. I was sweating. Scared? Or excited? Fool!

The phone promptly rang again.

Warily, I picked it up.

"Goddammit, don't you hang up on me. What's the matter, you changed your mind? Lost your nerve? You hang up again, I'll come over there and whip your ass!"

"You'd have to find me first," I said. I'd only run my phone number in the ad. And what was the guy pulling now? Was he saying he was interested —

He interrupted my confused thoughts.

"— Hell, I know where you live. I've got ways of finding out stuff like that." He laughed softly, pleased, I think, to be telling me something he no doubt expected would frighten me.

"I'm surprised you went to so much trouble," I told him lightly.

"You still think you want some of me?" he asked. "Want me to come over there?" His voice was loud, dominant. As if he were challenging me to say "yes."

"That depends on why you're coming around."

"Scared, aren't you?" This time there was no mistaking the challenge.

"No." I snapped out the word. "I can take care of myself. I hardly think you'd come over to my place and start trouble. In your position," I reminded him.

"Don't bet on it!" The phone clicked and went dead.

Now what happens, I wondered?

The bastard was so perfect! I didn't know whether I should be nervous or aroused. Arousal won. He couldn't do anything; how'd he ever explain being on my turf?

I decided to dismiss the phone call. The garden still needed weeding.

I was just stepping into the yard when his truck pulled into my driveway. He got out and headed right for me.

I'll never forget standing there those few seconds watching that hunk coming towards me, getting closer and closer, larger and larger. Becoming real! His body was encased in a tight-fitting teeshirt and sweat pants; he filled out each article of clothing.

God, he was splendid!

He halted a couple of feet from me and scowled.

I stared at him. Openly, hungrily.

He glanced around, saw my back yard, noticed it was grassy and secluded and jerked his head at me.

"Back there!" he ordered.

Obviously, he felt he was born to command. Maybe it was a result of working in law enforcement. At any rate, his attitude annoyed me. It was my place, not his!

My hesitation cost me. He expected instant obedience.

He grabbed my arm, hard, and pushed me towards the area he's indicated. When we reached the grassy patch, he spun me

around facing him.

I'd had enough of this. I don't mind being dominated; actually I enjoy it. But dominance is something a guy has to earn, not demand! He hadn't earned anything yet — I wasn't even sure he was on the same wavelength as myself. I flung up my arm, halted his attack and tried throwing him off balance.

It was a futile move. I'm over six feet and weigh close to one-ninety, but he had me by a couple of inches and twenty pounds — and I don't think there was an ounce of fat on his entire frame.

He appeared to enjoy my response. For a moment I thought a smile flickered across his lips. If it did, it was gone quickly. I was too busy trying to keep him at bay to notice.

After sparring for a couple of minutes, he came at me. Not fighting — every time I swung at him he simply blocked my punches. He wasn't interested in slugging it out. He wanted to wrestle. Suddenly it dawned on me we were playing my game. The idea shocked me so much I let up and his hand darted out, grabbed me behind the neck and pulled my head forward. Just as swiftly his leg knocked my feet out from under me. I flopped down on the ground with him on top of me.

He pinned me completely beneath his powerful body. I stared up at him — it was like looking up at Mount Rushmore, only he was far more attractive. I was ready to do anything he asked of me.

Nothing was said, however. Who the hell needed words?

His crotch was at eye level. I could tell he was excited, but if sex was what he was after, he wasn't willing to succumb yet. Instead, he slapped my face. Hard. Back and forth. I understood him now. Loved him, wanted him. And he knew it.

My eyes sought his in an arrogant stare.

He had me down, hell, he was sitting on me, feeling my hard cock beneath him, he knew what his hand was doing to me. I've always dreamed of finding a guy capable of dominating me. Mostly, I'm so big, it's a senseless search — but then, I've already said he was perfect. And he knew exactly what I wanted, needed.

He hit me again. Harder.

I bucked strenuously, trying to dislodge him. Knew I wouldn't succeed, but he had to be challenged. Neither of us would be satisfied if he won easily, if I let him win. Not that I had a prayer of a chance when it came to defeating him.

"Alright, bastard. You going to do what I tell you now?"

"Yes Sir."

"You'd better." He swung himself off me, yanked me off the ground and pushed me in the direction of the house. Silently I led the way to my bedroom. His prisoner — as effectively as if he'd arrested me in that damned laundromat.

Wordlessly he pushed me onto my bed and pulled my shirt over my head, eyeing me critically. His hands, calloused and firm, swept over my chest, pinching my nipples, arousing me with light, casual touches. Then standing stiff-legged in front of me, he removed his own shirt. A veritable Hercules awaiting my unabashed, worshipful stare.

Tentatively, fearful he might disappear like a mirage, I reached up and touched his rock-hard chest. He was all I'd dreamed he'd be.

He was getting impatient — we both were. He grabbed my hands and forced them down to the strings of his sweat pants. I untied them and pulled the cloth down bronzed, muscled thighs. His cock was hard and waiting. I took it in my mouth, resisting only slightly the pressure of his hands forcing my face into his crotch. My fingers crept along his legs as I worked on his long, thick cock. He allowed me to explore his body as my lips and tongue attended to the main attraction.

Then he suddenly disengaged my mouth from his cock, pulled me to my feet and crushed me to his chest, meeting my lips in a hungry kiss full of all the passion and lust I had ever dreamed of. My arms encircled his massive chest and held him close against me. His bulk and warmth completely controlled

me. Our lips parted and I felt his tongue darting, searching, discovering that inexplicable delight of a man's kiss.

His hand dropped to my belt buckle, unfastened it and, still pressing his lips against mine, worked my levis down my legs. I stepped out of them and we stood naked against each other.

Finally he broke our embrace and pushed me back down onto the bed. My mouth searched for his cock like a new-born calf searches for food, but he had other ideas. He'd noticed the belt I keep at the head of my bed — in sweet anticipation — and quickly flipped me onto my stomach, grabbed the belt and began working on my ass with it. Hard licks, stinging, but stimulating because it was him wielding the piece of leather.

And at last we reached that ultimate moment when he greased my ass and his cock and entered me, filling me with his hard, pounding presence. I arched my back against his ribbed, muscular stomach, felt his hands on my shoulders, his lips on my back, biting me, sweeping me along in his lust. He pulled me to my knees even as he rode my ass, reached around and began masturbating my hard prick — which is just the way I like it best. Him straining in back of me, fucking like an animal, going in and out of me hard and fast, as if he were trying to split me in two. In his final spasms of shooting come in me, I experienced his roughness and expertise. Draining him of his load, feeling the shuddering violence of his release, exploding forth my own come all over his hand — and finally collapsing back into his arms!

And somewhat to my surprise, he did hold me. My back moulded against his chest, our sweat mingling, his heart pounding so loudly I could hear it, his arms holding me, pulling me harder against his flesh, his hands on my pecs.

We lay there united in pleasure.

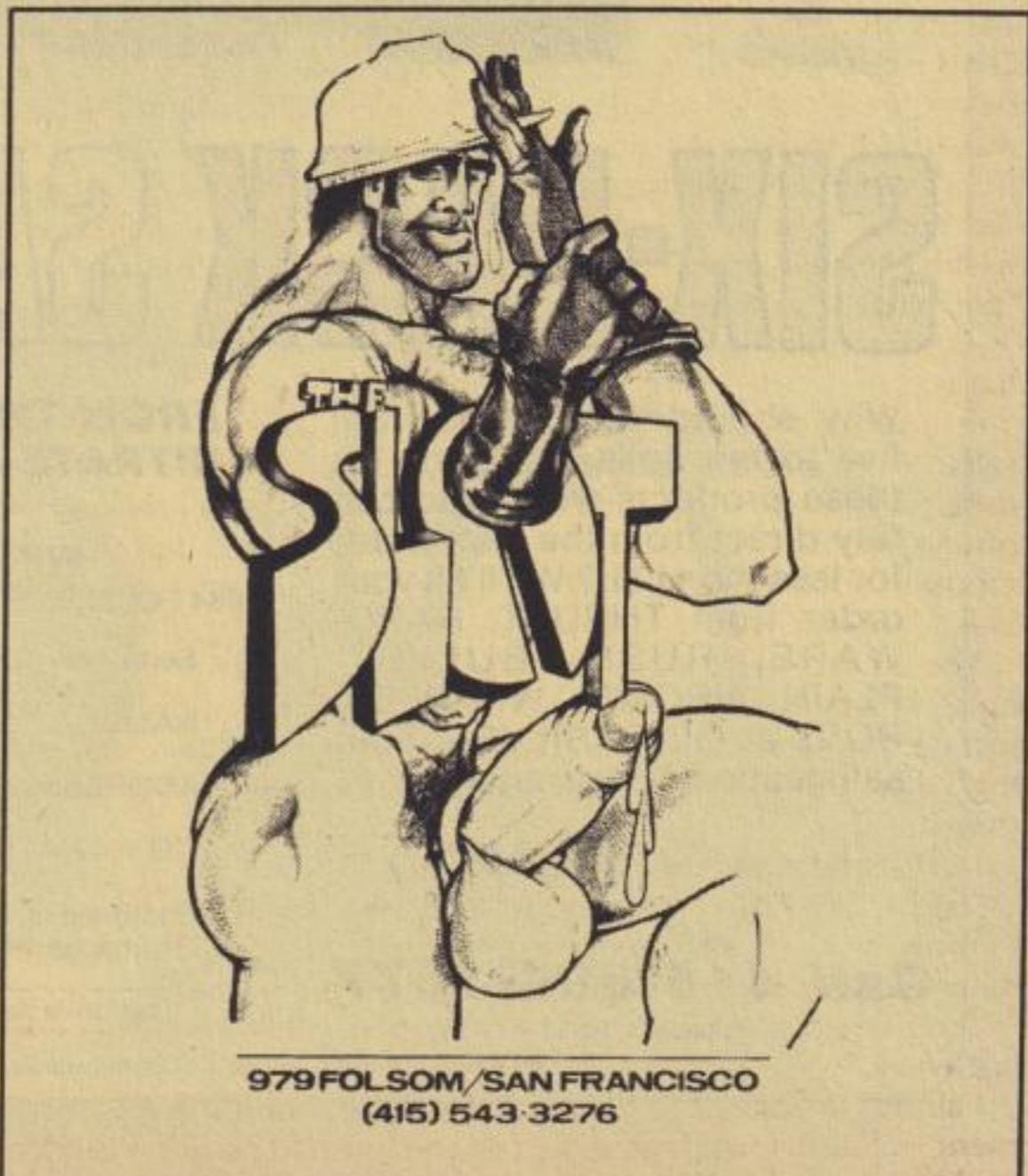
"That what you wanted, stud?" he whispered at last.

"Yes!"

"You gonna do what I tell you from now on? Every time? You gonna be ready anytime I want you?"

"Yes Sir!"

He loved it! At the tone of submission in my voice, I could feel his cock, which had never left my ass, harden again. He rolled us both over and as he slowly worked himself deeper into me, I felt once more the stirrings of undiminished lust... □



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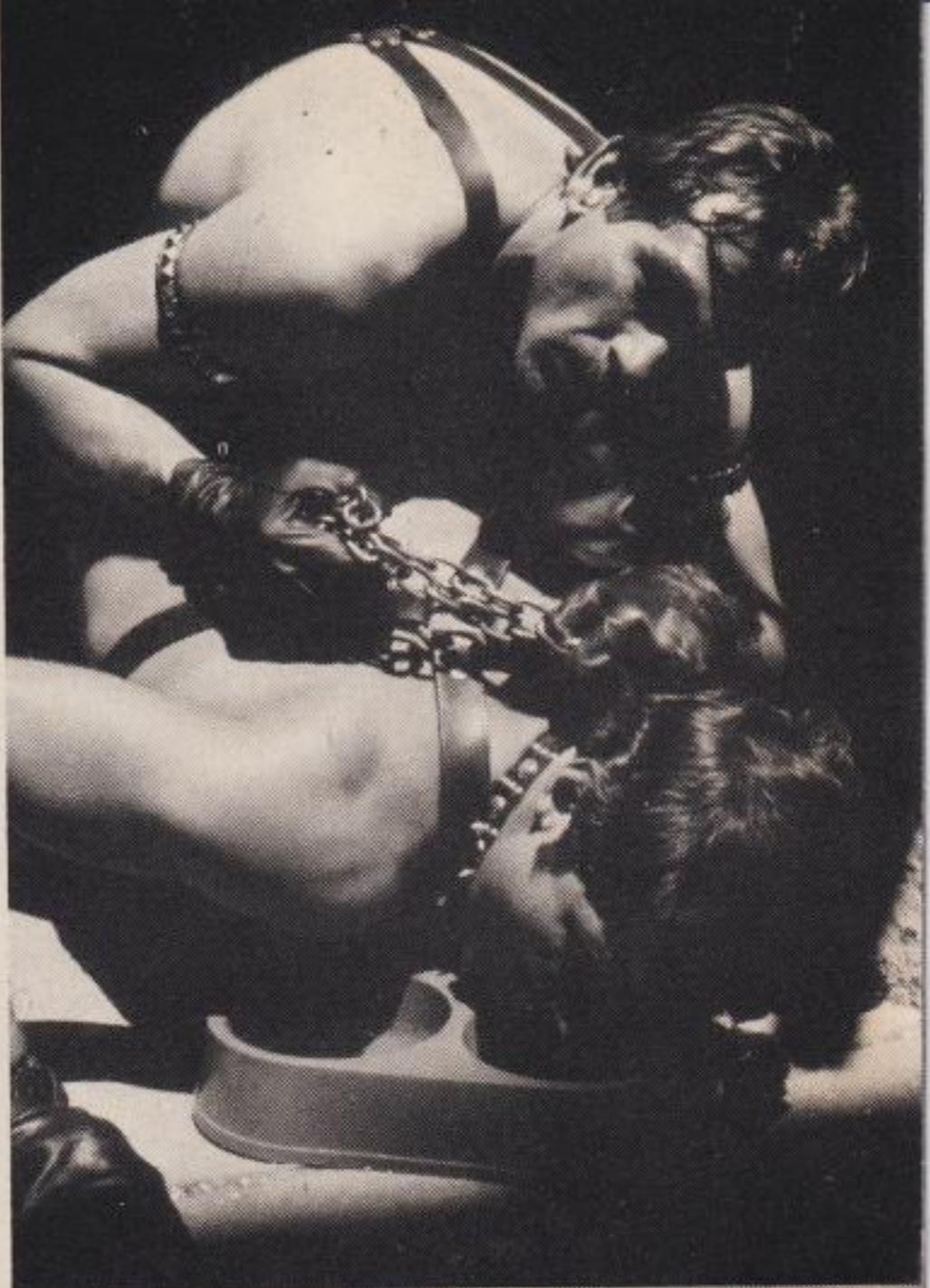
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YOU ASKED FOR IT. YOU GOT IT.

You ran a picture a long time ago of two guys being trained to eat out of a dog dish. Do you have any more pictures?

R.L., Milwaukee, WI

The pictures in question appeared in MACH. In the new issue of MACH, there is a true-life article of a man who lived as a dog for five years. Below is a picture from the first story, at the right is one from the new one. All those shown are models, however.



In DRUMMER 20 you showed a beautiful man on the desert holding four wheels. I don't think you showed him actually using them. Is it possible for someone to ride only wheels—and in the sand?

S.T., Tucson, AZ

It was and is. The photographer is Joe Tiffenbach and the model was Roger Huntex, who later graced the pages of PLAYGIRL. We also showed him staked out and spread-eagled to four stakes in the sand. But here he is on wheels.





You occasionally show us a glimpse of the people who work at DRUMMER but very seldom do you show them at work. Show us a Drummer stud at work in any department so we can see what kind of men work there and under what conditions.

D.C., Morristown, NJ

We sent our photographer Jim Wigler down the street to the warehouse to shoot a warehouseman at work, since they would probably be the type of most interest to our readers. Here is Jim's shot of one, in uniform, chained to his dolly. The leather foreman was out to lunch and was not available but we are happy to see that this employee was hard at work, nonetheless.

YOU ASKED FOR IT.

Whatever became of Olaf, your artist who did the illustrations for **STORY OF 'Q'**? I have beat off to that book until both it and my dick are down to a frazzle. Did Olaf ever do anything else for you or for anybody else?

A.W., Denver, CO

Olaf's new book **THE JOURNAL OF BROTHER AUGUSTINE** is in the works and will be finished soon. Olaf has done 70 illustrations for it and excerpts will eventually be printed in **DRUMMER**. The originals will be shown at the Studstore Gallery in San Francisco this November. Here is one of Olaf's new works from his forthcoming show.



You didn't ask for it, but...

Rex delivered our new Studstore poster just in time for this issue. Like all of Rex's work it will be a collector's item. It's yours by risking your fingernails on the staples in the fold.

DRUMBEATS

HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 35¢ A WORD!



WE'LL PICK UP YOUR AD
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MANIFEST
FOR ONLY 15¢ A WORD MORE
50¢ A WORD
FOR BOTH!

NATIONWIDE

MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uniform men willing to model. (415) 864-3456.

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumcision fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M, successful professional man, just breaking into the scene, seeks contact with individuals, groups, clubs, organizations in the mainstream of the national and/or international S/M community for an introduction into the life style. Box 3675.

HOUSEBOY/ VALET 18-25

WANTED! Son wanting to advance with help of affectionate but demanding Dad call (617)256-2968 Boston.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads

(Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

MASOCHIST

Seeks experienced sadist in 501 levis and VN army boots with gameroom for SM, whipping, and especially ballwork. WM 40, 6'2", cut, 6". Travels frequently to Dallas, Atlanta, Chicago, NYC, DC, SF, LA, Denver, Etc. Also, field phone work and suspension with experienced S and right equipment. No FF, scat, rimming, drugs, WS, piercing, catheters, prods, damage. Occasionally switch. Also, Fr, Gr, movies, books, video-games, etc. Box 3743.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

THE FRATERNITY.

The largest group in the country for men into boots, shoes, feet, footwear, and all types of clothing. Send \$1.00 for information to: P.O. Box 786 San Francisco, CA 94101 (2321 Scott #9, S.F., CA 94115).

COMING TO L.A.

FOR THE 84 OLYMPICS?

We can make it affordable. Write for more information. Gledhill Tours, 2112 Lyric Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

TRAINING SESSIONS

S is selecting a few goodlooking, well built GWM's in 20's for B&D and/or light S&M sessions. Beginners welcome. Limits respected and expanded with each session. S is a 40's GWM, who is clean, stable, sane and of good character. Similar required of M. M will submit application, photo, and contact information. Confidentiality respected. Box 3830.

BOOTMASTER

Wants high black boots serviced by boot slaves. (402)554-1156.

BILL OF E. 11 ST.

Why don't you take a ride on your K and drop in. If it's too far, I'll take the plane. How else will you know how much I truly care for you. Bill of E. 31 ST. Box 3821.

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile, AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36; one blonde/ blue, beard and a hefty 8" uncut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame. The other 6'1" 170 LB fur ball with brown/ brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42, br/ br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

BI/SEX, W/M, 36

Interested in corresponding and meeting with W/M, 26-45, who understands and likes the touch, smell, and taste only another man can provide. Interested in a trusting friendship and sharing each other's desires and fantasies. Must be discreet, stable, straight

appearing. No drugs or fats. Time's wasting, write Dave... this may be what we're both looking for. Box 3795.

INEXPERIENCED 34 YEAR OLD

130 lbs, 5'11"; looking for someone 25 to 35 years old. I'm into clothes fetish, leather, 501 Levi's, cowboys and etc. Into light S&M, bondage, rubbing, J.O. & etc. No scat, F.F. or W.S. Send letter & photo. Box 3791.

TWO MASCULINE TRIM DADDIES

Age 45/40 want masculine trim guy age 19-35 for love, companionship, spankings, etc. No drugs. Box 35762, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

HOT G/P FF

Seeks hugely hung greek active dudes. I'm 29, 6'2", 185, masc, good looking, and into size. The thicker the better. YOU: Young, healthy, in-shape, dominant and hot. (602)968-9673.

FRUSTRATED

Sincere, masc, well defined, gdlkg, stable, versatile (Top/Bottom) G.W.M., 34, 5'9" 155# sks itelligent, hndsm, assertive, musc, jock, 25-35 with huge ck. For hot times, no pain or heavy drugs. Sincere only send photo to Box 17241, PHX, AZ, 85011.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVE

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 8½" uncut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, S&M, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available. Box 308B

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN Castro Valley, S, 36, 6', 160 lbs., good looking Leatherman seeks M, for Leather Action, obedience, outdoor

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast. So observe them or else. Seal your letter in a envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25¢ for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

DRUMMER

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Signature

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bike scenes, bondage. (415) 582-1162 or reply Box 1582.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

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DOMINANT BODYBUILDER

32, 5'8", 160 lbs, 29" waist, 40" chest, sadistic but sane, into intense testicle pressure, bondage, titwork and unusual equipment. If you are a bodybuilder with a high pain threshhold and a sense of adventure, call Don, (415) 864-5566 or (707) 869-0243 from 10am to 8pm only.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

SM. C&BT. To tie and chew on. Don't forget T/T. Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442.

EXTRA HUNG

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've been told, "It's too big," and you know that it IS a whopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gldky, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a young, super-hung horny dude, into fucking a hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other raunchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. J.M., P.O. Box 99688, San Francisco, CA 94109.

FISTFUCKERS

It's not depth but motion that excites this hungry hole. Goodlooking W/M wants to play with other hot men who know how to use their fleshy paws. Write to Daniel at 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114 or call (415)621-5262 before 11:PM only.

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 32, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST, Apt. #2, 437 29th St., S.F., CA 94131.

THREEWAYS

Two horny leathermen seek third for hot threeway action. Jake: exclusive top w/big dick. Dan: very versatile & a good bottom. Reply w/photo to Jake & Dan, 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114 or call (415)621-5262. No calls after 11:PM.

HOT S F COUPLE

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding our experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797.

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going, independant Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

MASTER WANTED

I am a 52 year old slave, am in excellent physical condition, 6'5", 185#, full head of hair. I have the headspace to serve a Master between the ages of 21 and 32 who is dominant and knows what he wants. I am looking for a permanent relationship of serving and servicing a Master. Am interested in movies, theater, reading, sports and a variety of other interests. I realize a relationship cannot be built in a black room, but I am open to the interests and needs of the right Master. Limits are set by a caring and responsible Master. If you are interested, please, Sir, contact me. Box 3757.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

2 6H STUDS 4 HOT 3RDS

2 9's N2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache, LL, VA, B&D, TOYS R A+. S Bay area. We R hot—U better B 2! Box 3484.

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B, T/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs, wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night, SIR. Also available for Private-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date, I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"— I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 41, 5'11", 150#. Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605.

BAY AREA: BOTTOM/ SLAVE

6', 165 lbs, WM. Looking for dominant, masculine Top/ Master. Into B/D, W/S, want to experience more. Request instructions with photo/ description. Box 3577.

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT

Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix; between you and I, the romantic notion of the struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help, and think that you might want too, please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discreet. Steve, P.O. Box 22036, San Francisco, CA. 94122.

HOT COCK +

I'm 32, 150#, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/br. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring & tattoo; usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max. pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE—DOG

Wants 3rd and/ or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited— other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male, 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D, V/A, boots, gloves, police uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible, send photo. Box 3711.

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415)944-9984.

BOTTOM

GWM, 27, 6', 165 LBS, short brown hair, slim build: respectfully requests to be used by dominant Top(s). Into: B/D, W/S, VA, T/T, C/B, Hoods, getting fucked at both ends. Please send instructions/ description. (Vallejo/Bay Area). Box 3577.

WANTED: TOTAL SLAVE

By 45 year old Master. Absolutely no limits honored. Must include photo & phone. Novices considered. Must relocate to Marin Co., CA. Box 2042.

THREE RING CIRCUS

2 lovers seek playmate. We want a laid-back, head-together, nice-n-easy, goodtime buddy who likes to ball all night and get crisco on his hands. Send photo and phone to Box 3732.

33, WHITE MALE, 180

Seeks life as dog with leathered master owner. Into heavy B&D, punishment. Sk to be collard, caged, mind controlled, kenneled, used, tagged & kept as dog for life. Never again treated as human.

Perm only. Must be able to handle animal safely & sanely. No games. "Kai" c/o 540 — O'Farrell 306, S.F., CA 94102. (415)775-9120. Relocateable.

MASTER SEEKS

Slave for military training POW S&M, B&D FF WS pic & ph. no. Boxholder 51786 San Jose CA 95151.

HANDSOME S.F. J/O MAN

Into long sweaty cumfilled handjob encounters with other true studs. 29, 6', 165, moustache, thick 8" manto and heavy slung sack. Photo a must: Chase, 2269 Market, #333, S.F., 94114.

DADDIE'S BOY 21

Looking for big beer belly daddy's with beards age 35-55. Barry 415/775-6165. Box 4244, S.F., CA 94101.

HOT DADDY

Masculine, dominant—looking for sensuous, lustful, intelligent hot boy—needs to know how to take & to execute, weekly services required. Box 3801.

NORTH BAY AREA

W novice S 50 6'2", 185 6 1/2 cut, seeks nonsmoking, nondrinking masculine novice M to 45 willing to explore and develop mutually satisfying encounters in remote country setting. Prefer slender, cut, outdoor type that is interested in regular or permanent relationship. Send details and interests to Box 3802.

BAD BOYS (18+)

Report to W/M 59 and/ or B/M 42 for appropriate B/D and other use and abuse. Box 3792.

BOTTOM MAN

Into Bondage and/ or tit and ass play. Located in the south bay area, and looking for someone with his head together for fun and whatever. Box 3790.

HEY BAY AREA, LIL' SHITS!

S.F. Master—wants ruggedly handsome, raunchy, worthless slaves (age 30-45) for my S&M leather scenes. Sling and my saw-horse action for T/T, boot scenes, B/T & stretching, cigars, hot wax, piss, B&D, whipping & degradation. Interested in tattooed & pierced men esp. Only tight assholes who know their worthlessness need apply for S&M & fucking action by this MASTER! MASTER: W., 34, 180#, 6'1", 30" W & 42" C bodybuilder, piercings & tattooed, mustache, cigar-cigarette smoker. NO fems, fats or novices! Box 3796.

GET SLEAZY

Aggressive, versatile hunk wanted for kinky scenes—J0, titwork, CBT, WS, verbal trips. I'm 25, tall, solid, beard, hot. Photo appreciated. Box 3781.

MASTER AND SLAVE

HE is 38, it is 28. We have each other for sex—we want you for friendship and good company. Box 3789.

INFIBULATED MAN

Wants to correspond with others who have or desire unusual piercings, engage in or fantasize about erotic foreskin torture, circumcision, cock and ball experiments, etc. Carl Box 3787.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Handsome w.m, 40, 5'11", 165 lbs.. Fuck my ass or face; piss in me or on me; spank me; have me worship your crotch or ass. No torture. Possible relationship. Ray, P.O. Box 20246, Oakland, 94620.

MEXICAN SLAVE/BOTTOM

Strong, masc man needs to be dominated by masc, dominant tall men. Into FF, WS, S&M, Bondage, Fantasies. 33, 5'7", 160# weightlifter. Write w/photo, Box 3780.

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MODESTO MASTER

Peter S. Your letter answering ad about Desert Training Ranch had no return address. Pls write again. HEXA-D-RANCH, P.O. Box 6269 TORRANCE, CA 90504.

GOODLOOKING, BISEXUAL

Idaho, rancher (Sandpoint). Travels world yearly, 36, into all scenes! Write with picture to P.O. Box 366 San Fran, CA 94109.

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Needs dark-haired topman to worship and serve. Send orders with photo or description. Good looks a must. Box 3764.

MUTUAL

Titts, ass, C/B. Have you got the balls. Box 3829.

MASTER, 25, HAS SLAVE, 30 TO SHARE

Fully trained to please those he's told to serve. Excellent cocksucker. Superb assfuck. Also B&D, S&M, tits, big dicks, etc. Pls send photo & phone with description of you & your scene to: HL, P.O. Box 99688, S.F., CA 94109.

35, ITALIAN TIGHT-BODIED SON
Trying to find his dad. Dad 35-50, big, strong not rough (no sm/ff-w/s yes), hung or uncut, good body. Enjoys kink as well as quiet times. Picture—letter (returned) will get same. Box 3810.

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 31, 5'8", 130, goodlooking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, piss, J/O, spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jockstraps, wet briefs, tight faded levi 501's, ass-play, torn underwear, levi/leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough

scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 450, 220 NINTH ST., S.F., CA 94103. Yeah! Hot fun!

HOT GDLKG W/M

26 wants a hot man to spread his cheeks & sit on my long wet tongue. Greg (415)673-9201.

TRAINING

Balding, big dicked Daddy, 6'2", 35, will take on hot boys 18-30 years old, who need basic instruction or limits stretched. TT, CBT, BD, FF, WS, shaving and/or just taking a big one. Lots of affection, too, if you're a good boy. Apply w/letter & photo, now, to Jake, 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114.

EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS!**NORTH. CALIFORNIA —DADDY WANTED—**

Tall, bearded daddy in full leather or police uniform, wanted by blond blue eyed daddies boy (30, 5'4", 145 lbs). Daddy should be strong, dominant and exp. and be able to guide me in bondage and discipline. Relocation possible. Box 3759.

BALL BUDDIES

Goodlooking W/M, 32, 5'8", 145, Dk blond hair and moustache, and well built, looking for other goodlooking W/M, 25-35 into everything from cuddling to heavy C&BT, or willing to expand horizons in ball work. Must be masculine, good set of balls and not into rolls, heavy drugs, scat, FF, YS, or raunch. Relationship? Anything is possible! For down to earth Man-to-Man encounter, send picture (returnable upon request & your's gets mine), name, address and phone# (for quicker response) to R.L., P.O. Box 421563, S.F., 94142-1563. All letters will be answered.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**BIG FAT PIG**

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog— 30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.— seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"— 40— 190 into all scenes— complete game room— B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods— wax tits— etc. 619-420-8967.

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6 1/2"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

HOT MASTER TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediterranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632.

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B—D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completely. Box 3613.

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few; chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213)846-9486.

WANTED**LEATHER BIKE MASTER**

Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B—D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older, White. Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

WANTED VERY HANDSOME MASTER

By very goodlooking 33 year old, 5'11", 165 lb. athletic, nice body, defined slave. Your hot, very handsome, mus-

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Phone (213) 657-6677

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$3.00

cular, master. Between 25 to 35 years old, around 6' or taller. Hairy chested a plus. I'm somewhat in-experienced, but willing to learn. I'm ready for your pleasure, to be stripped naked, chained, ready for S/M, B and D, whips, suspension, TT, CBT, Ass torture, etc. No scat or W/S. No drugs or drunks. Am aware of current diseases, and am looking for a permanent master. Letter with photo to JIM, P.O. Box 20599, Long Beach, CA 90801. If your not real handsome, don't bother.

HOT HANDSOME HANDBALLER
Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 26, 160# dark hair, moustached man with deep wide hungry hole. Seeks similar together hot trim fisting buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other, into good times, flexible roles expanding limits. Photo—phone Box 3716.

USED JOCKS/SHORTS/LEVIS
Worn by Heavily Hung Studs plus pics. Send S.A.S.E. to: Box 5191 El Monte, CA 91734.

MASOCHIST
Wants to serve Sadistic Tops in Uniform. Boots cleaned. 213-913-3819.

WANTED:
Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to totally serve, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad 1101 E. Carson, Long Beach, CA, 90807, included complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE
Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic, Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA, 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

**PIERCED, TATTOOED
LA TOP**

Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP
Wanted by blond bodybuilder, into bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving, vacuum, Total service. Am hardworking, stable, professional, building gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad, serious only pls. Photos retrnd. #245 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211.

S/M ART GALLERY
Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

SADIST WANTED
By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving. Available weekends. Box 3656.

BLACK SADIST WANTED
To torture my white body as he wishes. Box 3777.

L.A. ORANGE CO. W/M
Hot top looking for bottoms for bondage & C.B.T. in my well equipped playroom. George Bx 5641 Hunt. Bch. CA 92646. (714)848-9801.

THICK COCK
Dad over 35, 180 LBS, W/S, spank. For Monterey boy 24. Must send photo. Box 3765.

**MASSEUR; ATHLETE;
LOW RATE; FILMS;
TOTAL EUROPEAN RUBDOWN!**
213-769-9427.

SUPER HOT LITTLE STUD
31, 5'4", 125, perfect gymnast body into domination, verbal seeks horny butch bottom or 3-way. Box 46277 Hollywood 90046.

HOT HAIRY HUNG 6'2", 185, 39
Bearded dude into uninhibited prolonged man action, fucking, sucking, verbal abuse, fantasy, uniforms, jocks, exhibitionism, voyeurism, mirrors, toys, will do most anything. Send picture with descriptive letter, will answer all. Do it now! No age, size, race hangups. #549, 177-F Riverside Dr., Newport Beach, CA 92663.

BB TRUCKIN' BUDDY
BB traveling buddy for hot "no strings" week end holiday trips. Experience share each other, tricks, expenses. Age race unimportant muscles are! Me, versatile W/M 39, looks 33, 5'9", 160#, hard hot 44c, 15a, 29w, great pecs, tits, ass, cock 8" x 6", good lk, sensual, sexy. Work swing 2-11. Call wk ends or morn by 1 PM or after 11:30 PM REX (213)661-1354.

HORNY-WHITE-HOT
Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking. Dildoes-S&M. W/S, Poppers-extended ass hole play-versatile

(top-bottom) AM, 46, 180 lbs-6' tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

HNDSM ATHLETIC SON/SLAVE
24, 6'1", 170#, hard masc body, UC student needs training & discipline to further build body & mind by mature Leather Dad/Master—Vy wl blt, hndsm, tall, successful, masc stud. Genuine Only. Photo: 8033 Sunset BL #351, LA 90046.

WANTED: HORNY MEN
Into J/O, FR, GR, FF, call (213)432-0208 let's get off. Uncut or exhibitionists a plus. Have camera also for added fun. Leave kinky message if not in, only I get them. Can get into almost anything. Box 3828.

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED
Santa Barbara W/M 36, 5'11", 185# Hairy. Call Paul (805)966-6019 6 to 11 P.M. Let's show each other the ropes.

EVER WANT TO WORK
On a big, uncut piece of meat? Here's your chance! Use mine, balls, too! Box 5191; El Monte, CA 91734.

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER
26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body—Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

DESERT TRAINING RANCH
Near Barstow 3+ hours from L.A. being developed. Tops/bottoms, what are your needs, equipment, preferences, ideas? Playroom in a boxcar, underground rooms. Hard labor now for sons, slaves, bottoms. HEXA-D RANCH, Box 6269, Torrance, CA 90504.

ANY REAL ACTION
From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take.

Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Humil., and ????? Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up. Let's do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

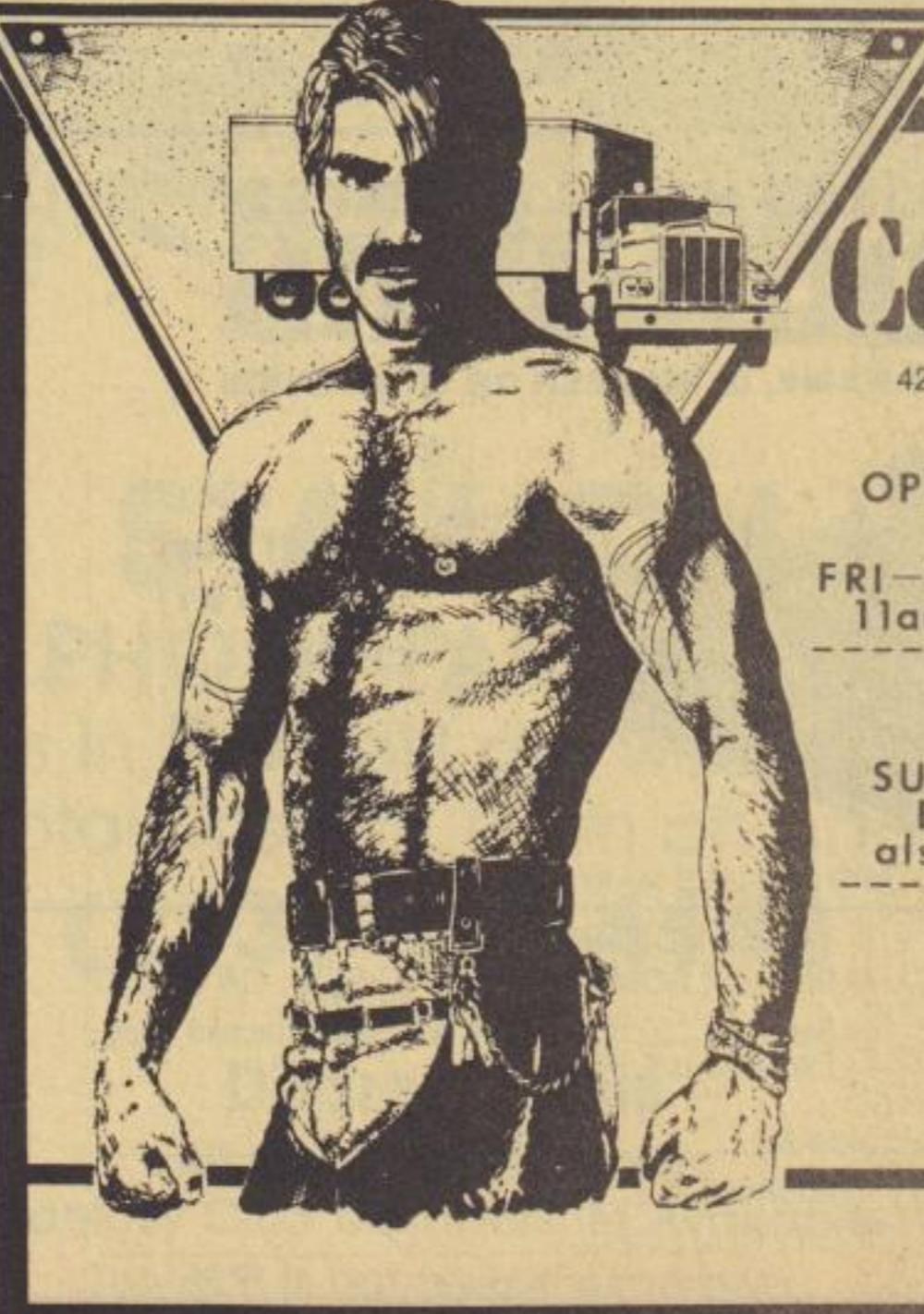
HOT VERSATILE FFA
Goodlooking hand baller W/M, 26, 5'9", 160# with hot receptive ass and talented fists seeks men with same for high times and hot sessions. Box 3680.

HOUSEBOY/ SLAVE WANTED
By 2GWM, 52, 5'7", 140, 7' uncut; 44, 5'4", 135, 6" cut; Both Trim, Muscular, masculine. You must be Trim, clean-cut, obedient and want urinal training, discipline, muscle control training. Full time, permanent, own room. Photo & letter to: Hose, Box 7305, Long Beach, CA 90807.

LOS ANGELES, 35, 5'9", 155
Blond hair, blue eyes, beard. Into ass action, F.F., W.S., leather, S & M, shaving, toys, as top only. Slaves must be obedient, masculine, good body, great ass. Also want to hear from other Masters all over for ideas 3 ways. Photo demanded with letter and phone number. Box 3669.

**HOT MASTER
TAKING APPLICATIONS**
For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediterranean/latins a plus. Box 3658.

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER
Open to all his desires. Age, race unimportant. May relocate for proper Sir. Photo appreciated. All answered. Box 3656.



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S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632.

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B-D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completely. Box 3613.

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few, chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (213)846-9486.

WANTED

LEATHER BIKE MASTER
Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B-D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older, White, Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

PROFESSIONAL BEHAVIORAL TRAINER

With extensive experience as a topman offers S/M counseling, training, instruction, and experience. Mental and/or physical. Write Box 3692.

WANTED VERY HANDSOME MASTER

By very goodlooking 33 year old, 5'11",

165 lb, athletic, nice body, defined slave. Your hot, very handsome, muscular, master. Between 25 to 35 years old, around 6' or taller. Hairy chested a plus. I'm somewhat in-experienced, but willing to learn. I'm ready for your pleasure, to be stripped naked, chained, ready for S/M, B and D, whips, suspension, TT, CBT, Ass torture, etc. No scat or W/S. No drugs or drunks. Am aware of current diseases, and am looking for a permanent master. Letter with photo to JIM, P.O. Box 20599, Long Beach, CA 90801. If your not real handsome, don't bother.

HOT HANDSOME HANDBALLER

Climb on top and get inside of this insatiable 5'9", 26, 160# dark hair, moustached man with deep wide hungry hole. Seeks similar together hot trim fisting buddies for mutual plowing and stuffing each other, into good times, flexible roles expanding limits. Photo— phone Box 3716.

USED JOCKS/SHORTS/LEVIS

Worn by Heavily Hung Studs plus pics. Send S.A.S.E. to: Box 5191 El Monte, CA 91734.

MASOCHIST

Wants to serve Sadistic Tops in Uniform. Boots cleaned. 213-913-3819.

BONDAGE FREAK

Seeks experts. Hot, 28, hairy hung bodybuilder bottom wants hot bondage scenes, shaving trips. (213)848-2066.

HORNY DADDY

Handsome 40's slim tight hard strict. Want bottom to use. Must be willing obedient physically clean & healthy. Cuffs— jocks, tit-work, Lt. bondage. Limits discussed and respected. 714-499-1751.

I LOOKING FOR

A sincere w/m 19-30. Photo appreciated. Paul Loner, 1869 Morton Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90026.

STAMPS AND SLAVES

Are the world's most popular collecting hobbies. As investments, few things have increased more dramatically in price in the last decade. Two Leathermen interested in both would like to

hear from others worldwide. P.O. Box #20304, Long Beach, CA 90801.

YNG BLND STUD— BL EYES

Hung big, trim bod, bi—sks 3-some w/male & female couple. Photo/ ph. Box 1293, Reseda, CA 91335.

HOT HAIRY HUNG 6'2", 185, 39

Bearded dude into uninhibited prolonged man action, fucking, sucking, verbal abuse, fantasy, uniforms, jocks, exhibitionism, voyeurism, mirrors, toys, will do most anything. Send picture with descriptive letter, will answer all. Do it now! No age, size, race hang-ups. #549, 177-F Riverside Dr., Newport Beach CA 92663.

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

36 5'10 1/2 180 lbs— love all types of bondage both ways. Call Paul (805)966-6019. Santa Barbara from 6-10 P.M.

BODYBUILDER, 5'10", 195 LBS.

Seeks other musclemen. Box 3596 L.A. CA 90028.

EX-MARINE/ COACH

6' 175, hairy, br/bl, mustache. High School Coach looking for older (45-65) MEN, ex-coaches, jocks, military career men a plus. Dig man to man action with hairy, tattoo, cigar and pipe smoking ex-jocks who still enjoy the world of sports. Pick-up your clipboard and send this hot coach your game plan. Your photo gets mine. COACH: 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8 L.A., CA 90068.

MODESTO MASTER

Peter S. Your letter answering ad about Desert Training Ranch had no return address. Pls write again. HEXA-D-RANCH, P.O. BOX 6269 TORRANCE, CA 90504.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to totally serve, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad 1101 E. Car-

son, Long Beach, CA, 90807, included complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic, Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steele will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

DEAR SON

I'm 43 yr, 6 ft. 9 in., stud. Stop by for a visit at 21003 Amie Ave. #5 Eve. Torrance Calif 90503.

WANTED MASCHIO SCHIAVO ITALIANO

Dominant B/M Honcho, 39, wants his sexy boots, soxs, feet worshipped by wildass, hot-looking macho Italian bootdog animal mutt with an insatiable, inexhaustible boot-licking appetite: kiss/ lick/ taste/ suck/ chew boot leather; lick feet, suck toes, eat toenail; wolf-down raunchy soxs jockstraps. Mutt to be hogtied/ roped by slave nuts, mandated to submit to heavy cocksucking, VA, WS, rigorous TT, CBT, crotch-shaving, ass-beltng, and deliver up his doghole for hard fucking. Prefer Italian, 30-45, w/ moustache, (however, all dark swarthy White dogs, considered) w/ huge, furry nuts, thick, unct meat, big-booted, smelly feet. If White mutt discerns his foredoomed destiny in life is to receive cock as opposed to giving it, and serve as a full-time boot-dog/ piss-toilet/ torture-slave to truculent Black Master, then get on your knees, and write grovelling letter and submit mandatory photo to: P.O. Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051-2672.

PERMANENT

Position available for apprentice house slave. Must be masculine and obedient. Submit detailed application with full length photo to: P.O. Box 9061 Palm Springs, CA 92263.

THE HANDJOB FRAT.

Is a L.A. nonprofit group j/o club in its 3rd year. J/O enthusiasts (local only please) write to: H.J.F. 11020 Ventura Blvd., Box 293 Studio City, CA. 91604.

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

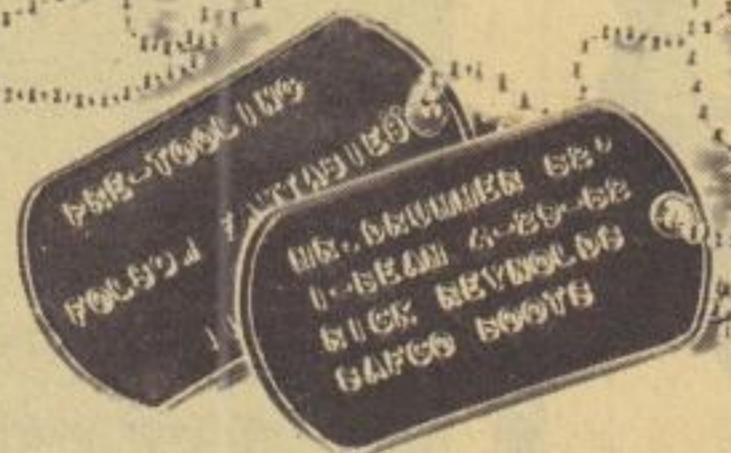
26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs, Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body— Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Humil., and ?????. Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

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WITH YOUR/HIS NAME, ID NUMBER OR WHATEVER!



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LINE THREE

LINE FOUR

THE STUDSTORE

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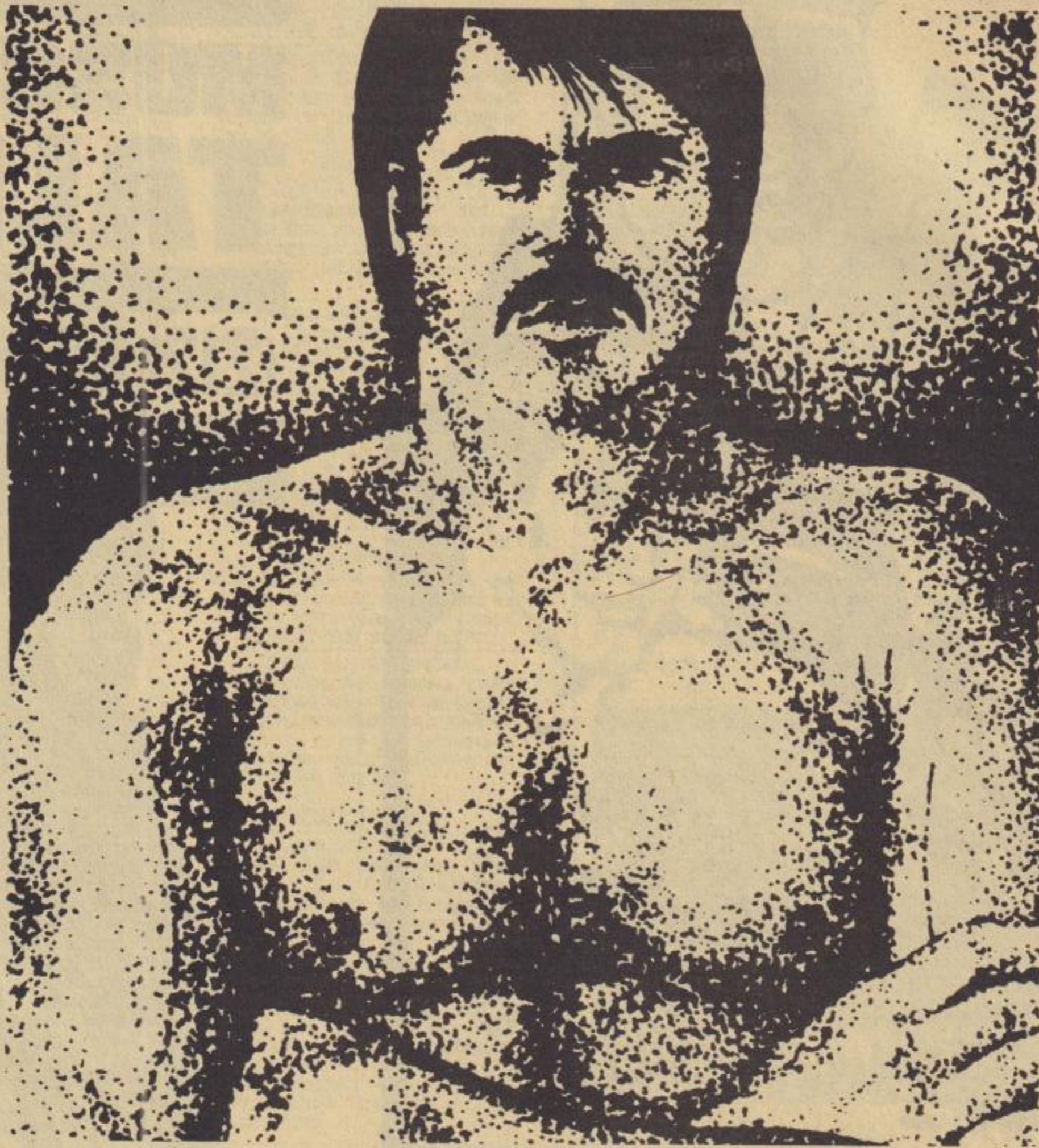
Send me _____ Dog Tags with the attached copy.
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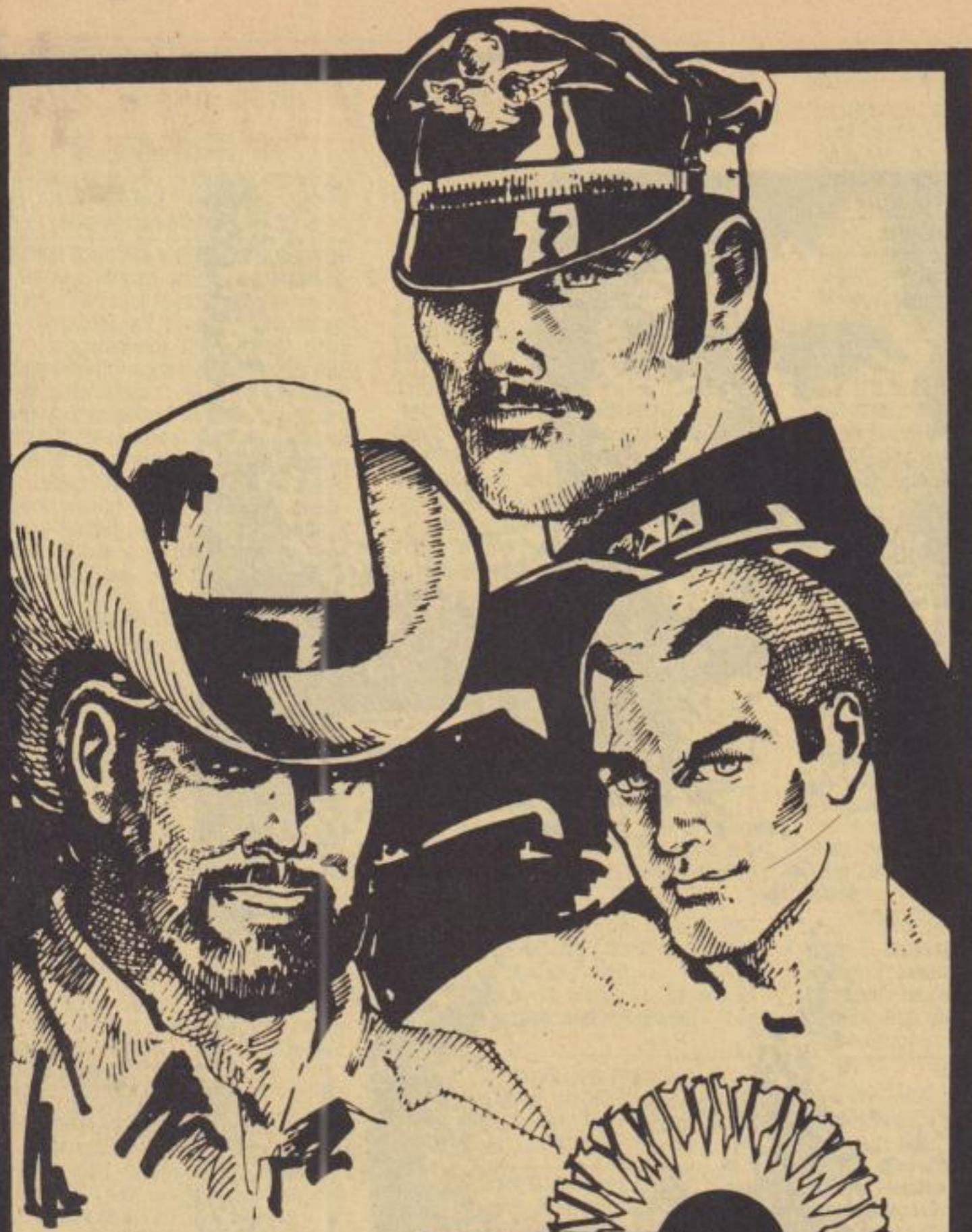
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The BEST is not always expensive

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2 Calls \$40

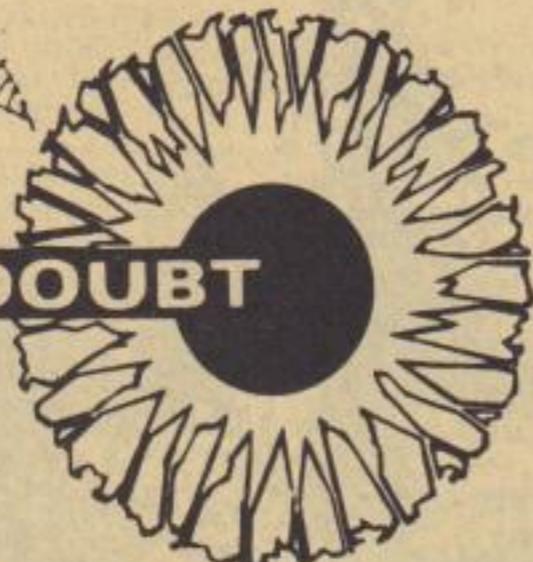


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The first issue of *Bad Boy Comix* is here! The most uninhibited collection of new erotic gay adventures (some suitable for coloring, some suitable for staining) on the market! Full-color covers and 32 pages of raunch, satire, wit, and uncrossed buns! You must be 21 years of age, and you better *rush* \$2.50 (postpaid) for the first issue to:

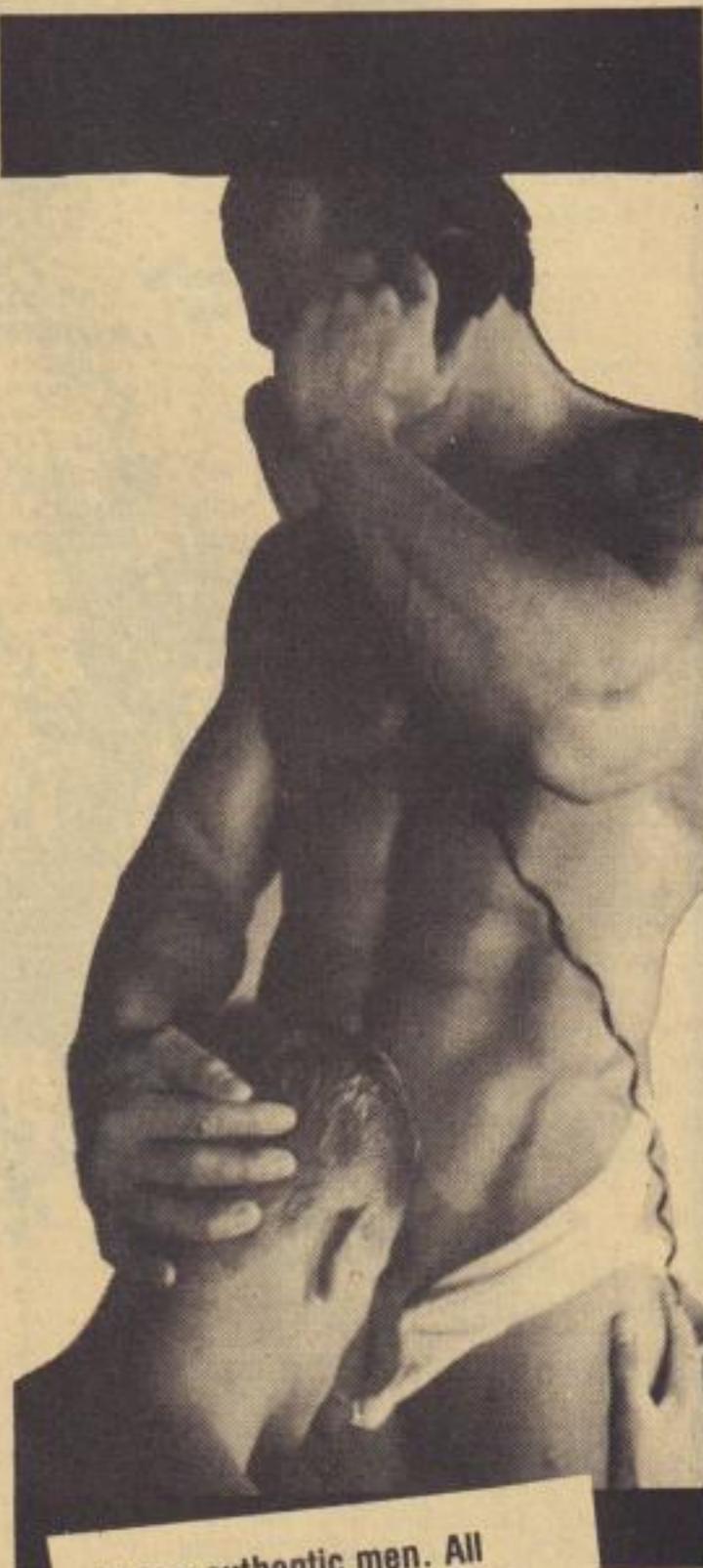
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Under 30 wanted by older experienced sane leatherman who will help you achieve scholastic, career, health, physical & leather goals. Mike P.O. Box 18876 Denver, CO 80218.

HOT DADDY AND BOY

Both mature, experienced men into hot threesomes and foursomes. Enjoy bondage, T/T, fisting, toys, S/M, fantasies, and plain old hard core sex. If you live in the area or are planning a visit write Box 3132. Send photo, likes & dislikes and we will return it with our photo. We enjoy creative fantasies and sex. Are you man enough to take on two hot men?

DENVER, COLORADO

G/W/M, 40's, 6', 180, very submissive. Seeks meetings with other males for bondage sessions. Race & age unimportant. I have a desire to please. Will answer all who send picture and phone #. Box 3771.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Box 3712.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED—

To serve two very together active GWM's 30's. Be serious, trim, clean, obedient and also like TLC. Reply w/photo & resume to: SIRS POB 50286 WASH. D.C. 20004.

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs, 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for "training" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette). Jake Leonard, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

FIND DADDY HERE!

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsex, slim or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB. Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lthr & equip, boots, toys for it to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS, GrA, FrP. Respect him, but we'll expand them. M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S.Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla.33339.

WET LEVIS...

2 Hot lovers into wet Levis bedwetting, diapers and plastic pants. Enjoy correspondence, photos, and meeting other hot guys into same. John & John, P.O. Box 315, Sarasota, Fla. 33578.

GOODLOOKING GWM

6' 155 lbs. in 40's who is stable and secure. Seeks companion that is inventive and fun company. #1058 Winter Park, FL. 32790.

ORLANDO

J/O artist wants buddy. Box 3784.

CLEARWATER, 33, 6'2", 175

Bearded, thick uncut 8". Needs bottom who knows how to ask for and EARN my big dick. Details and photo to Sir, Box 3773.

TAMPA BAY, 33, 6'2", 180

Seeking a good little cocksucker who knows how to beg for my big uncut dick. If your face and ass need a workout, send detailed letter & photo to Box 3773.

EXTREMELY GOODLOOKING

And hot novice slave, 28, 5'10", 140 lbs., swimmers build, looking for young, tall, thin Dominant man in Miami area whose into WS and lots of sex. Photo a must with letter. Box 3825.

UNIFORM LOVERS

W/M, 27, seeks men into military, law enforcement and athletic uniforms for discipline, fantasies and verbal scenes. Call (813)-522-0006 and ask for Pete.

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED:

Adroit leather master seeks young monogamous guy with slender smooth firm body, that wishes to be dominated, permanently owned. Only serious need apply. Sincere letter, detailed photo, SASE required. Box 3812.

GEORGIA

MS, WM, 36, 6'

Into B&D, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel. Box 3276.

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5ft10in. with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, fems, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

YOUNG SLAVES, SONS

Or young hunky men may apply to a real bodybuilder for versatile action. Obedience, admiration and honesty required. Only responses with a photo will be considered! Box 3076.

500 EXEC TRANS

At 1 Oct. seeks modest N.W. Apt/Guest/Carriage House, Refs CGS Box 486. Jacksonville, FL 32201.

STUD SLAVE WANTED

Minimum physical requirements: 6', 200 lbs. Must know how to satisfy & be ready to perform on demand. Failure will bring the whip & other disciplines; to which slave will bow without bondage. Applicants may submit a short statement with photo to: Sig. II Contes, 2223-B Plaster Rd. N.E., Atlanta, GA, U.S.A. 30345.

SIR(S)!

Atlanta slave available to serve groups or individuals. Box 3817.

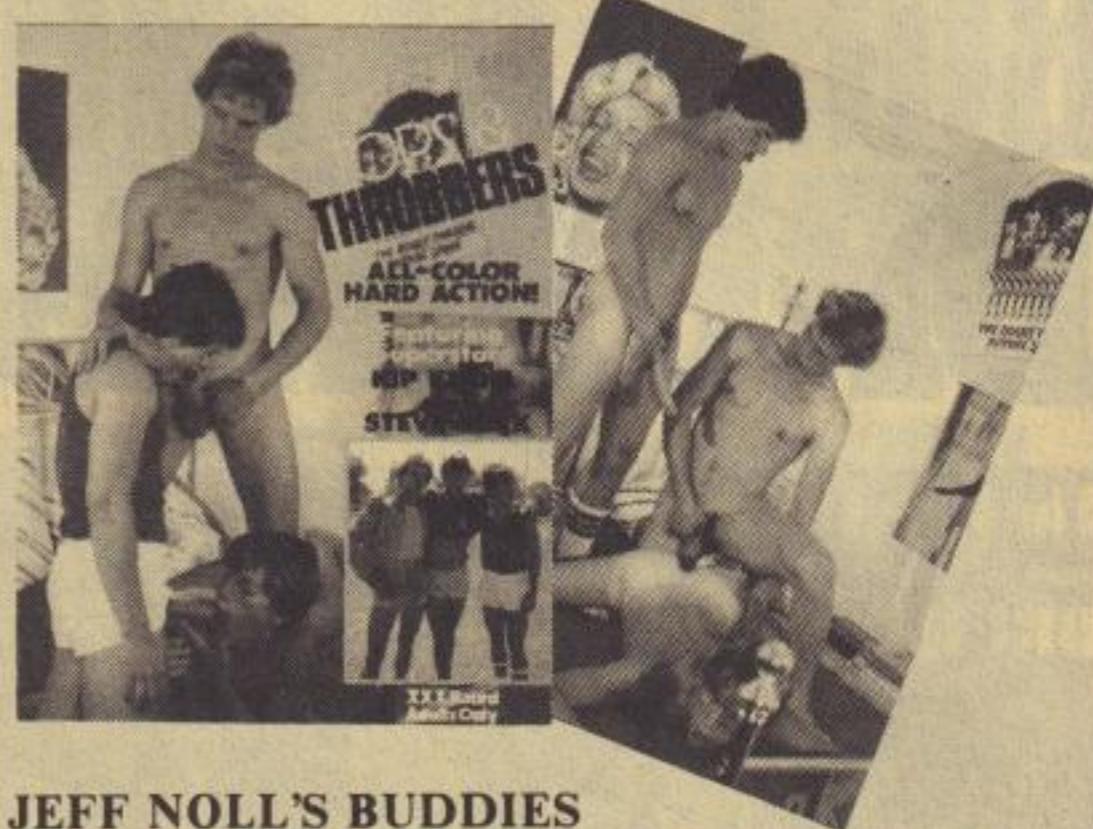
IDAHO

BLACK HORNY HUNG

26, GR/A, FR A/P seek generous guy, white or black, who can relocate me with job. Box 3807.

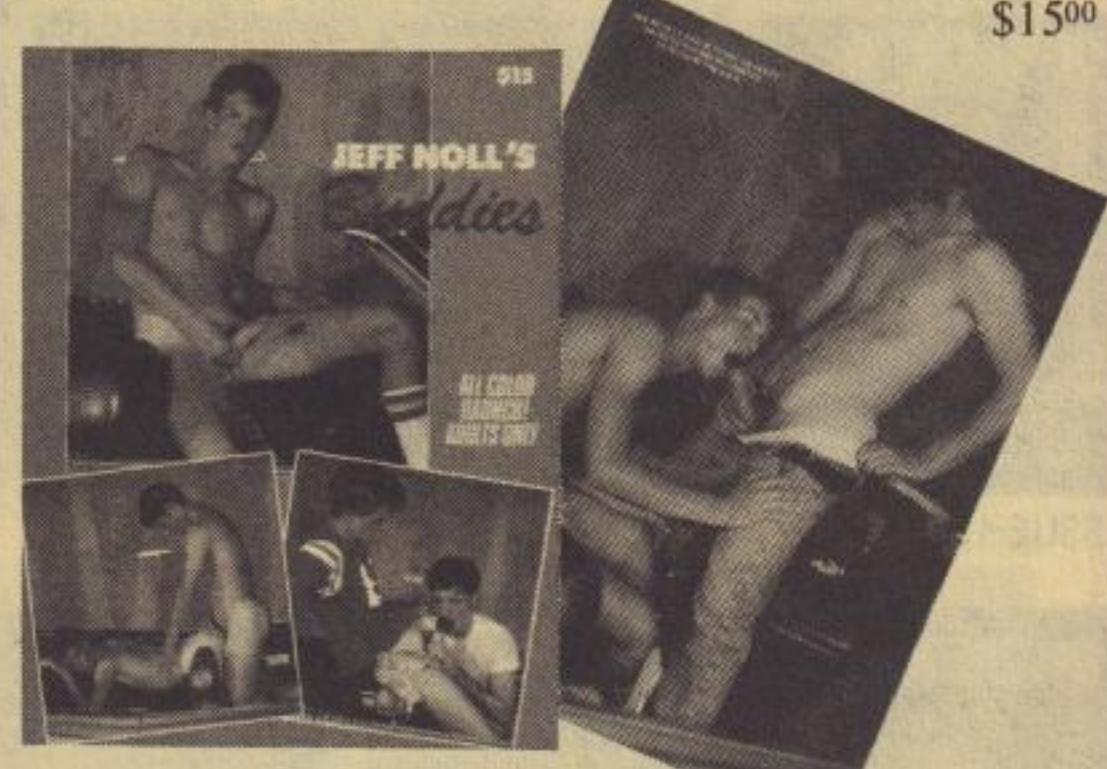
THE HOT ONES!

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and all hard action!*



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Jeff Noll's Buddies know just what it takes to turn each other on, again and again and again... Every throbbing inch is wet, hard and in complete color...



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Tops & Throbbers brings two of the biggest (where it counts!) new superstars together: Steve York and Kip Knoll, along with other hot and willing young studs. Completely in color, completely hard and throbbing...

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I'm ready (I'm also over 21 years of age), send me:

- Jeff Noll's Buddies \$15.
- Tops & Throbbers \$15.
- (Add \$1 postage/handling)

Name _____

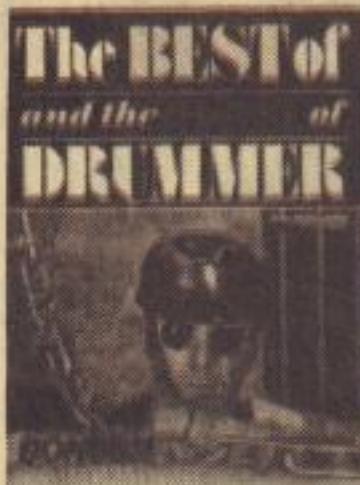
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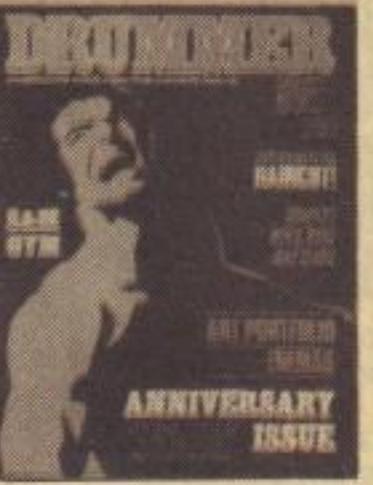
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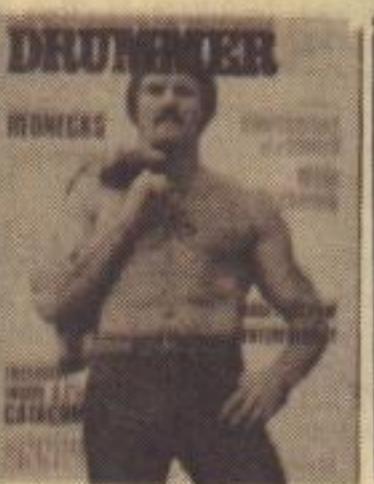
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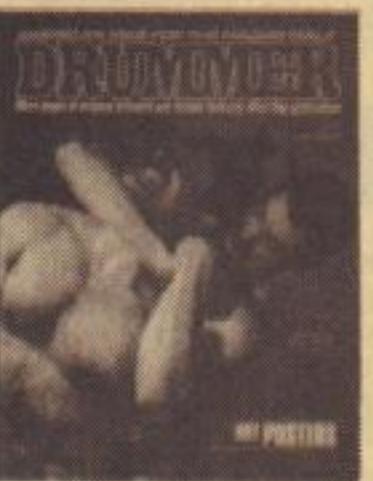
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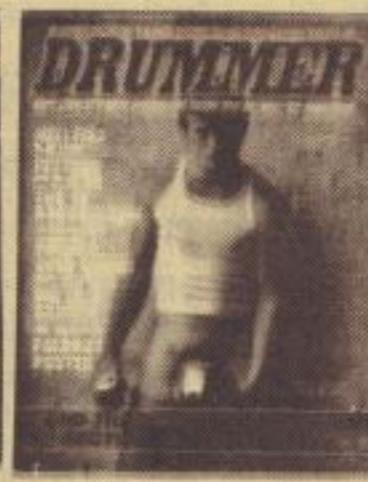
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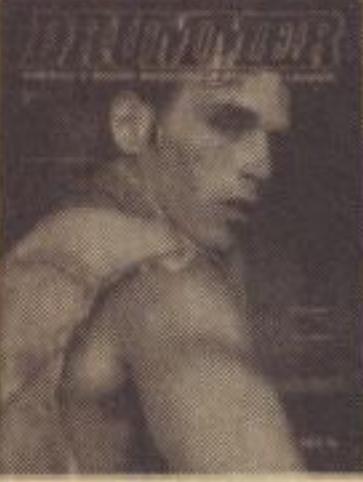
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Signature (You must be over 21) _____

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ILLINOIS

ENEMA/ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry. First-timers and novice welcome—limits respected. Send explicit application with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

GERMAN MASTER

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsom, blond, blue, hung, uncut). Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B. 6262, Chicago, IL 60680.

LONGJOHN GUYS WANTED

Into underwear/longjohn scenes incl. B&D/ HUM. Jay 606 W. Barry #179 Chicago IL 60657.

SADISTIC MASTER

31, 6', 185, 6½" seeks slave who knows his place, and is looking for ONE master. Serious novice considered. Any limits will be EXPANDED! SIR! Chicago, (312) 261-6085.

CHICAGO, WHITE MALE

41, 6'2", 190# wants to undergo fraternity type initiation and humiliation. Make my week-end a hell week-end for me and fun for you. Compensation considered if necessary. Box 2630 Chicago 60690.

W/M SLAVE

25, 5'5", 125 lbs., strikingly handsome, muscular swimmer's build seeks huge, muscular master. Am A.I.D.S. conscious novice, so explore but respect me to my limits. Send NOW letter, photo (nude if possible), phone to #755 2421 West Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645. Please call (312) 338-4724 9AM or 11:30 PM.

W/M 38 NEEDS TO SERVICE

Top 30s-40s. Like to be fed and watered frequently. Love leather, levis, beer drinkers, sweat, all body fluids. Will answer all with respect. Photo appreciated, will return. Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, Illinois 60098 — 815-338-9137.

LOOK GOOD IN LEATHER?

I do. And I want you. Goodlooking WM, 27, 6', 170, seeks tall handsome leatherman 25-40. No 'Saturday night vest' types; I'm talking full leather. Send photo, letter, describing what you want (I'm flexible) to whet my appetite. Box 3818.

FORMER MASTER

Gangbanged into submission, needs rough use and abuse from dominants, any age, race, size. Older slave, 45, big and burly, 6' 125#, bearded and macho, now into ass-tit work, S/M, W/S, humiliation. Will serve all. Southern Illinois Area, but travel widely. Box 3814.

INDIANA

MIDWEST ACTION

Hunky, Handsome, Kinky, 33, 5'9½", 175, w/m wants uninhibited hot men who enjoy top, bottom or mutual play. Can get into nearly anything: fantasy, bondage, humiliation, rimming, leather, rubber, w/s, socks, boots, outdoor/barnyard plus more—or just plain touching, holding sincere sex. Discrete professional looking for good times and honest friends, can travel. Photo if possible; will return. Confidentiality assured. Box 128, Des Moines, Iowa 50301.

KANSAS

COP OR HITLER TYPE

Dominant, masculine, wanted for perm. partnership. W/M 33, 135#, 6'.

Brwn/Brwn. I'm into ass eating, ball licking, cocksucking, and getting fucked. Your looks not as important as attitude. Would like pic. Will ans. all. JMR 520 E. Park Apt. 19, Olathe, KANSAS 66061.

LOUISIANA

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

New Orleans. WM, 35, Leather, Police Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks same. Am turned on by touch, smell, taste and feel of Leather, High black boots, Full police uniform and gear. I seek a few discreet men into the same. Occasionally travel. Box 1579.

SKINNY BLACK MASTER

32, seeks slave/dog 18-35 who will drink my piss and take my hot cock up his boy-cunt. For application send photo and info to P.O. Box 122, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

37 YEAR OLD FATHER—

Who administers firm, but loving woodshed discipline to deserving boys and young men. Box 3827.

MARYLAND

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/VA/MD AREA

GWM 38, 5'10", 170, 43" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular. Seek similar Master. Fr, Gr, B/D, whipping, whatever your pleasure. Box 3794.

MASSACHUSETTS

ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w bald moustache ff ws tt right bottom man. Box 3799.

SLAVEBOYS

Master/daddy seeks smooth slaves/guinea pigs for wild times. Master into S&M, bondage, w/s, enemas, shaving, tit, cock & ball work, scat, F.F., hot wax, rubber. Name your fantasies. All scenes. Travel U.S. Other

tops also reply. W/M, 5'6", 130, 35 level headed. Apply with phone to Box 3788.

ASSHOLE EXPLORATION

33 yr. W/M 6' 170 LB ME: Tight black leather chaps, boots. YOU: Hot horny asshole into FF, punch fucking, asshole stretching. Box 3782.

EROTIC PADDLING

For bad blond, 29. Also Greek, toys, suggestions? Your place. Letter; pic: Box 111, 291 Huntington Ave., Boston, MA 02115.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT AREA

Firm MASTER, 5'10", 155 lbs. brown hair and eyes, 8". With well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, and much more. Write: Robert 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, Michigan 48063.

MICHIGAN THUMB AREA PROFESSIONAL

Time to talk & time for action. Understanding master contact by letter TOM BOX 104 CASS CITY MICH. 48726.

FIND HIM IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

EXECUTIVE SPANNING

Bearded WM 32 enjoys giving over the knee spankings to hot, bare-assed white businessmen 25-50. Come to me in your 3 piece suits—I'll turn you over my knee, take down your pants, spank you on your executive boxer shorts or corporate jockies, then pull them down and spank your ass till you beg me to stop. No heavy S&M, just hand, hairbrush, or ruler spankings. I also enjoy being top in other spanking fantasies: Teacher—Student, Father—Son, etc. Send descriptive letter. Photo/phone appreciated. Marrieds welcome. Discretion and a hot ass assured. Southfield area. Box 3766.

MINNESOTA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks permanent slave/houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), trim or muscular, clean, obedient, submissive and ready for slavery in mind. Novice okay, will train. If you know you were meant to be a slave, write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo. Box 3251.

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE A BARGAIN!

WANTED: WMBC

White male butch ghost to haunt victorian mansion in Duluth, MN. Into whips, chains, and groaning. Also victorian sports, no chickens, fems or fats apply. Send holograph, references, and list of talents to: R. Jansen 1215 E 2nd St., Duluth, MN 55805.

BEGINNER

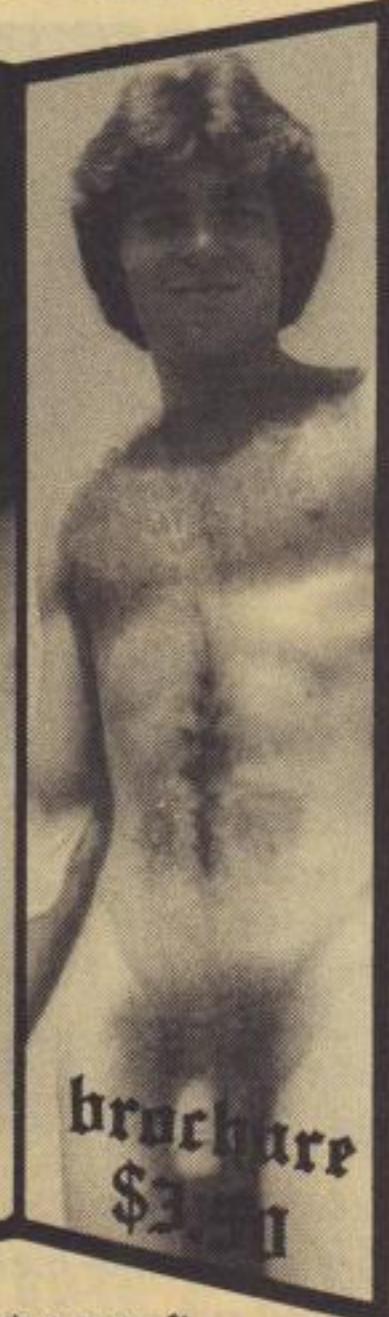
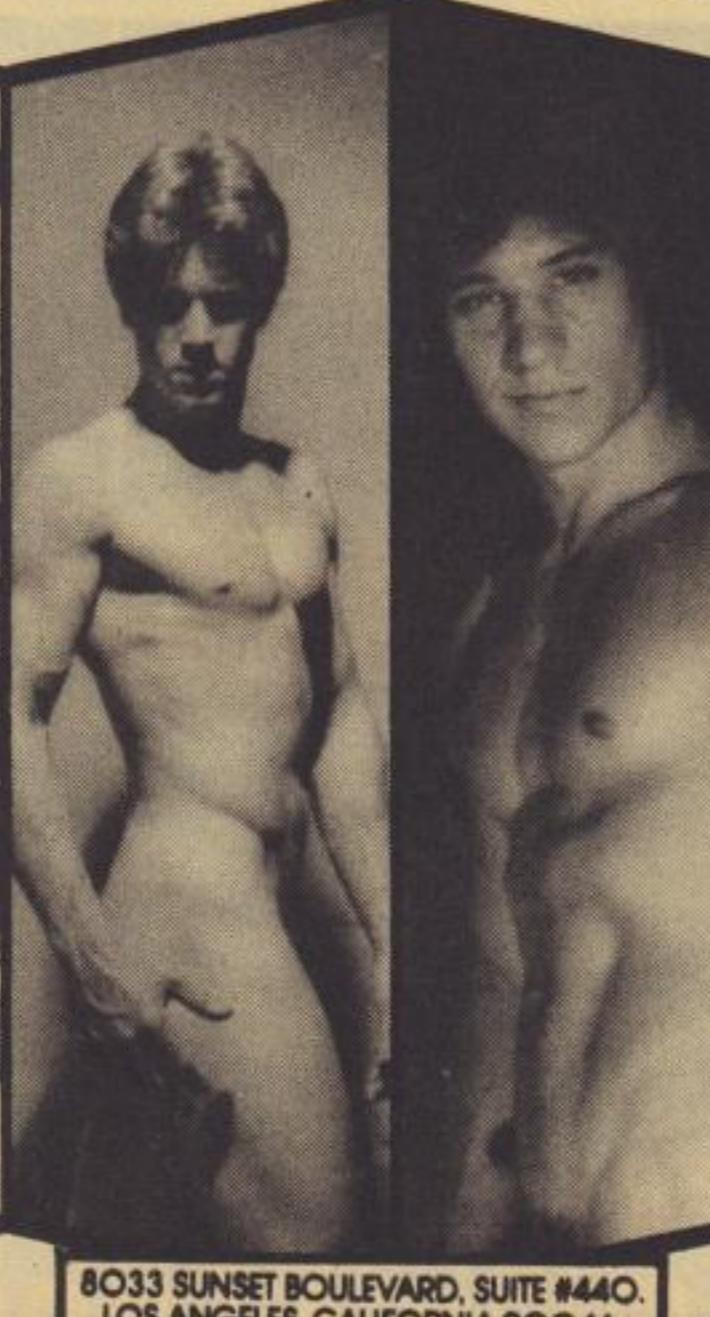
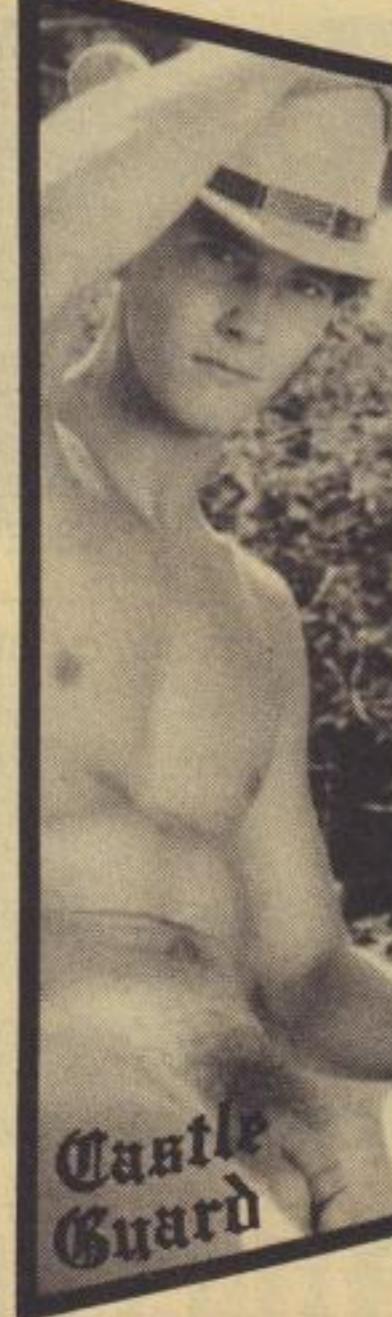
33, 6'2", 165, seeks topman for B/D, VA, fucking, W/S and ?? Am anxious to learn and explore my limits. Box 3779.

MISSOURI

MILITARY TRAINING

3 Military Drill instructors will administer discipline, physical training, cell confinement, & prolonged immobile restraint in a realistic military atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions. Safe, sane, discreet and monitored confinement for Boot Camp, Stockade, or POW training. Mummification, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing situations also available. Individual or buddy system entry. No FF, Scat, Drugs. Fee required. References available. Address Serious Inquiries to: Training Center Information, P.O. Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044. All replies answered. (314-867-7233)

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state you are over 21

ST. LOUIS—
W/M—27, 250, 6'2" Bearded/Hairy. New to scene. Looking for same to show me all gay fun from kissing to leather, for friendship and possible one-on-one relationship. Beard and body hair a real turn-on. Letters with photo/phone answered quickly. Box 3761.

NEW JERSEY

FANTASY FUN

Your fantasy of being tied to a three trunk tree in a secluded patio can come true. (201)359-3824. No calls after 11p.m.

DESPARATE DAD—

Lost everything in recent move to East. Would welcome expiced letters and photos. Really horned for your juicy company, to help me relocate. No trade or sell, just collector minus one major collection. This 40 year old needs contacts in NYC or Philly—can these studs take it like ny boys in LA—prove it! Box 3800.

NJ OR NY

Gay dominant W/Male 57 years old wants a mature slave over 35 for S/M, T/T, watersports, whipping with hand, belt. Photo & phone. Box 3783.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Uniformed officers given their proper respect and service through the abuse and humiliation of W/M slave 31, 5'6", 150. Discretion assured. Box 204, Princeton, NJ 08550.

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Wanted—one on one Master/Slave relationship. Tired of weekends only. Master is W/MM, 45, 190 lbs., 6'2", hairy, straight acting and appearing no nonsense type; but can be gentle and understanding. You should be between 25 and 35, know how to behave and want to serve a Master on a one to one basis. Muscular or swimmers body

that enjoys a work-up plus. No drugs. Final go-around for me. If you are thinking about this type of relationship now is the time to act, so write. Box 291.

NEW YORK

TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village. Experienced S, W/m, 48, 5'9", 175 lbs, uncut, shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions. Must have endurance, crave punishment in chains. Medium to heavy S/M, B/D, etc. No scat. My motto: sane S/M; intense, not brutal; erotic, not reckless; firm but affectionate. If your head is right, write appropriate letter now. No fems, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26, 6'6", 205#, blond, smooth. Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions. FF, leather, titwork, piss, toys, S&M, many things if approached with right attitude. You: hot, experienced, together. Hairy muscles a special turnon. Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect, not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone. Your place. Box 3338.

NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 5'7", 135 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy. Hot ass, wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D, W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M, enemas, polaroids, toys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to teach and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good body, attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

(212)672-1010
TOP/INSATIABLE
JKSN HTS, QNS

W/m, 6/160/bro/bro, You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true

bottoms, short of talk, but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse. Having worn both the green of the army, as well as the blue of the navy, will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or married slobs, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock, as oppose to giving it. Box 3381.

W/M 36 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432.

MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect. WM, 28, 5'4", 135, dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new to NYC, inexp but enth, sks WM 40+ top/master, brd, hry, (pref) musc for reg trng sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344.

53 YEARS YOUNG

Hard cock, receptive nipples. Looking for same. Lite S&M, B&D, spread eagle. Box 3768.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D, C&BT, TT, SM, WS, etc. Novice will be trained. Men from areas of NY, CT, NJ, MASS. Write me with details and photo. Box 3035.

SPITOON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooling deviate dog grovels for beer drinkin', cigar-smokin', ass-kickin', straight men: ex-con toilet slurps cop-snot, trucker-feet, biker-butt for public humiliation: retarded dude is Daddy's queer-boy forever. Am real tough, real dirty, real hung short lean blond w/stash. Filthy letter w/pix gets same, Sir! First ad. NYC Metro. Box 3535.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded, master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone #, J. Miller, 156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401.

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man, into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ. bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc. B.B.'s Into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3566.

HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, muscular, seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage. Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies. Box 3564.

CLASSY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE

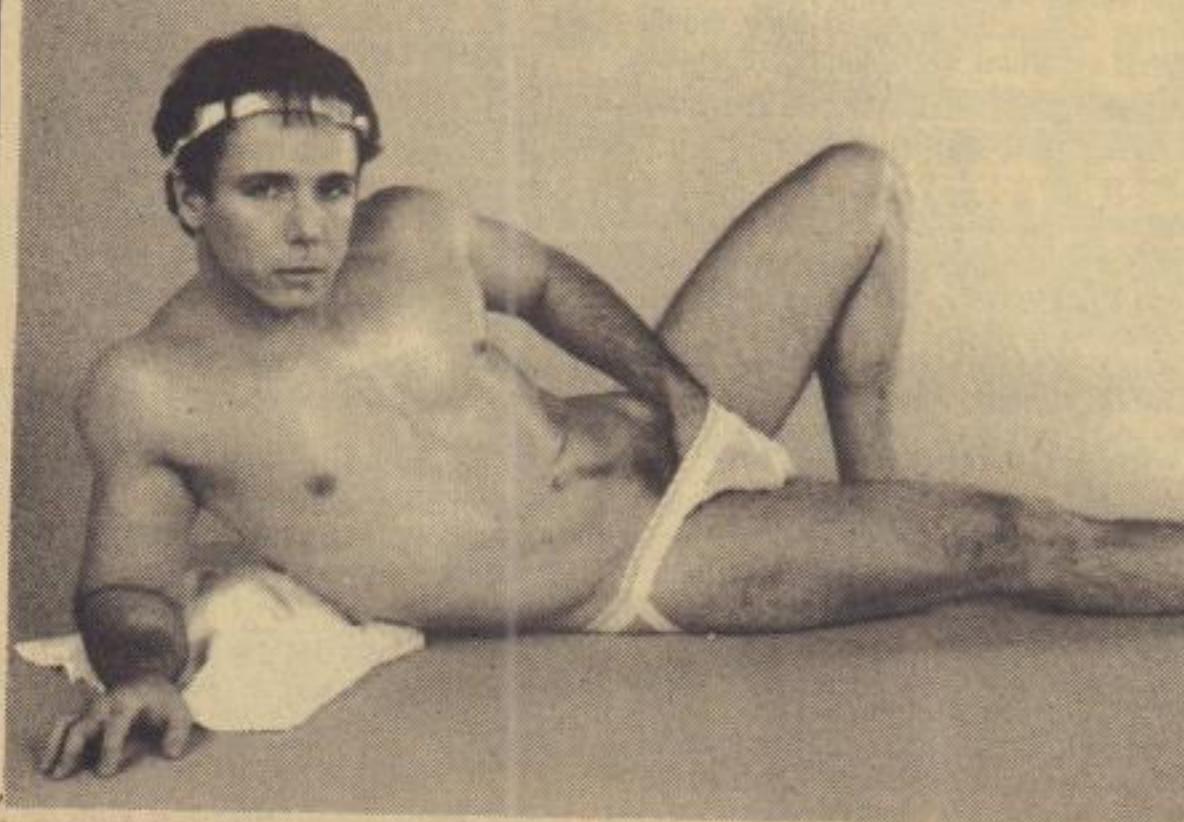
Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult, Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict disci-

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plane and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction, Sir. Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

OUTDOOR ORGYS

Leather, levis, tits, recycled beer, B&D, S&M. Older Daddies O.K. Mid-Hudson Valley, Western Connecticut/ Massachusetts. Write Cedar Knoll, RD #2, Box 414, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572.

RUBBER SLAVE SEEKS RUBBER MASTER

Longterm Bondage head to toe rubber inflation, hoods, suspension, assplay, enemas, FF, your way clean or dirty, am 26, 6', Blnd, Blu, Boyish, Lean, Full Rubber/Latex only. Box 3776.

MEDICAL/SLAVE

Send your personal history. Include both fantasies and what you truly want. Reply only if you are a true bottom. To P.O.BOX 148, N.Y.C. 10016.

PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG

Butch Ital 5'9" 165 32 seeks dom beer bellied bruts who enjoy dominating a dog collared slave. If you're between 5'7" to 5'10" 180 to 250 write with photo to P.O. BOX 3058 Church St. PO NY NY 10008. Photo rtd with mine.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

NYC MASTER AND SLAVE

We're both in our 30's, over 6', blonde, muscular and attractive. Aspirant slaves who are under 35, muscular and attractive are invited to submit a request for consideration as a slave trainee. Successful applicant will be taught obedience, obeisance and endurance. Send photo (required) with resume. Box 673.

RAUNCHMAN PIG SLAVE

33, 5'11", 160 lbs of total filth. Box 3769.

MATURE 49

Seek humpy truck driver, constr worker, leather; Levi S-M, FF send photo & phone to Box 3762.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

MASTER/TOP/DADDY

Wants slave, bottom, daddy's boy for occasional meetings. Top does travel. Bottom must be real. Write detailing all, to P.O. BOX 148, N.Y.C. 10016.

MR. SILICONE

12" around of meat needs oral and ass slave to service my silicone spike. Box 3822.

NYC AREA MASOCHIST

25, 5'9", 165 lbs, seeks sadistic Master into heavy B/D, S/M, CBT, and whipping. No scat, fats. Please apply with phone/photo. Box 3820.

TWO FISTED FFA

(Top or Bottom) 5'10", 33, 155 lbs good-looking. Reply Box 3815.

NEW TO SCENE

Am 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 8 inch uncut seeks Master to expand experience. Desire professional 35-40 with equipment. Not into FF, W/S, scat. Photo gets quickest answer. Box 3816.

NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave... for obedience, total commitment, punishment (when needed), and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS! And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy. (704) 324-1465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

COUNTRY BOY

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/ Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, N.C. 27568.

FULL BODY

EXPERIENCE PROVIDED:

Leather and rubber bondage, electrical ball and cock torture, tit work... ultimate pleasure pain share with together bottom. Chair, sling, cement floor. Will switch positions with good top man. Into mutual bondage experiences. P.O. Box 2912, Asheville, NC 28802.

41 YR OLD MAN

Seeks occasional encounters with mature (35+ over) versatile (Top and Bottom) Leather-Biker, in Charlotte N.E. area. Write: Boxholder, P.O. 37248, Cht., NC 28237.

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

W/M needed for undisciplined slave who responds well to strap, enemas and other punishments - short or long term. Box 3778.

HORNY

Needs well hung 8" Master. Has beard, moustache. 6'5", 240 lbs. Master between 20-45 uncut or cut. In to fucking and sucking, likes poppers, tight-asses, likes hairy bodies. Love to have a uncut sausage and thick to suck and get fucked. Photos appreciated. Box 3798.

FIND DADDY HERE!

LEATHER

2 Hot young Leathermen, want to make it with another Hot Leatherman. Let's get together for some hot 3-way LEATHER SEX. Photo in LEATHER gets OURS. Write: P.O. Box 5805, Norman, OK 73070.

MAN WITH HOT MOUTH

Wants to hear from gay and bi-sex, males for sex. 21 to 50. Call (215) 831-1594 AFTER 6 p.m. James.

BONDAGE SLAVE

NEEDS TRAINING

B&D, S&M CB/T T/T hot wax. Submissive and obedient 6'1" 190 lbs. Enjoy severe & very restrictive bondage when not being used and abused, travel entire N/E monthly. Box 3805.

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY

24, W/M Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn, Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cowboys reply to C.R., Box 87, Mandan, North Dakota 58554.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST 41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchey arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck 'till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinti., Ohio 45241.

HAIRY?

Blond Scandinavian GWM, 25, 5'10", 150, athletic, seeks masculine super-hairy men 35-50 into strip games, uniforms, dirty talk, frat initiations, fantasy, exhibition. Descriptive letter with photo to Boxholder, PO Box 14036, Columbus, Ohio 43214.

DADDY

33 yrs 5'11"-158 Br Blue looking for boys 18-25 for over the knee spankings. Mike, P.O. Box 41403, Sharonville, Ohio 45241.

CLEVELAND—ELYRIA

I am 6', 185, hairy and 42 with Bl. hair and dark eyes. I need a top man who will fill my tight hot ass to its limits. Submissive to almost all scenes. With the right man I could do more. I will surpass your wildest expectations. Please include phone. P.O. Box 09251, Cleveland, Ohio 44109.

OKLAHOMA

OK CITY DADDY

45, 170 lbs., 5'10", muscular, wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM, B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone/ photo to Box 2099.

RODEO COWBOY

W, 5'10", 150 lbs, 25 yo, goodlooking, good body, seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight fittin' 501 levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight bulging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115.

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918)665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff.

NEED HOT, TOUGH BLACK MARINE

Or ex-marine to break in and discipline wild bad boy. W/M, 37, 6'1", 190 lbs. Box 3813.

W/M, 190 LBS, 6'1", 37

Seeks hot, tough, black Daddy for S/M, B/D, C/B torture, TT etc. Box 3808.

W/M, 37, 6'1", 190 LBS

Wants hot, mean, sadistic, no-nonsense, black cop or cops in full uniform to teach him real law'n order. Must be brutal, enthusiastic, imaginative, convincing. Box 3809.

OREGON

BIG MAN

Top, 40, Good looking, hairy, bearded, 6'1", 225 lbs, muscular will work your ass, cock, balls, nipples & entire body & mind. Into B&D, TT, W/S, FF. Recent photo with reply to: Pete, P.O. Box 42476, Portland, Oregon 97242.

PENNSYLVANIA

REAL MASTER

Needed for heavy bondage, total control, Weekend Confinement, and Discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs, 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard

master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M, huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit— Sir. J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt.#12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

RHODE ISLAND

BARBER WANTED

While lathering my face for close shave, tell me what you do to smart-assed punks. Then, lower my shorts, bend me over padded chair, and soundly whip my bare ass good with well oiled razor strop. Box 3824.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 43 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061.

GWM, 23, 6', 175 LBS

Of well developed manhood. Wants young males to be warm, loving and affectionate with. Write soon! Your photo gets mine. Box 3823.

TEXAS

DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

43, 5'8", 150. Heavy piss, raunchy socks, and tit action. Photo required and exchanged. Box 3045.

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

Dominant, versatile, educated professional, w/m 47, 5'11", 175# accepting applications. You must be mature, masculine, well-proportioned, willing to serve. Any race or age. No drugs or drunks. NOVICE OK— will be trained—limits respected, expanded? Send pic with needs, desires, uses, work, etc. Hdqtrs— Houston. Naked servitude? Permanent live-in possible, or I can travel. MASTER BUD. Also, opening for a master. Box 3329.

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

W 5'10" 150 lbs, 25 yo, good body, seeks others into tight fittin' Levis or black leather pants, boots and cycle jacket. Lets get together and rub leather til its hot. Have cycle to travel. Photo in leather gets mine. Box 3115.

SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

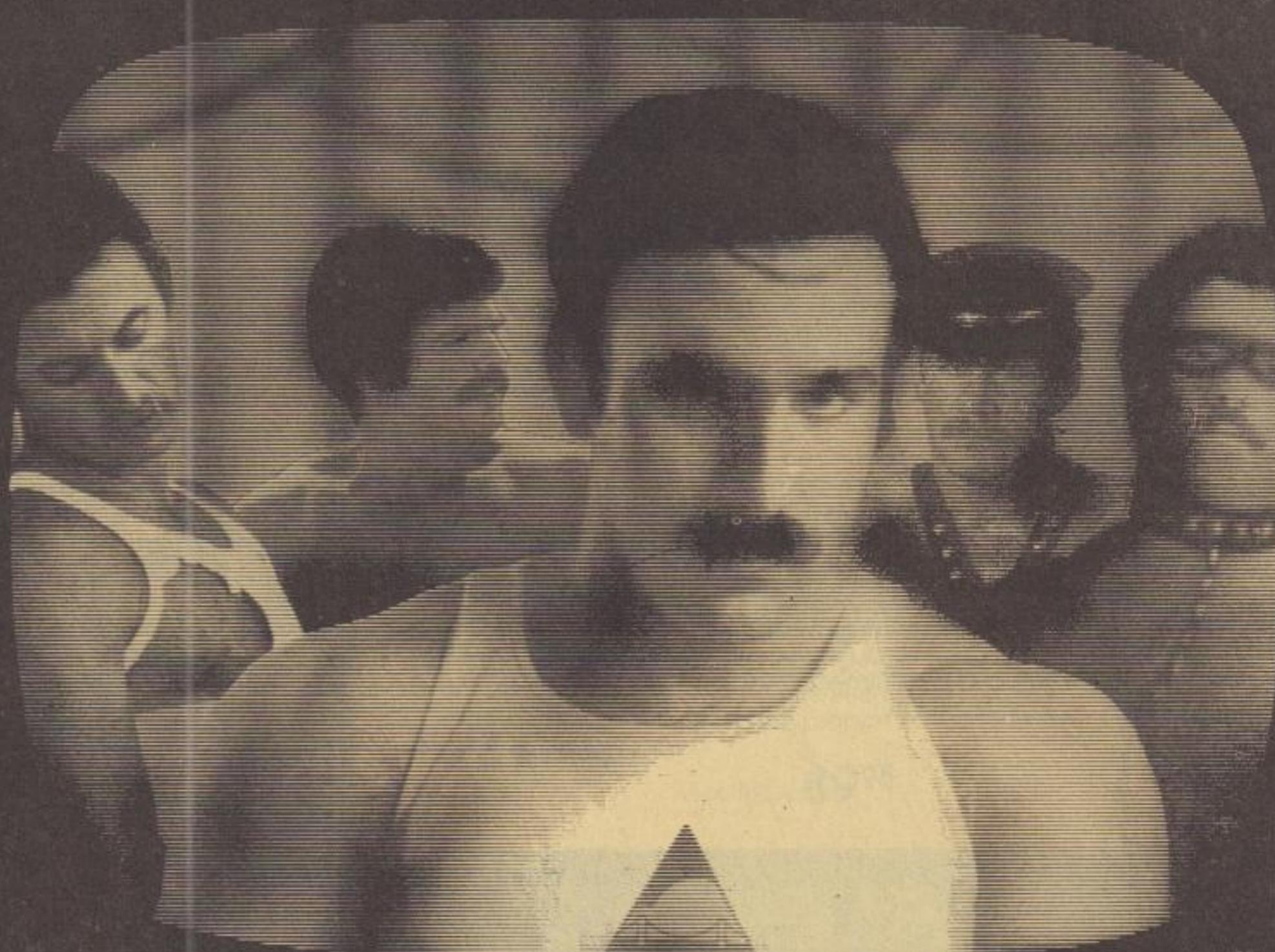
GWM, 32, 5'11", 170 lbs, handsome, well-built seeks Daddy 25-50, hung, built, handsome, hopefully uncut & cigar smoker for love, hot sex, attention. Son likes to be fucked, W/S, C/B, needs toilet training, tits. Daddy, please send letter with photo and your worn jock. Your response gets same. JDD, PO Box 191122, Dallas, TX 75219.

HOUSTON EX—COP

Seeks dominant leather/uniform top to expand my limits in B&D, S&M. I am W/M 28, 5'11", 185, Hairy. No fats, fems, blacks, scat. Have full Police Gear; Photo appreciated. Box 3702.

Dick Collier, Jr. presents a pre-Halloween video production

DRINK TO YOUR LEATHERDOME



FRIDAY 28 OCTOBER

9 P.M. until we run out of video leathermen

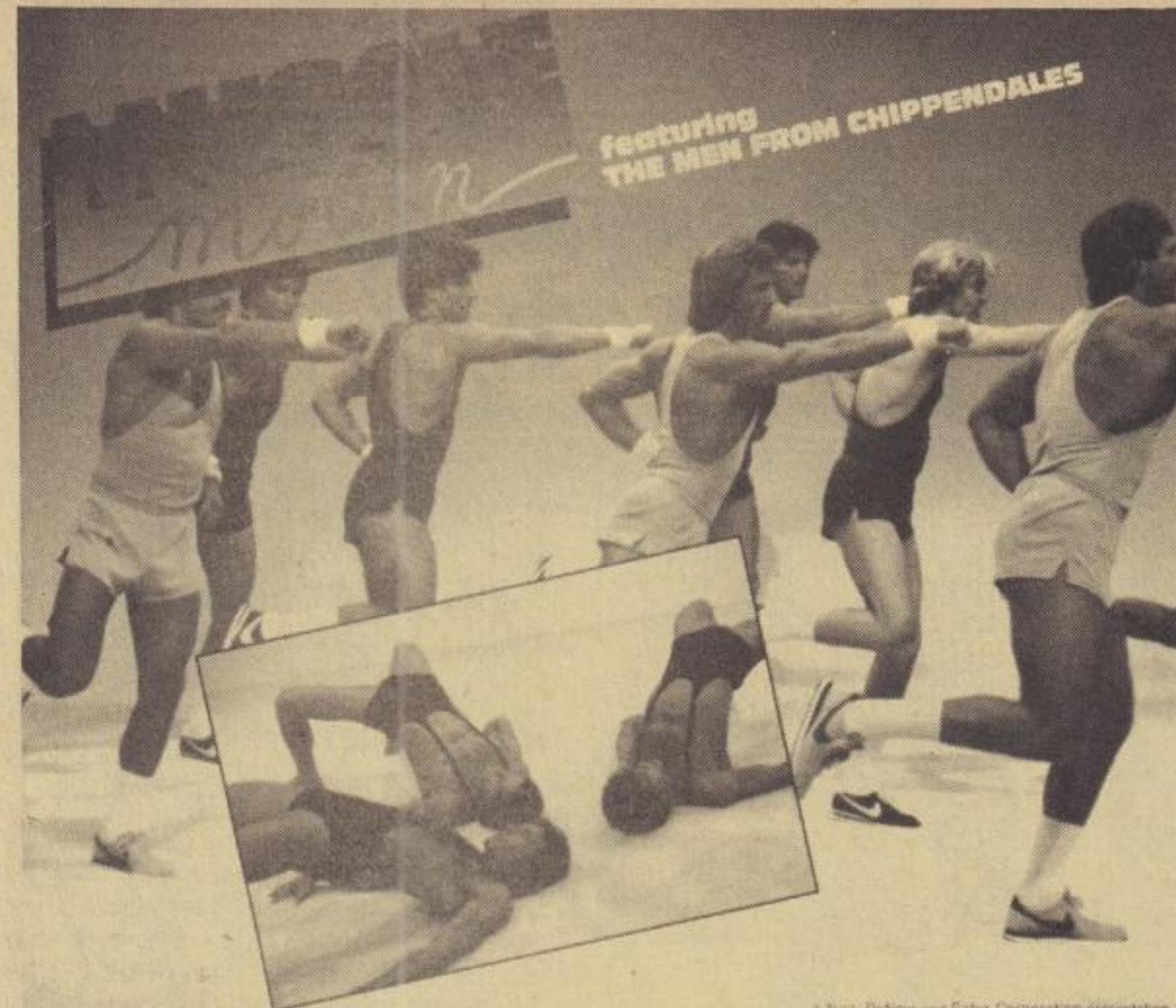
D.J. Trip Ringwald

Visuals: Jim Feldman/Jim Moss

Advance tickets & Members \$12. At the door \$15.
(Immediate entrance guaranteed with advance ticket)

Tickets available at: Studstore (960 Folsom), Mr. S Leathers (7th Street & SF Eagle Leather Shop), All American Boy (Castro), Headlines (Castro & Polk locations), Ron's Records (2354 Market St), and Gramophone Records (Castro).

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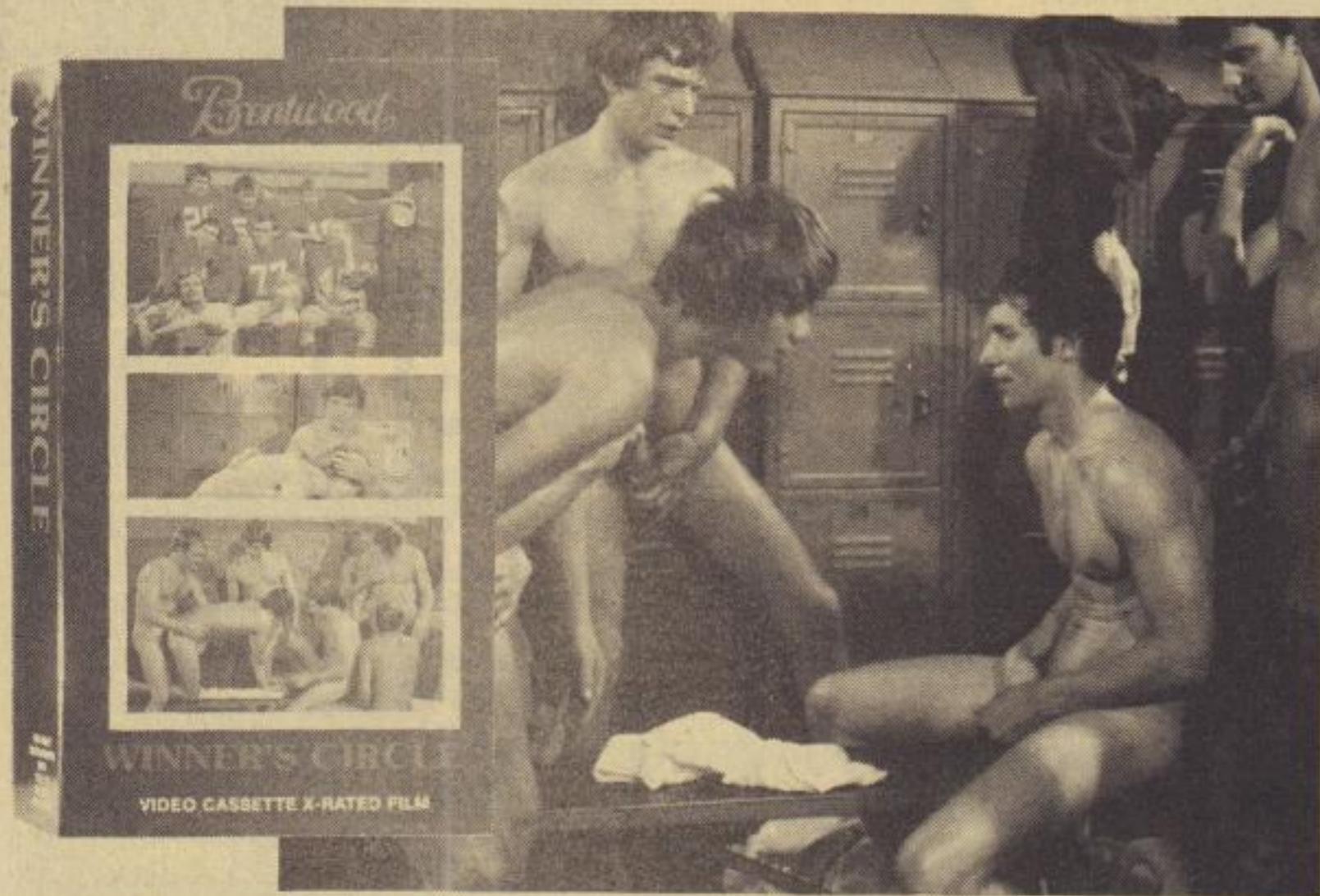


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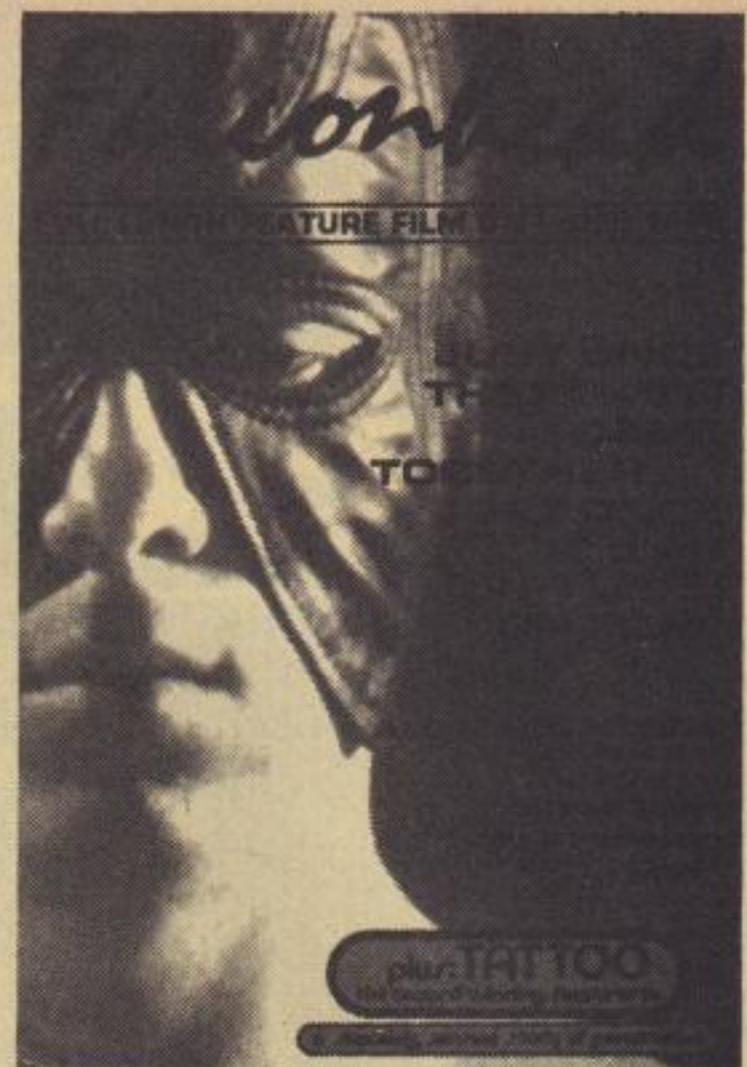


WINNER'S CIRCLE

Leave the football field with the players and go into the locker room. A full team of beautiful hunks stripped and hot, grab-assing and messing around until it turns into a full fledged orgy. These athletes are hung, hot and horny. One of Brentwood's finest films! One hour.

DRUMMER 68

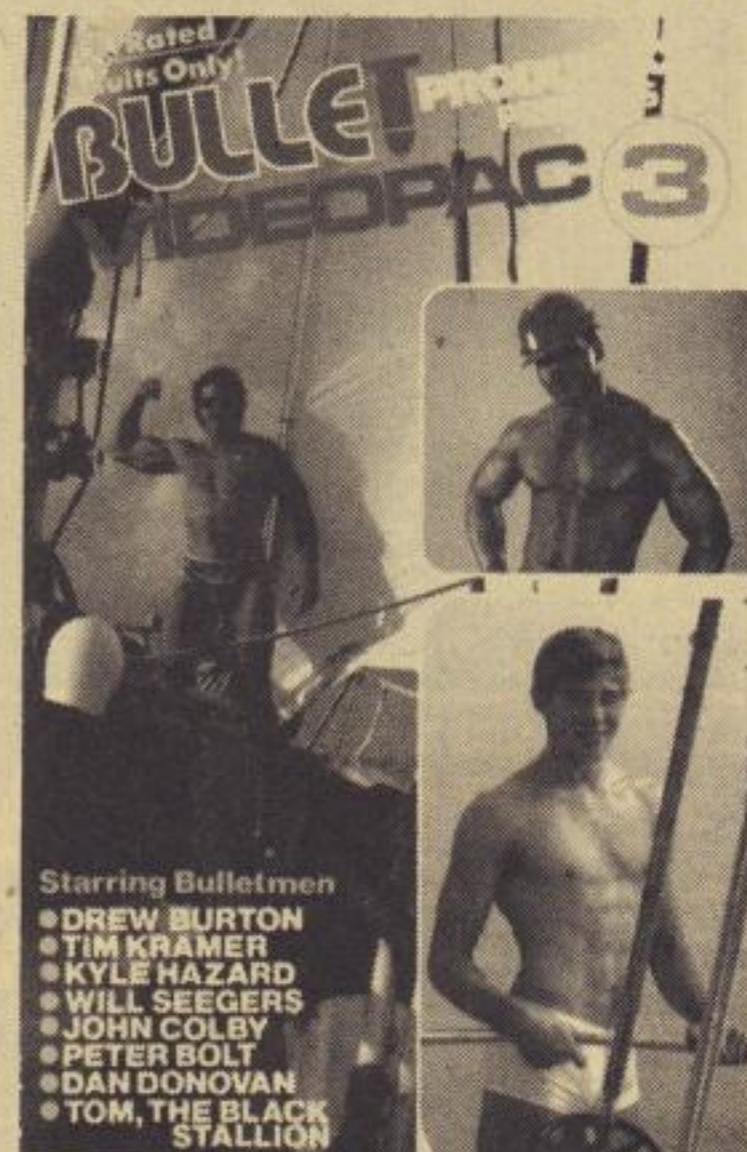
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FALCONHEAD

Michael Zen's mystical and sensual tale of what happens to a number of men who come together under the power of the Falconhead and his mirror of lust. One of the finest, most creative gay films ever made. Starring Joe Dietrich, Adrian Wade, and introducing the powerful, menacing Dante. Plus an award-winning short film *Tattoo*, that explores the mystique and pain of body decoration.

VHS/BETA **7997**



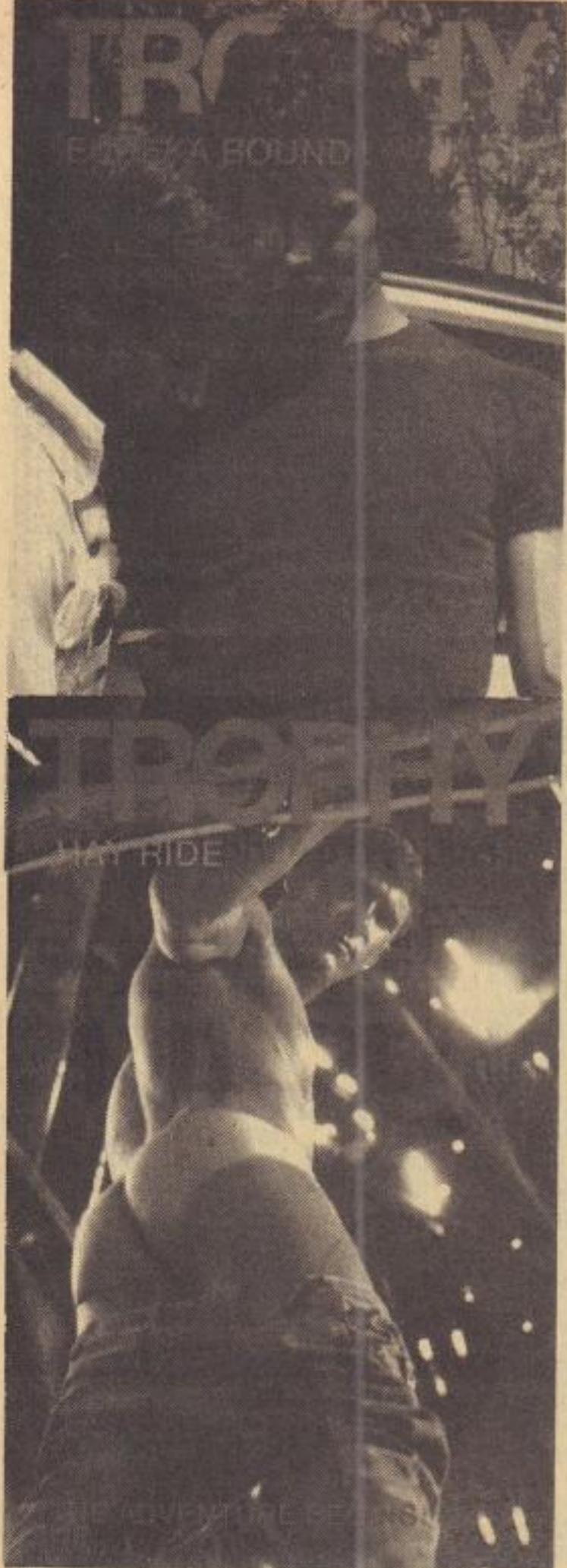
Starring Bulletmen

- DREW BURTON
- TIM KRAMER
- KYLE HAZARD
- WILL SEEGERS
- JOHN COLBY
- PETER BOLT
- DAN DONOVAN
- TOM, THE BLACK STALLION

BULLET VIDEOPAC 3

Drew Burton and Tom act out some exciting games in *Fantasy Time*; Tim Kramer slips aboard Kyle Hazard's boat under Kyle's power in *Sailor Beware*; Will Seegers, Peter Bolt and John Colby are Cowboys with more than tumbleweeds on their minds; Dan Donovan shows you what a hot young man can do when he's left alone at home in *Danny Boy*.

VHS/BETA **7995**



EUREKA BOUND

HAYRIDE

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**

EUREKA BOUND (TROPHY 5)

Michael and Phillip spend their weekends going to the river and looking for hunky hitchhikers on the way. When they spot Steve by the side of the road, the bulge in his pants looks promising, but when his whopper cock meets their eyes, it's an afternoon of huge dick and hot action. The two other features on this dynamite video tape are: *Fuckin' Farmhand* and *The Homecoming*.

BUCKSHOT



DRIVE SHAFT



BEST LAID PLANS



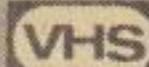
SATURDAY AFTERNOON FEVER



CHUTE

A wild threeway develops after JOSH puts on his bike and discovers PAT and TERRY in the middle of things. The action is non-stop and wall to wall. Running time approx. 10 minutes.

BUCKSHOT
PO. Box 1009, Studio City, CA 91604
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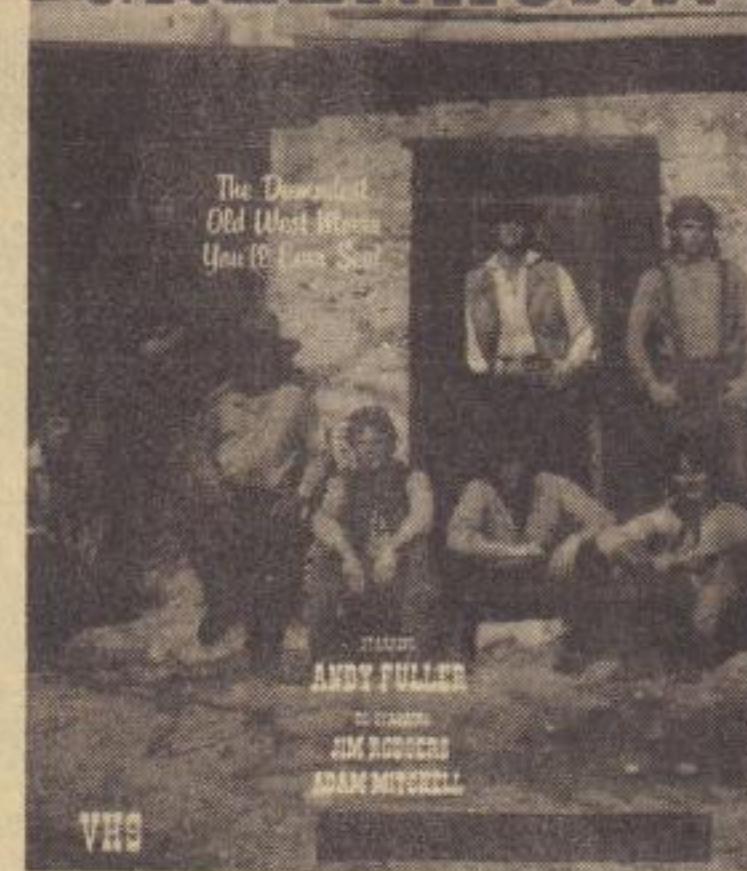


BUCKSHOT

Some of the mightiest stars of porn come together for four separate adventures: *Drive Shaft* features Lloyd Kasper and Mike Davis; *Best Laid Plans* shows Mike Davis, Josh, and Werner pounding new foundations; *Saturday Afternoon Fever* shows what happens to Pat and Terry when Josh forces himself between them; *Chute* brings you a duo of epic proportions: Al Parker and Toby.

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**

GREENHORN



GREENHORN

Steve Scott's historic and bawdy adventure set in the late 1800's and peopled with a ranch full of hot young studs with lust on their minds. A full-length theatrical motion picture starring Andy Fuller, Jim Rodgers, Adam Mitchell and a half-dozen other superb specimens of the wild west.

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

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- WINNER'S CIRCLE \$64⁹⁵
- MUSCLE MOTION \$39⁹⁵

GREENHORN \$79⁹⁵

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EUREKA BOUND (TROPHY 5) \$89⁹⁵

FALCONHEAD \$79⁹⁵

I want these in BETA VHS

Enclosed is \$_____ Check, Money Order or Charge it to my:

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

I am over 21 years of age _____
California Residents add 6 1/2% Sales Tax.

Signature _____

DRUMMER 69

DIRTY MIND - CLEAN BODY

Submissive romantic, 25, turns on to private humiliation, verbal abuse, piss, rough play. Wants Mr. Right for a monogamous relationship and lifelong commitment. I'm goodlooking, slender. If sexual fidelity isn't your goal, don't write. "Jack", P.O. Box 64405, Dallas, TX 75206.

DESCREET HOUSTON MASTER

Gdk W/M 34, 6'2", 185#, 8½", Brown, Blue looking for masculine well built slaves into S&M, C&B, TT, B&D, etc. etc. No fats, fems or beards. Novice ok—limits respected. Send application with photo, address &/or phone #. Box 3819.

DALLAS DADDY

W/M, 36, 250 lbs, 6' seeks son/slave (novice ok.) for workouts. Possible live-in/houseboy. Could also cover expenses for visit from other than Dallas for right person. Reply with letter and photo describing fantasies, expectations and limits. Box 3806.

UTAH

TWO HOT HORNY TOPMEN

Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together, separately, and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves. Into bondage, whipping, spanking, piss, verbal abuse, and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry: 6'2", b/b, 175 lbs., good body. Master Michael: 5'6", b/b, 145 lbs., 9½" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to: MASTER Larry, P.O. Box 1104, Sandy, Utah 84091.

VIRGINIA

BLONDE, BLUE-EYED VIRGINIA FARMER

In good shape (5'10", 150 lbs) wants to share bikes, leather, bondage & affection w/ soul brother. Box 3685.

WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uniforms, boots, SM, CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM, 35, 6", 170#, bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487.

SON/SLAVE

Seeks Seattle Daddy/Master. Yng 32 w/m 140 lbs. 5'9". Needs discipline/training for body and mind to please Daddy. Box 3760.

BOTTOM MAN

Longview. 5'8", 145 lbs., cut, 26, blonde, into S/M, T/T, cut men only, no fats. Photo. Box 3775.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Capricorn, 6'2", 43, 190, well-hung, dark brown eyes, moustache, silver-gray hair. Told I'm hot and goodlooking. Harley and BMW rider/owner. Normally top, but into both roles with right partner for mutual exploration. Turnoffs: hot leather action, boots, hunky deep throats, wild receptive asses with good tight bodies, orgies, bikes and recycled beer. Turnoffs: fats, fems, heavy drugs, blood, shit and piercing. Recent photo and letter gets response. Reply Box 3793.

WASHINGTON STATE

W/M hunky butch top - 32 yrs seeking muscular butch bottom. Should have bodybuilder football player type build. I am dominant, top man into serious sex. Box 3758.

Must be together, clean, secure in your own masculinity as I am in mine. I am into fucking, rimming, light S/M & CBTA torture and some bondage and more — will respect your limits — relationship possible if chemistry right. Your photo gets mine — will reply to all honest responses with recent photo. Box 3774.

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INTELLIGENT MEN

MILWAUKEE/RACINE AREA: 35, 150 lbs, 5'8", 6", blond, blue eyed, moustached, Levi/Western/Leatherman. French A/P, Greek A/P. Rainmaker, Rimming, Tits & toys. Write if you're 35-45, butch looking, black hair, dark eyes, 5'8" or taller. Interests: Bars/all types; travel; movies; food; music; baseball. Uniform cops/firemen a turn-on. Discretion assured. Box 3528.

SLAVE NEEDED

27 yr old Master, 6'0" 195 lbs — Muscular, is seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D, TT CB/T; & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607.

CANADA

BOTTOM, 37, 5'9", 160 LBS.

Bearded, mustache likes to submit to big and strong dominant masters. Into humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, some SM, fantasies. Limits to be respected but can be carefully expanded. Willing to try new experiences. Loves to cuddle in between games. No FF or scat. Letters with photo get priority. Box 3770.

BUDDIES IN B.C.

Central Interior, looking for playmates into toys, light S&M, B&D, WS, fun times 3. Age and appearance not as important as adventurous uninhibited attitude. Photo and phone number gets quick response with ours. Lets get together! Box 3803.

ATTENTION SLAVES

Master/bodybuilder 29, 6', 165 accepting applications from guys to 30 for full or part time slavery. I'm into all scenes but FF, scat, heavy pain or causing serious injury. I will respect and expand your limits. First timers, welcome. Now send a detailed application with photo to: Daryle. Box 3785.

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Guy seeks dedicated storm trooper / leather / uniformed / jackbooted individual for neck oriented bondage sessions. Box 5327 Station "A", Toronto, Canada M5W 1N6.

SLAVE BOY

25, 5'10", 155 seeks sadistic but sane Master to expand my limits in B/D, W/S, other areas. Occasional or long term relationship possible. Can relocate for right Master. Box 3786.

SEEKING ASSHOLE BANDIT

Hot hole beefy buns. Spank fuck fist 32 6" 170 firm body, sexy, hairy, hung and greedy. Amyl, smoke, toys, fantasy all fine. Intelligence and sense of humor help. Toronto. Box 3763.

CANADA

Montreal area. 5'8", 160", 31 waist, 40, mustache. Novice looking for leather bondage. I need a Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy actions. No FF, scat — I am French Canadian but I speak a little English — I drive a bike — I travel New York and New England country. Box 3758.

ME: 25, 5'10", HANDSOME

Curly brown hair, slender Torontonian, submissive. YOU: 28-35, husky, into pro wrestling, facesitting. Round, muscular butt. Box 3811.

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Wanted by experienced male 42, 5'11", 160, looking for pigs into mutual and top. Tit work, piss, snot, scat, puke, enemas, sweat, beer and trips. Also have a lot of rubber and leather gear. Like oil, mud, grease, catheter, foot and boots fetish. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285.

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By Drummer's Frank O'Rourke. Contact: Hatfield House, Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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A high-quality lp documentary of the historic March on Washington for Gay Rights, including speeches, conversations, and rallies. A moving tapestry of sounds and emotions. Limited availability. \$9 (includes postage/handling) from: Studstore, 960 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94107.

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1982 issues are available for \$2 each (First Class add \$1) from: The Studstore, 960 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94107.

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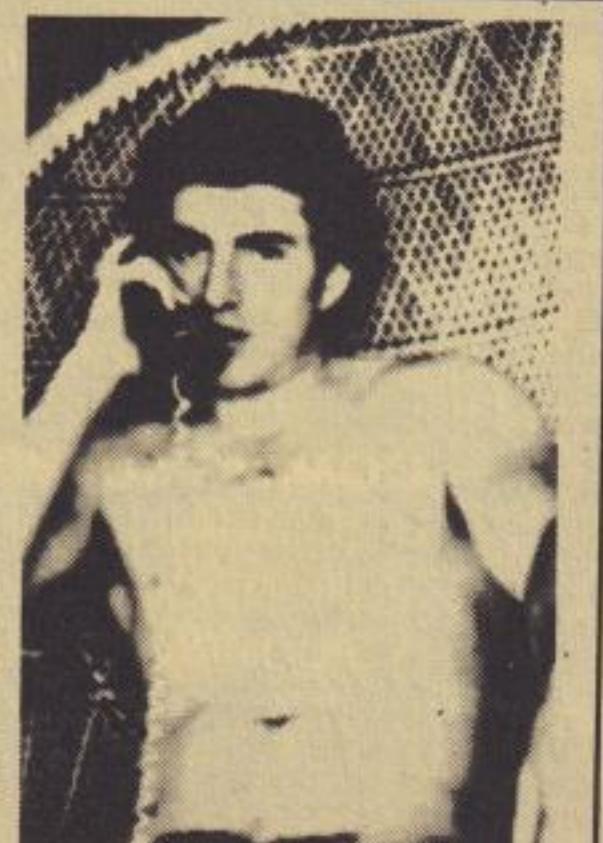
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GRAND OPENING EVENTS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

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In Person and with a completely new exhibition of work never before seen. The first Hun Show in San Francisco in five years, and a Studstore exclusive! Reception at 6 P.M. Meet the legendary Hun in the flesh! Exhibition runs through November 12, 1983.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

GRAND OPENING

Door Prizes: \$100 Gift Certificate, Subscriptions to Drummer and Manifest, and more! Special gifts with each purchase! Come and see the latest in merchandise for men! Check out the lowest video rentals in town (Gay X-rated videos 3 for \$10 for 2 days— no membership!). Meet the staff and special guests! Noon to 6 P.M.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24

VITA-MEN DAY AT THE STUDSTORE

For one day only, to celebrate the opening of the Studstore, VITA-MEN will offer a full-month supply of high-energy, complete vitamin system supplements for \$10 off regular price. Limited to the first 100 men. Doors open at 10 A.M.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

DRUMMER'S GIANT LEATHERDROME PARTY

(The Leather Side of Videodrome)

TROCADERO TRANSFER

9 P.M. until we run out of leathermen.

Tickets: \$12/Advance, \$15/Door.

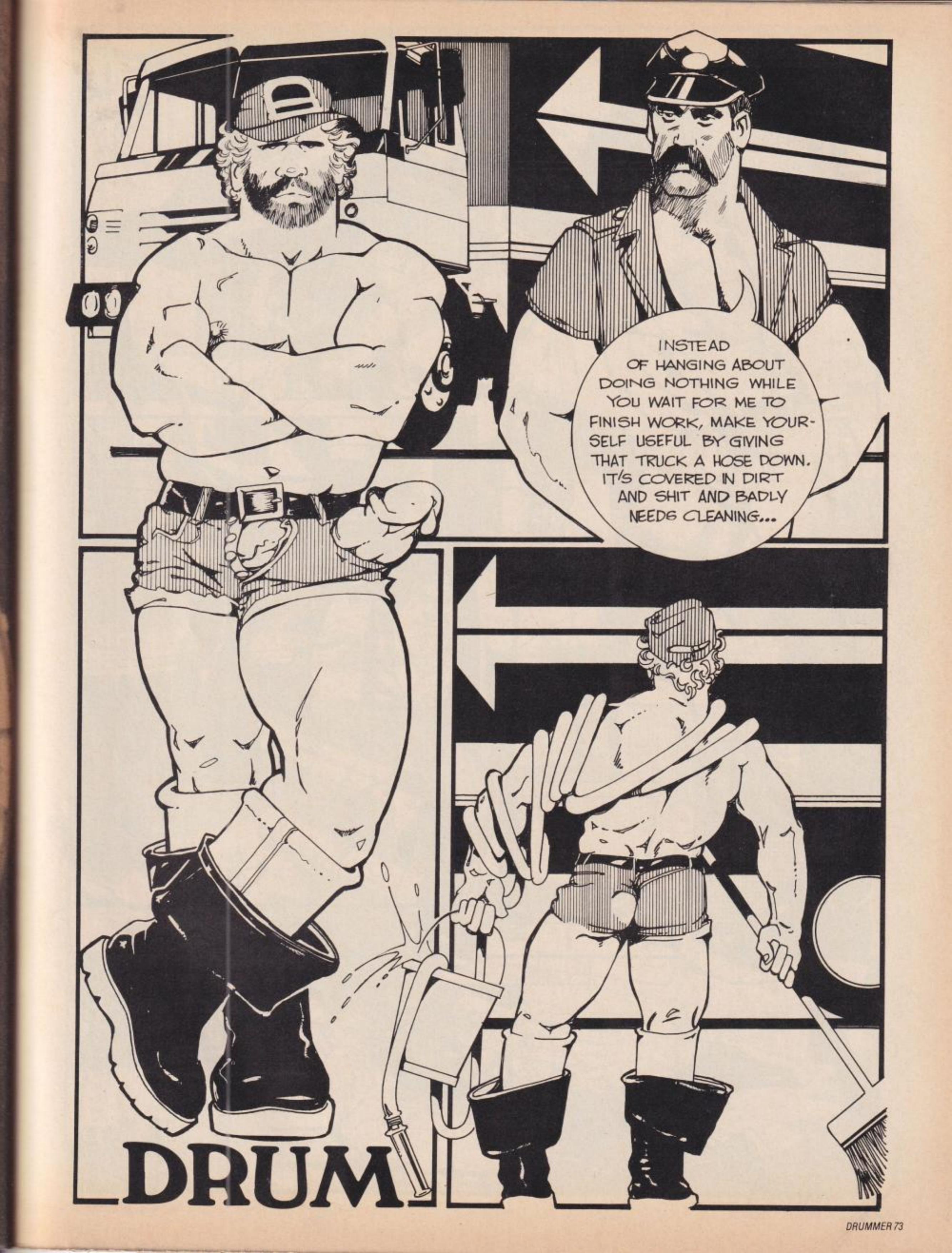
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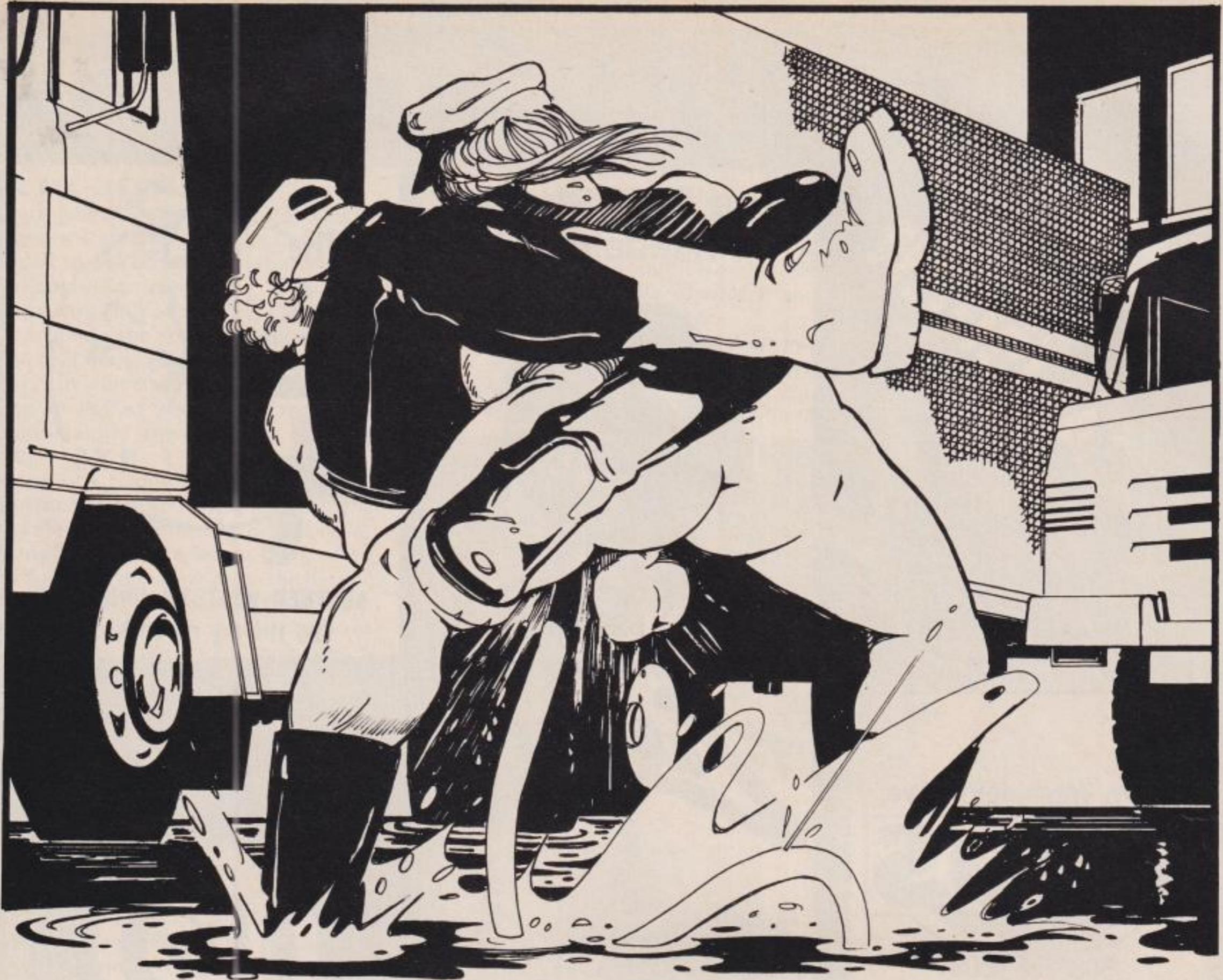
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DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

THE ALL-DAY FUCKER

Here goes: Christopher Rage's *Orgy* is his best work to date and the single most exciting use of direct video that has ever been applied to gay porn.

Rage pulls out all the stops with *Orgy* and achieves the sort of cinematic milestone that eluded Joe Gage's *Closed Set*, an orgy in which all the parts are as interesting as the whole, and in which the whole emerges as a complete, satisfying work.

Orgy is a highly experimental work, make no mistake about it, and that is what helps elevate it from one hour of mindless fucking and sucking into a work of art. Christopher Rage draws from the hi-tech, state-of-the-art video catalogue of tricks; everything is here but computer-generated animation. He manages to make all these special effects work, clearly because he understands video and doesn't just use it as a gimmick.

Orgy is easy to describe and equally difficult to break down: An unnamed, ambiguous leather type goes to an undisclosed location, a warehouse of sorts, as either the host or the guest of honor of an all-day or all-night orgy. People come and go, people come and disappear until much later; duos, trios, groups and solos are meshed with an eye for rhythm and visual excitement. There are a few characters who play aggressive tops, a few who are servicemen to everyone. There is also a great sense of total abandon in the sexual couplings that is seldom as interesting as this.

Orgy, directed by Christopher Rage; 1983; 60 minutes; Beta/VHS; \$69; Club Scorpio/VCA Labs, 2051 Pontius Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90025; Signed statement required.

Orgy doesn't just experiment with plot and visual device. Rage tackles sound with obvious relish. And here he excels. The soundtrack to *Orgy* could be released as a sex tape for the sexual intelligentsia. Dare I say it—Christopher Rage seems to be taking lessons from Francis Coppola in the effective use of sound to underscore and enhance visual narrative. I actually tried closing my eyes and listening to *Orgy* all the way through—it was fascinating.

Orgy is also ensemble porn. The overall sexual tension grows equally from each of the nameless characters, flows from character to character, encircles and enhances the entire group.

If you like standard mindless sucking and fucking, you're probably going to hate *Orgy*. But if you are willing to have your sexual as well as cerebral circuits stimulated, then *Orgy* should be your next acquisition.

CALIBRATED ORGASMS

Ian McGraw, as a porn director, shows good promise. Two recent works currently available on video cassette, for which McGraw wrote the screenplay as well as helmed as director, while flawed, serve notice that the future holds something more from McGraw than the usual grind-house graduates. McGraw has wit, which is rare in porn; but it is a wit tempered with a basic sense of what is and what is not sexy on the screen.

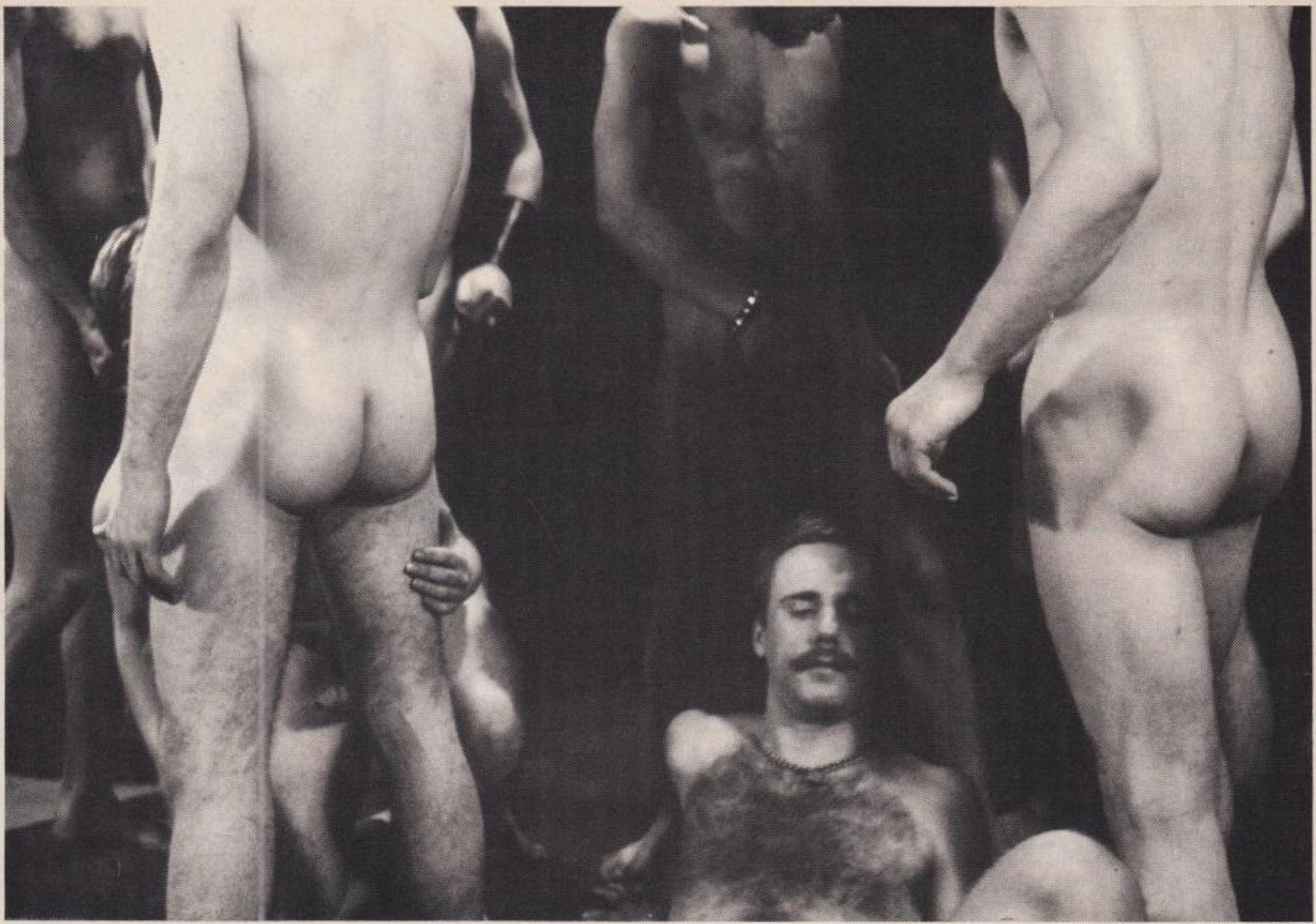
Trisexual fails slightly; it does not live up to its promiscuously experimental title. The star, Dwan, one name only, is hardly tri-sexual; he will try a limited

number of things, all basic vanilla sex, and just about anyone—but he won't try just about anything. He and the feature suffer from sameness; the sex in *Trisexual* is good, just limited.

But the ambitious title aside, *Trisexual* is otherwise well thought out and well realized. Dwan, writing a letter home to his brother, tries to describe his new-found gay sex life in New York City. The scenes he recalls, which are supposed to flesh out the letter, are somewhat random and not always cohesive. He does not, for instance, progress from calm, garden-variety sex to things sleazy; but there is no sleaze to be had in the sex scenes anyway.



—from Christopher Rage's *Orgy*
DRUMMER 77



—from Christopher Rabe's *Orgy*

What he does is progress from one quickly-set-up situation to another with a wide variety of co-respondents.

First stop: A bathhouse. The provocative moanings of someone masturbating in another room gets his attention; they get it on.

Dwan calls a former fuck-buddy who has a fondness for Noh masks; they get it on, on a cut-velvet sofa.

Dwan stumbles into an ongoing scene between a slight bodybuilder (Jeff Stone) and a Latino stud (superhung Jose Morales), and joins in; they get it on. And so on and so on.

Finally, Dwan concludes his letter home and prepares to go out and really get laid.

McGraw's strength lies in knowing what to do with his characters when he has them stripped down for action, not in getting them from point A to point B. He is assisted by John Turk's fluid camerawork.

McGraw's *Video Encounters* is more ambiguous and much more interesting. Although it purports to have a plot of sorts, plot is allowed to fall away to the point that *Video Encounters* becomes an exercise in style. Style and sex run a mean race in this feature.

Jamie Wingo, Steve Anthony and Vince Richards are very good college buddies

(crotch-close, if you like) who have been experimenting in the school television department during off-hours, making their own porn videos to take home with them during summer break.

McGraw has designed this project as a video-within-a-film, sometimes showing action in simultaneous time, sometimes altering real time just slightly. Because the viewer sees the videos being made, and is able to view the video monitor on the set as well, *Video Encounters* has an unusual look to it that only enhances everything that passes before the viewer's eyes.

Trisexual, directed by Ian McGraw, starring Dwan, Jeff Stone, Jose Morales, Daniel Holt; 1983; 60 minutes; Beta/VHS; PM Productions; \$65; Signed statement required.

Video Encounters, directed by Ian McGraw, starring Jamie Wingo, Steve Anthony, Vince Richards, Derek Cassidy; 1983; 60 minutes; Beta/VHS; \$65; PM Productions, 218 West 49th Street, New York, NY 10019; Signed statement of age required.

But the plot of *Video Encounters* falls away quickly. After the college chums have made their porn tape, they split up for the summer break. One of the trio accidentally leaves his copy in the video recorder in his parents' home and they watch it one night accidentally...at first.

Another of the trio stays on campus. It is through a letter to him that we learn of

the above episode (we also see it in excellent cross-cuts). He makes a foray into a leather fashion show being held in a gay bar. He spots and seduces a stunning Asian man in a deserted hallway.

The college protagonists reunite to share their summer escapades with each other. Finis.

More or less. That's not exactly the order the narrative line explores in *Video Encounters*, which is part of what makes it interesting. It could be that the opening sequence and the closing sequence of this film is the actual porn tape the college studs make—or it could be two tapes (there are indications of slight variations). The Asian Jamie Wingo picks up in the bar during the fashion show appears earlier, immediately before, in fact, in an inserted video segment where we watch him beating off. Even earlier, he is the cameraman in the first video segment.

Necessity may well have been the mother of invention, but if it was, Ian McGraw has used his limited resources extremely well. Whatever is going on in *Video Encounters* is extremely interesting; McGraw needs more freedom, and possibly more time, to extrapolate on his pornographic sensibilities.

The cast of *Video Encounters* is fine, all well worth watching, especially Jamie Wingo. □

SM: THE OTHER SIDE

Some (enough) gay men into SM are interested, if only as fantasy, in straight SM practices. Some gay men into SM will quickly tell you that SM is gender-transferable at the drop of a pair of handcuffs.

There is, so far, one video company that specializes in SM and B&D products, all straight. They lead the pack by miles with a wide variety of fetish specialization to appeal to every dedicated, or just curious, taste.

Bound is a good mix of humor and hard-core, no-nonsense straight SM. Two short features make up this generically-titled package. The first is a little on the silly side: a down-and-out couple has decided that the wife will be "rented" to an oil-rich Arab for the weekend in return

Bound; 1983; 60 minutes; Bizarre Video Productions: Beta/VHS; \$84 (\$3 postage/handling); hardcore.

Terri's Lesson in Bondage; 1983; 60 minutes; Bizarre Video Productions: Beta/VHS; \$82 (\$3 postage/handling); hardcore; Signed statement required; brochures available: Bizarre Video Productions, 12812 Garden Grove Blvd, Suite C, Garden Grove, CA 92643.

for a hefty fee. While the husband and wife team confess that B&D is part of their everyday lifestyle, she exhibits some hesitation. When the couple present themselves to the sheik (whose face we never see), the wife really gets the willies, but, trooper that she is, follows every instruction uttered by the potentate — with the

husband assisting with handcuffs and restraints and chains. Once she is secured, her next assignment is to give the oil magnate head, which she does with some enthusiasm. Rather than just have the husband stand there like a boob, the sultan commands his servant, Aida, to dance for them. Aida took dancing lessons from the Marquis de Sade; she is extremely proficient with tit clamps and weights (at one point she attaches the alligator clamp to her clitoris) — all of which works the husband into an aching erection.

Half bondage, the feature plays itself out with slightly exotic fucking and sucking — with a little twist ending.

The second part of *Bound* is the real treasure: Porn star Jamie Gillis (who has made at least one gay and one bisexual porn film) abuses his once-upon-a-time, real-life lady friend Serena. In real life their relationship was the talk of the porn circuit — both are perfectly cast in male-dominant, female-submissive roles. Gillis is a *real* top and Serena is a *real* bottom. If you think you're ready to see straight SM, then rest assured you are going to see the real thing with Gillis and Serena. On top of that, Jamie Gillis is a hunk of the rugged variety and Serena is a beauty.

Terri's Lesson in Bondage was originally a feature theatrical film, and, while I'm not positive, seems to have been one of the first full-length straight porn films concerned with B&D. It's hardcore, but the sucking/fucking scenes take back seat to elaborate bondage and slow, sure

discipline.

Terri keeps calling out another man's name when she and her husband are fucking — and she has refused, for the four years of their marriage, to suck his dick. Put the two together, and he stays pissed-off. One day, after another night of hearing someone else's name accompany her orgasm, he decides she needs to be punished. Because he's an amateur, his early disciplining is rather tame, and not terribly inventive. But as the situation keeps compounding itself, he gets much more specific and elaborate.

You have to wonder why, fully awake, Terri continues to cry out these mysterious mens' names; you guessed it — she likes it. But it's more than he can handle. The husband calls upon his cousin, a very tall, very dominating woman who seems a prototype of the dominatrix. Together, they put Terri through her paces. The more they do, the more she responds.

The quality of this video depended completely on the quality of the original film transfer, and, while it's good and clear it's obviously not as sharp and fresh as *Bound* (part of which is direct video). And because *Terri's Lesson in Bondage* is limited to three people, the emphasis here is not on variety, but on intensity. The two women are attractive, and the man who plays the husband masculine and well hung (a decided plus in straight porn). The only disappointment was that the two women didn't eventually turn on the husband and give him a dose of his own medicine — but that's another story.

— John W. Rowberry



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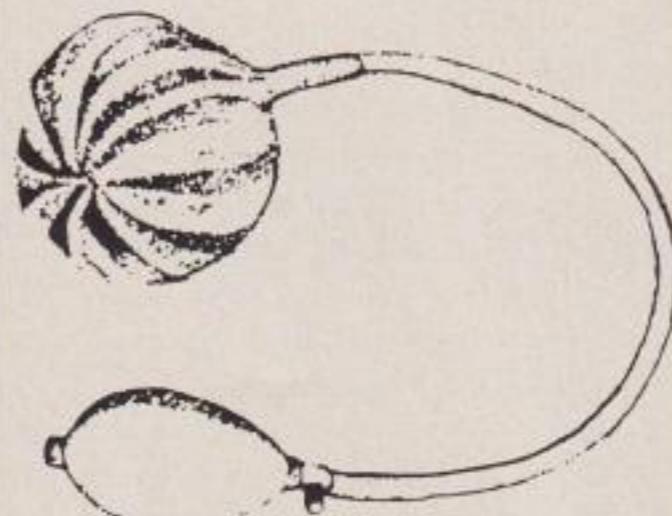
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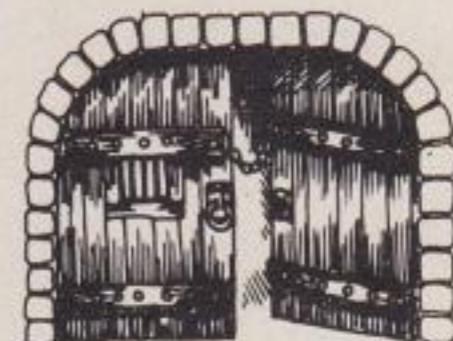
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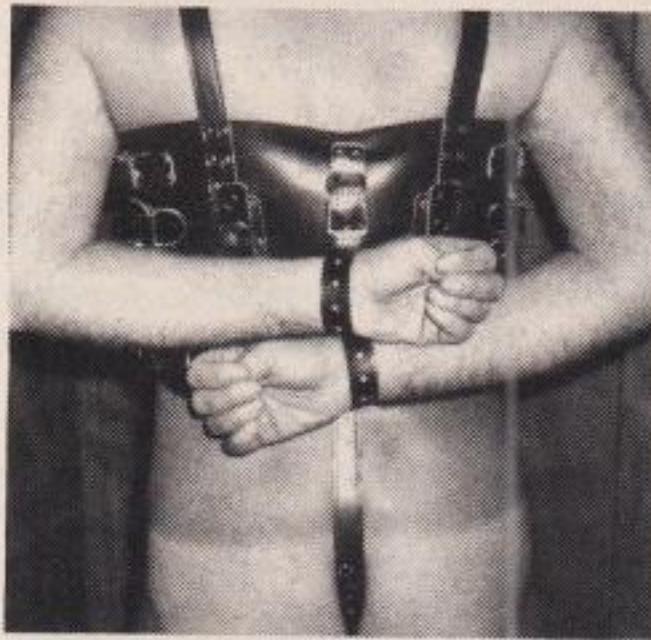
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DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

A RUDE AWAKENING

The new adventures of *Sleeping Beauty*, as recounted by author A.N. Roquelaure, do not constitute the stuff of which children's books are made. Instead, *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* (E.P. Dutton, 253 pp., \$6.95 paper), as its classy packaging and subtitle suggest ("an erotic novel of tenderness and cruelty for the enjoyment of men and women"), is an attempt to reproduce the exquisite tone and atmospheric richness of High Porn. Roquelaure intends his entertainment (or her entertainment, since no indication of the author's sex is given) to find a worthy place on the same secluded shelf with *The Story of O* and the works of de Sade — and it very nearly does.

The setting of *Beauty* is a vaguely medieval, feudal world unplaceable in real history and outside of real time. It is the fantasy realm of fairy tales and fables, where post-Freudian guilt and the complications of technological life-as-we-know-it needn't interfere with the exercise of more basic desires. It is a world ruled by royalty, and by lust.

It is a practice, in this world, a part of its balance of power, that young royalty spend a time enslaved in a foreign kingdom, away from their own royal families and stripped of their status. This period of thrallodom has a definite limit; but while it lasts, the slavery is complete.

Beauty, the title character, is an anomaly in this world, having spent the last hundred years wrapped in slumber along with her parents and all their court. When the unnamed Prince of a neighboring kingdom awakens them, *Beauty* is his to claim.

If this were only *Beauty*'s story, Roquelaure's novel would still be of interest to many gay readers; the fascination of sadomasochism frequently transcends gender and sexual preference. But Roquelaure, like de Sade, is as interested in substance as in content. Genitalia is unrelated to status in *Beauty*'s world. Abuse and humiliation, pain and power are exercised and suffered by both sexes, in all combinations. Along with *Beauty* there is a large cast of masters, mistresses and their slaves, and most especially there is Prince Alexei.

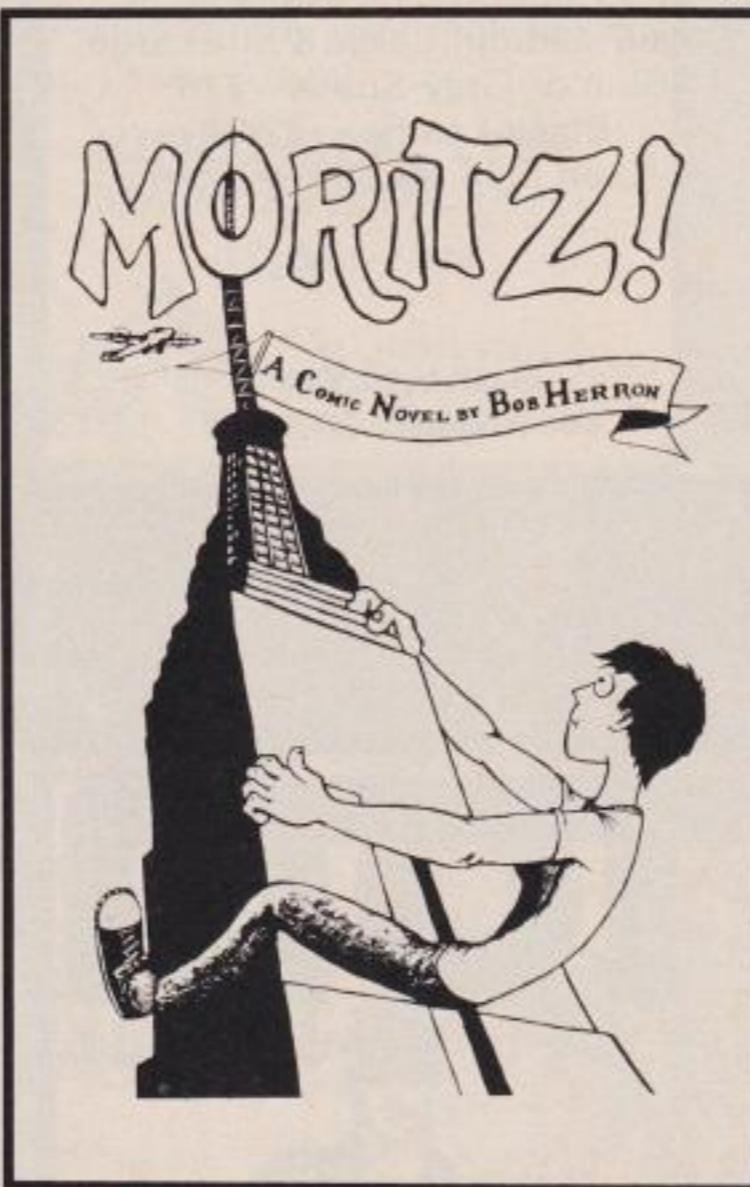
Alexei is first seen at the court of the returning Prince. Naked, young, handsome with curly auburn hair, he serves the lords and ladies. Clumsy, he spills a pitcher of wine. He is bound at the ankles, bent forward and beaten, to the great amusement of the court. *Beauty*, already violated, but not yet broken, is equally saddened and fascinated by Alexei's punishment, captivated by the "scrotum between his legs, dark, hairy and

mysterious."

Later, *Beauty* and Alexei serve the Prince in his chambers. Afterwards, in a stunning tableau, Alexei is bound for the night to a monumental statue bearing an upright, erect stone phallus: "It was onto this phallus that Prince Alexei was now thrust, his legs bound apart on the pedestal of the statue... He gave another moan as the statue impaled him..."

"The statue's right arm was upraised, the stone fingers of the hand forming a circle as if they had once clasped a knife or some other instrument. And now the Squire carefully positioned Prince Alexei's head on the shoulder of the statue beneath that hand. And through the clasped hand, he placed a leather phallus, anchoring it so that it fit into Prince Alexei's mouth.

"It now seemed that the statue raped him both through his anus and through



his mouth, and he was bound to it. And his organ, as stiff as before, lay thrust forward as the phallus of the statue was inside him."

Later, Alexei tells *Beauty* of his enslavement, of the multiple humiliations to which he had been subjected, of his excitement in the midst of shame, and *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* grows increasingly complex to the point of convolution. The style is understated throughout, a technique which only serves to magnify the action. Roquelaure is miserly with physical descriptions, and this is probably intentional, a device to throw the imagining of visual excitement onto the reader.

However well written and deviously plotted, *Beauty* is not *Justine* and A.N. Roquelaure is not de Sade. *Beauty* lacks the horrific philosophical undercurrents that make the best works of the Marquis so naggingly unforgettable and so dis-

turbing, even as they excite. The setting and circumstances are too fantastic, too removed from the actual mechanics of human exploitation, to move us to the core. Nevertheless, as an erotic entertainment, it succeeds admirably. A sequel, *The Village*, is announced on the novel's closing page. If Roquelaure, instead of offering mere repetition, can expand upon what he (or she) has already achieved in *Beauty*, it should be a title to watch for. □

BOHUNK ON A RITZ

Moritz!, by Bob Herron (Calamus Books, Box 689 Cooper Station, New York 10276; 213 pp., \$6.95 paper), positively yearns to be a picaresque novel in the tradition of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. The charming rogue in this case is one Moritz Jellico, a simple country boy with a heart of gold and a dick of death. Moritz begins his adventures as the kept stud of a couple of podunk power brokers *a la* Boss Hogg, but soon finds himself pursuing a gay (old usage) destiny in the Big Apple, amid assorted eccentrics and a few fellow innocents.

Page after page, episode after episode, Bob Herron maintains a precious style of double entendres, grandiloquent grammar, crafty canards. Is it sophisticated? Whacky? Wonderful? Yes, more often than not, but it's also cloying — and I'm afraid I couldn't bear more than three pages at a stretch. At 213 pages of crowded type, it's a long journey indeed to reach the penultimate chapter, "Moritz Goes to a Garden Party," which was the reason I started *Moritz!* in the first place. That chapter was first published as an excerpt in Felice Picano's anthology *A True Likeness*, where it attracted a rousing recommendation in these very pages from John (Mr. Benson) Preston, who called "Garden Party" the "most hysterical recounting of the culture clash between leathermen and piss-elegance that you'll ever find."

It is — largely because Herron knows how to satirize with a sensual touch: "The dark-haired titan had nipples which stood out sturdily half an inch; they were pierced with silver pins. Hanging from the pins and connecting them was a catenary of heavy silver links. Magnus was superbly constructed. Black curly hair swirled in cyclones across his chest. Everybody was awestruck by the muscularity, proportion and expanse of the man's mineral-laden chest."

Published in true picaresque fashion — serialized in a magazine perhaps, with a month between episodes to allow the reader's appetite to rebuild — *Moritz!* would have made an occasionally tasty diversion. But *Moritz!* the novel is too much of a too-precious good thing. It's like caviar: Interesting on a cracker, but by the bowlful — pass the meat and potatoes, please.

— Steven Saylor

DRUMMEDIA

MOVIES

POW/SWAK

There are probably many different ways to perceive Nagisa Oshima's film, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*; this is how I see it.

We don't know a lot about Japanese historical identity or even Japanese social order for that matter. There is talk about the effectiveness of contemporary Japanese corporate society, how capitalism has been merged into a pseudo-socialistic/feudalistic state in the production of automobiles and video recorders. But that's mostly talk; whatever it is that Japan is doing may have a financial impact but probably no social or moral impact on what we, in the West, are doing. East is East...etc.

We don't even know much about Japan during World War II, except what is in American history books, what was reported in the American media — such as it was — during the days before and after the infamous atom bomb. And what we do know may not be true anyway; America has a way of hiding its unpleasantness under nail-down rugs. And it probably doesn't matter what happened, or why. The two world wars, Viet Nam, Central America — they only speed up or slow down slightly whatever is inevitable.

We don't know very much about the Japanese and how they think. But then again, the Japanese may not know much about themselves, either. What Oshima tells us in his fiction-based-on-fact story about Western prisoners in a Japanese-occupied Javanese camp is probably going to be a complete surprise.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence is a love story about a British soldier (David Bowie) and a Japanese Commandant (Ryuichi Sakamoto) who cannot come to terms with their inherent homosexuality. Because of the time and the place and their personal histories, they have ritualized their feelings in a prescribed manner. But they push at the boundaries of the ritualization until, finally, the perimeters crack.

In 1942, in Java, the Japanese are firmly in control. A camp for POWs is filled with whomever has been captured: British, Australians, Dutch, an occasional Javanese. Oshima weaves his narrative around four players in the war game: A former British diplomat, the title character Colonel John Lawrence (Bill Conti); the aforementioned Jack Celliers (Bowie), a captured soldier; Sergeant Hara, a cog in the Japanese war machine; and the camp boss, Captain Yonoi (Sakamoto). The relationship of these four men illustrates Oshima's sentiments about war in general and love in particular.

Celliers comes to Captain Yonoi's

attention because he is tried for "war crimes" when he is captured. There is much made about the proper conduct of war-making, in ludicrous contrast to the sheer obscenity of war itself.

There is something about Celliers, something as doomed as there is about Yonoi — and the latter sees it. There is the same inherited sense of guilt. For men who go through the motions of honor and duty these two men seem at odds more with their actions than their situation. Celliers is the perfect POW; he strains at the edge of his leash, provokes, refuses to submit completely. Yonoi is the perfect captor; he pulls the leash in, lets the prisoner stretch it to its breaking point, then pulls it in again, more sharply. All the while, the ritualization of behavior dictates that each call their passion by some other name.

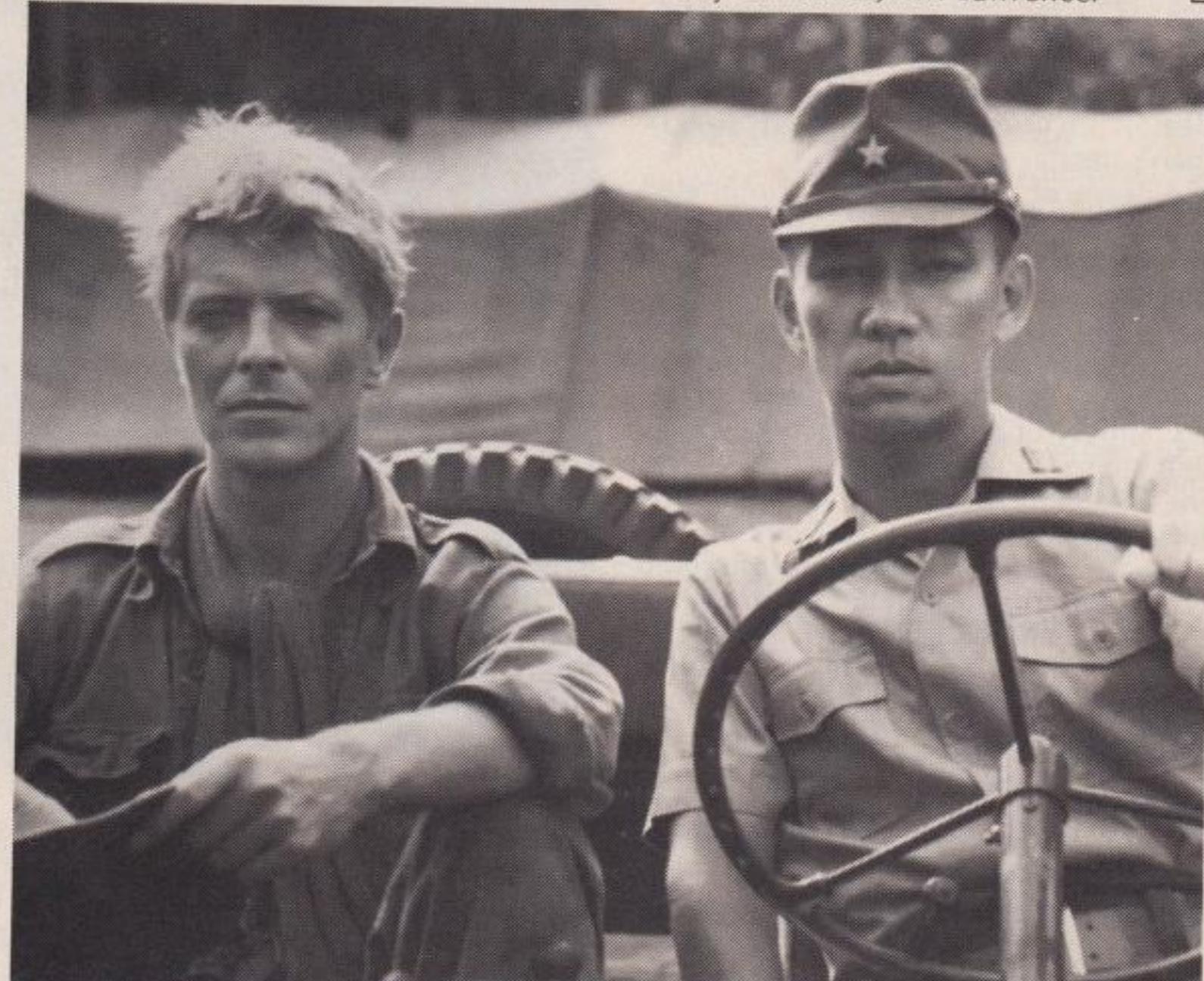
The Japanese captor says: "I would admire you more if you killed yourself." The prisoner says: "It is the coward's way out."

The love story of Celliers and Yonoi is even more subtle, and at the same time more pronounced. At the film's very beginning, Oshima sets up the undercurrent with a scene in which a Dutch prisoner has been caught sleeping with a Japanese guard. First it must be established whether or not the Dutch prisoner was raped. If he wasn't, then he is as condemned as his superior. That's the talk of the camp officials, establishing guilt or freedom from guilt. It doesn't really matter if he agreed to the act in even the smallest core of his heart, or if he denied it completely...was physically raped. Both are beheaded.

It is one more ritualization. It has nothing to do with homosexuality, which is — in the time, and in all times in Japan before — an undeniable fact of life. The unnaturalness is in the bridging of the two cultures, East and West. The crime is that the Japanese guard slept with a Westerner; that is what corrupts — that one would desire other than one's own kind. A similar strain runs through the Aryan elitism of WWII Germany.

But it is Oshima's opening sequence that is the dead giveaway. After that there will be no talk of homosexuality. Instead we will see every physical manifestation available under the guise of ritualization, proper conduct, honor, and yes, guilt. Celliers and Yonoi are in danger of the same crime as the Dutch prisoner and his Japanese paramour, crossing the bridge. Oshima sets up this premise then hammers away at it until one of them crosses. The result is devastating.

This incident, the specific details presented about a POW camp in Java during WWII, is told with exacting precision from sources that, it must be assumed, shoulder the burden of proof. What is difficult about *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* is not understanding the other side, the Japanese mind — for the purposes of war, both sides are the same — but in reaching a common consensus. The guy sitting next to you might just as easily see this as a sterling example of patriotism under fire, or an attempt by former villains to repaint their past in a more humane hue. Perception, which is the answer to the question *What makes the Japanese different?*, is the real beauty of *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*. □



David Bowie and Ryuichi Sakamoto (in real life also a rock star in his native Japan) play the culture-bound lovers in Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*.

THE LAST OF NATALIE

Nostalgia buffs are going to see *Brainstorm*, Natalie Wood's last film, blind. It won't matter what it's about, or who else is in it, or who directed it. A lot of gay men are going to do the same. She was a legend, but of a different hue than the traditional legends of Hollywood. She was in, at the time, all the wrong pictures. Later they turned out to be just the right ones: *Splendor in the Grass*, *Rebel Without a Cause*, *Gypsy* — always the average, misunderstood, really very pretty young girl caught in some seeming Greek tragedy. The people around her, in her films, always fell apart; she always managed to survive.

In *Brainstorm* things are no different than in *Rebel Without a Cause*: Christopher Walken playing the James Dean and Sal Mineo roles. In *Brainstorm* things are no different for her than they were in *This Property is Condemned*: decay and the imminent threat of destruction underlie every move, every nervous grasp of hands.

Natalie Wood died, by drowning, before the filming of Douglas Trumbull's nightmare of sensory awareness was completed. While it's an amazing job Trumbull did, refashioning a complex story from the remains of an aborted vision, it's an unfortunate farewell for the woman who will be responsible for the film's success — if any. It's a minor, minor role; whatever is missing — whatever scenes were not shot before her death — could not have fleshed it out enough.

Brainstorm, in its own right, is a chiller almost until the end. The end, the worst resolution I think I've ever sat through, is the real undoing of the movie, not Ms. Wood's untimely demise. Until then, in sharp contrast, Trumbull has fashioned a deadly excursion into the blackest of man's heart.

A team of scientists, given unlimited funds and time, have worked ten years on developing a device that will record and playback individual sensory impressions: sight, sound, taste, hearing, feel — enabling one person to share with another, or many, specific, unique experiences. It's almost unbelievable to begin with, and it is to Douglas Trumbull's credit that the possibility bears such credibility. The film uses every trick in the book to convince the viewer what has been proposed is possible. The ruse is almost mandatory, the military potential for such a device — and its follow-up discovery, a way to incorporate emotions into the package — is both staggering and frightening.

Once it is established that the plot will narrow itself to good guys (the team of scientists) versus bad guys (the corporate heads and the military), the narrative line becomes somewhat predictable.

Thrown into all this is the love story of Christopher Walken, as one of the scientists, and Natalie Wood, his semiestranged wife. Their crumbling

relationship strengthened through their battle against pure evil has almost religious connotations. And, to its discredit, that's where *Brainstorm* ends up — in heaven.

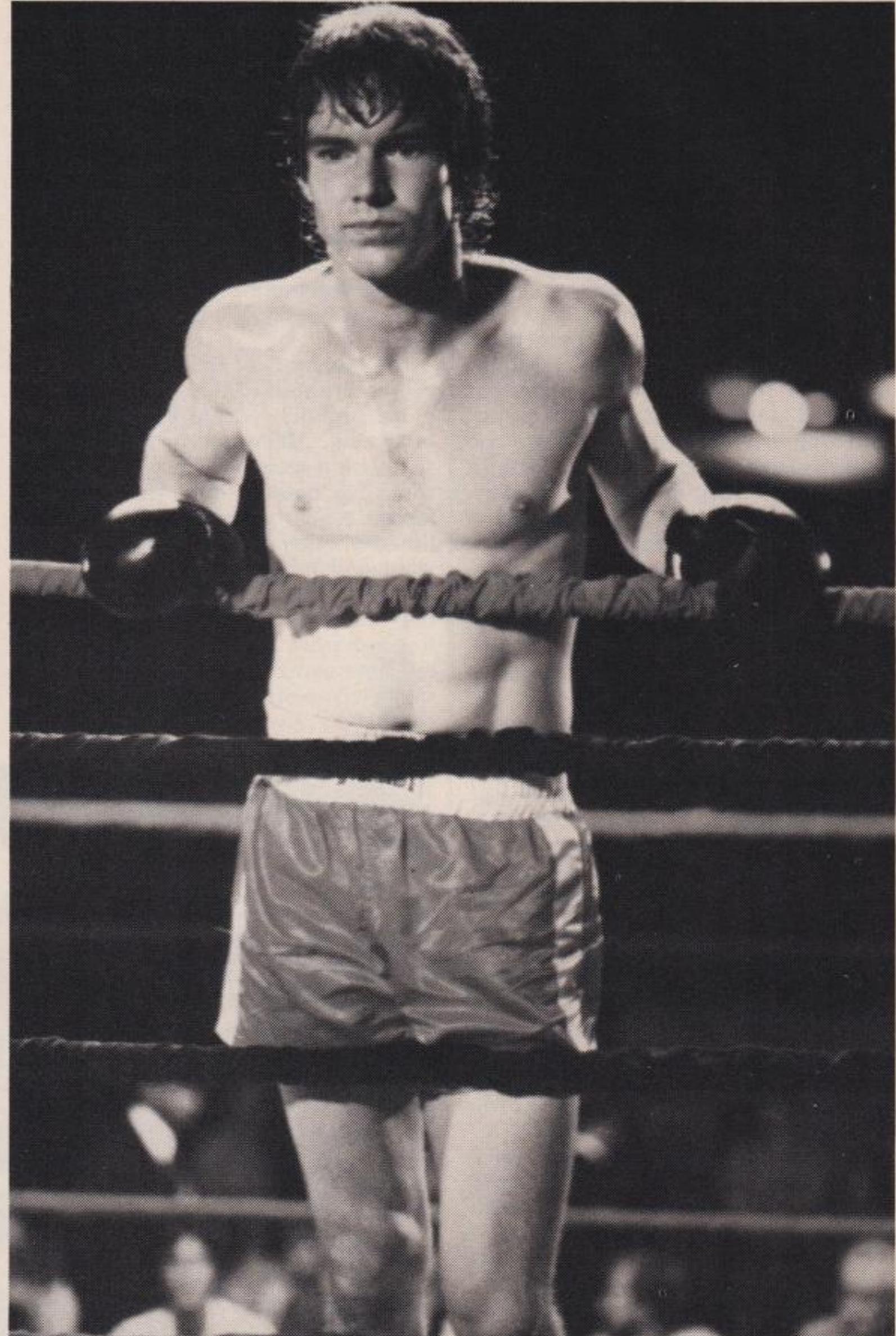
Maybe there wasn't any other way. Natalie Wood appears in what itself appears to be the film's final moments; when love has been redeemed through sacrifice — maybe that's exactly what

Trumbull intended. If so, it's unfortunate for all involved.

Louise Fletcher, who plays the pivot discoverer of the sensory process, has the lion's share of *Brainstorm*, and it is she who will stay in the viewer's mind long after the images have faded from memory.

Videodrome, for all its other faults, did what *Brainstorm* attempted much better.

— John W. Rowberry



QUAID 10, ROCKY 3

Well, what can you say about a hunk like Dennis Quaid who keeps getting cast as a country western singer, even in a movie about unprofessional, unsanctioned boxing... the kid's got heart as well as muscle. Boxing movies, post-*Raging Bull*, are mainly a bore. Dennis Quaid is worthy of watching as he hails a cab. If he can't convince you to see *Tough Enough*, then no amount of appealing to your sense of moral indignation vis-a-vis the brutality of the sport will suffice. It's no great shakes, but it's a good enough Quaid fix until *The Right Stuff* comes along.

LEATHER SCENE



BEYOND HOT TALK

The premiere audio sex-talk cassette people, Stallion Sound, have moved into visual stimulation with their *Hot Art* collection. Such classic names in supercharged, turn-on erotica as Stephen, Rex, Tom of Finland, and Etienne are in their stable. Stallion managed to capture the original existing inventory of print sets and original art books by the mega-four and has created a brochure that details what's in stock. You won't believe your eyes: The first editions of *Icons* and *Mannespielen* by Rex, a Tom of Finland portfolio of eight Target Studio superstud, and the original Etienne storybooks for *Studs in the Saddle* and *Initiation* only skims the surface of the cream in this collection. A brochure is available from:

Stallion Sound, Box 436 Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. And, of course, you must be over 21 to even write them a letter.

HARBOR MASTERS FIRST

Well, well, well... The Harbor Masters of Portland, Maine, are going to celebrate their First Anniversary on November 12. Has it been a year already? We can remember when *Leather Bulletin Board* gave them a slap on their naked ass and welcomed 'em into the world. And now they're all grown up, at least a year's worth. The big weekend event includes their First Annual Show, lunches, brunches, dinners, beer busts, special showings of the 1983 Mr. New England

Drummer Contest on videotape, some cocktail parties, a look at Innovations in Leather, awards, and something called "so-so's." Rest assured there'll be many opportunities to meet the members. The First Anniversary Run is open to non-members as well as members, but total applications are limited, so don't sit on registering for this one. Info and application from: The Harbor Masters, Box 10117, Portland, Maine 04101.

LANCERS M.C.

The New Orleans-based Lancers Motorcycle Club will celebrate their Sixth Anniversary with a special run at Thanksgiving. The three-day event (November 25-27) will include a banquet as well as a rash of cocktail parties, a scavenger hunt, and some unmentionables. You can just show up, but prior registration means reduced rates for the run and events. And, you only have to be 18 years of age to participate (thanks to Louisiana's intelligent liquor laws). Information and application from: Lancers MC, Box 51475, New Orleans, LA 70151.

MSC LONDON

There are two winter events scheduled by the MSC London, but for members only (you might waggle an invite if you know a member, however): The Bike Group Country Run on November 6, and the Presidents Birthday Party on November 12.

HELLFIRE/INFERNO

We know, we know... you want to see all about this year's *Inferno*, and you will! But not until next issue. We were all busy packing and unpacking our leathers for the big move to *Drummer*'s new offices from the minute the *Drummer* staff returned from the annual premiere SM event. A hot time was had by all, and the photos and details will prove it in *Drummer* 69 (what an appropriate issue!) — so just hang in there!

THE BIGGEST?

His name is Scott and his eleven inches won the *Biggest Dick in San Francisco* contest in September at Savages (a combo porn theatre/men's club), but we hardly think eleven inches is the *biggest dick* in The City! We've heard tales of some foot-long-and-more, thicker than a beer bottle and all that, for years now. True, we've never actually seen these legendary totem poles of throbbing flesh, but our sources are damn reliable. After Scott flooded the first two rows of the audience (he got very excited about winning), porn



—Scott, winner of the Biggest Cock Contest, photo by Rink

superstar Richard Locke thrilled the assembled by showing off his legendary stuff.

Savages has gotten into the habit of holding unusual semi-public events (it is a private membership club), highlighted by Mr. Marcus' Slave Auctions. The Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest was held as a benefit for various AIDS organizations in the city. Information on coming attractions (both on stage and on the screen) is available by calling (415)673-3384.

MINESHAFT SEVEN

The granddaddy of 'em all, The Mineshaft, New York's bottomless pit, hits the seven-year mark with a special celebration October 16-23—details to be announced (but don't wait to hear the

details, get in line now!) via the usual grapevines and street corners. The Mineshaft is at 835 Washington Street, New York.

MR. LEATHER SAN DIEGO

It's almost that time again, when the leather men of San Diego strut their stuff before the judges for the 1984 Mr. Leather San Diego title. The place: The Loading Zone (1702 India St.). The date: November 12th.

This is the third year for the title, and last year's winner, Steve Despier, will be one of the judges.

During an intermission, an auction of the contestants' clothing will be held to raise money for the *Take Aim at AIDS Project* (which has already raised a hefty

\$45,000 so far. You'll be seeing the winner (who gets a trip to the 1984 Mr. Drummer regionals in Los Angeles and a trip to Chicago for the Mr. International Leather contest as part of his winnings) in an upcoming issue. But if you don't want to wait that long, call (619)275-3255 for more information, and be there!

U.K. SMART

Hot off the press is the first issue of what looks to be a promising new SM newsletter from our brothers in Great Britain. SMART runs 16 pages, magazine size, and is well printed. Subject matter runs from the usual to the slightly esoteric. Similar in look to *DungeonMaster*, but with more illustrations and some advertising, SMART attempts to cover more than England, and is aiming itself towards an international community of readers. Subscription and sample copy information for this new quarterly is available from: Smart Press, BM SM Gays, London WC1N 3XX, England. (Note: Before you think you're reading a typo, BM SM Gays is a post office box. In England not all post office boxes use numbers).

LEATHER DOWN UNDER

We're still trying to figure out what all the fuss is about; it seems there has been some local outrage, some of which is vocal enough to be reported in the Australian gay press, about the winner of the 1983 Australian Mr. Leather, Terry Oliver. It appears that, because he entered the contest in a policeman's uniform and not in leather, some of the locals think he doesn't (or can't, or shouldn't) represent leathermen Down Under. While we don't agree, there is some valid dispute over the rules which state that the first category is a "Leather/Denim Image" presentation. Reports in the gay press in Australia point to the fact that the judges obviously chose to ignore portions of the rules that would have disqualified Terry Oliver from competing — all of which had to do with what he was wearing that particular night.

We are not, of course, suggesting that had he shown up in a Dior gown there couldn't have been valid objections...Christian Dior was not, as best as we can ascertain, a leatherman himself. Nor are we suggesting it was because he wore an American policeman's uniform that the crowd felt outraged. In fact, from the photos we've seen of Terry Oliver and his uniform, we think he looked right smart.

Maybe the rules should be rewritten — uniforms are such a part of the American leather scenes (not to forget that some uniforms incorporate leather) that we really don't think it would be a disqualifying factor in The States, as long as the man in the uniform had his head in a leather space.

Maybe the rules should be enforced — if you're giving awards for the Best Ass in a Pair of Chaps, it stands to reason that you

have to have a pair of chaps on to begin with.

But you can rest assured that if Terry Oliver — who will come to America to compete for the international titles — doesn't come home with a prize, it will be blamed on his clothes.

THE 1920 POPE

On October 10, 1983, the United States Postal Service (you remember them, they lose your mail with the same regularity that the airlines lose your luggage) issued, as part of their Transportation Series, a new 5¢ stamp featuring a 1920 Pope motorcycle. The city that was picked for the official debut of this little licker was San Francisco, natch. However, the First Day of Issue ceremonies were held at a posh S.F. hill-top hotel during a convention of envelope manufacturers, not at one of the South of Market places where motorcycles are apt to be found.

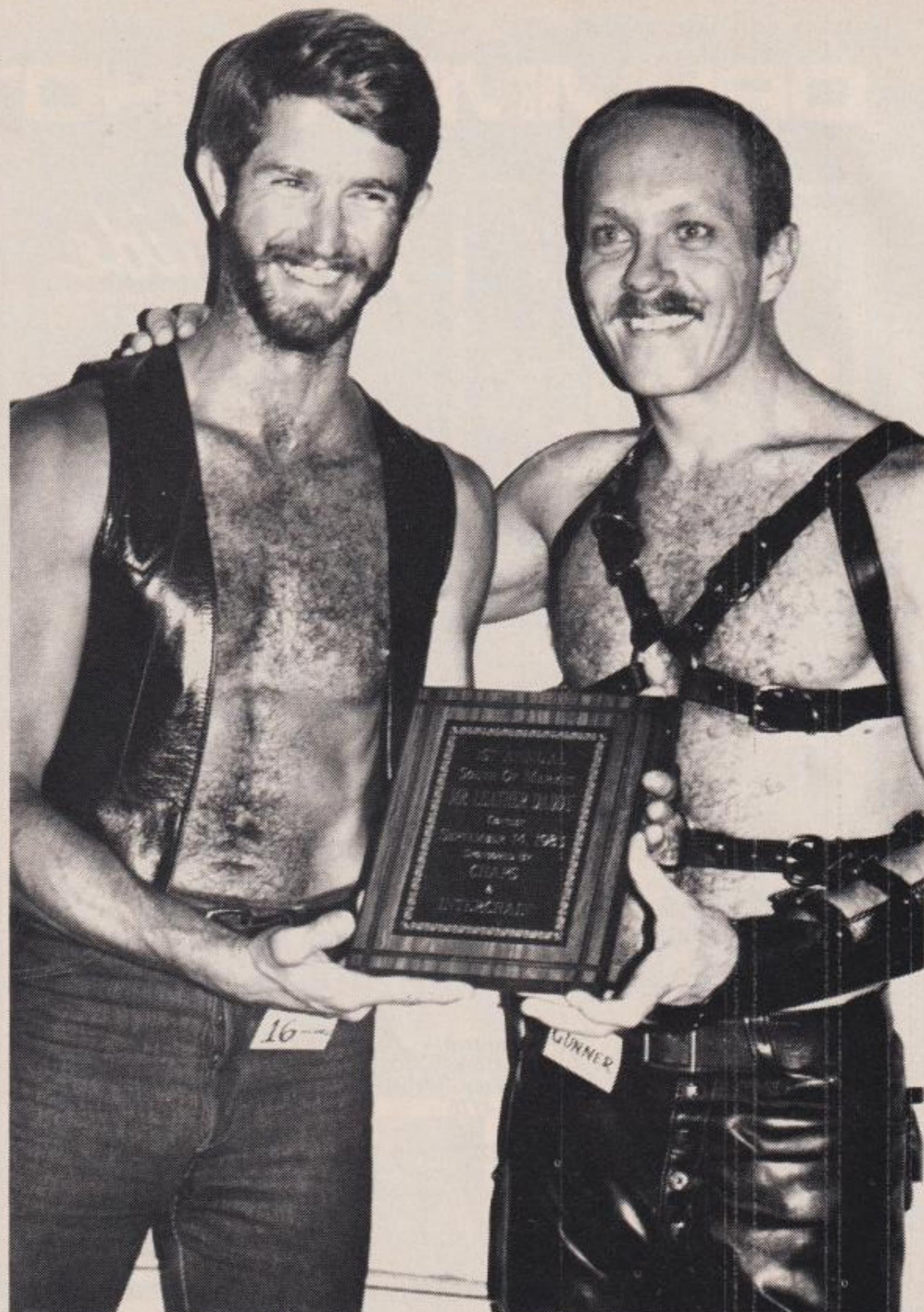
If the 1920 Pope motorcycle was used for carrying mail, we can't say. And we have to assume that bike clubs circa 1920 were probably about as wild as a needlepoint-and-tea social. Still, the 1920 Pope motorcycle stamp should give rise to at least one trivia question at your next bike run.

TOM '83

A one-month special exhibition of Tom of Finland work, including the original drawings and color paintings used in the famous Tom book *The Shed*, may be history by the time you read this. The Basement, a co-operative gallery venture between The Leslie Lohman and the Rob Amsterdam Gallery in New York, brought all new and completely unseen Tom of Finland work to America for their first 1983 show. You can learn about forthcoming exhibitions at The Basement by writing them at: 127 Prince Street, New York, NY 10012. Along with the Tom of Finland exhibition, The Basement showed original leather items from the Rob Amsterdam collection. Tom '83 opened September 29 and ran through the end of October.

THE HUN AT LARGE

The special illustration by The Hun that appears with his new short story on page 20 of this issue of Drummer is the centerpiece of an all-new Hun Show that will inaugurate the equally all-new Studstore when it opens on October 21, 1983, at 960 Folsom Street in San Francisco. Featuring 15 heretofore unseen pieces, The Hun Show at The Studstore will be the first San Francisco appearance in over five years by this legendary artist. A special reception with The Hun in person will be held at the start of the two-week exhibition. But The Hun is also hanging a completely different exhibition, with a western theme, at the reopening of The Bunkhouse (4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles) on



—Mr. Leather Daddy 1983, Michael Blair (left) and Chaps Manager Gunner Robinson. Photo by Robert Pruzan

October 29, 1983 — with another in-person appearance. And, as if that wasn't enough, Hun Fever will make itself known in Portland for yet a third exhibit around the same time. If you're anywhere on the West Coast, now's your chance to see The Hun in extreme close-up.

LEATHER DADDY

The First Annual Leather Daddy Contest in San Francisco was held at Chaps, a very new but already very popular South of Market bar, co-sponsored by Chaps and InterChain, the international leather club, and coordinated by none other than Alan Selby (the Mr. S of Mr. S Products) to very worthwhile ends. Selected was hot, hairy-chested, very dominant Michael Blair as Mr. Leather Daddy 1983. Funds raised at the even went to the Shanti Pro-

ject, an AIDS support group that has received a lion's share of attention and support themselves for their humane and practical approach to AIDS patients and their lovers and families.

And the Leather Daddy Contest has given rise to nothing less than the First Annual Leather Daddy's Boy contest, to be held November 6 at The Eagle, another popular San Francisco South of Market bar. This time the judges will be the three winners (Daddy Michael Blair and the two runners-up) of the first contest. Rules require that potential Daddy's Boys be introduced on stage by their own Daddies. Funds raised from this contest will go to the AIDS/KS foundation of San Francisco. Be there! Bring your boy (or have your Daddy bring you!) and, who knows, you may walk away with the title!

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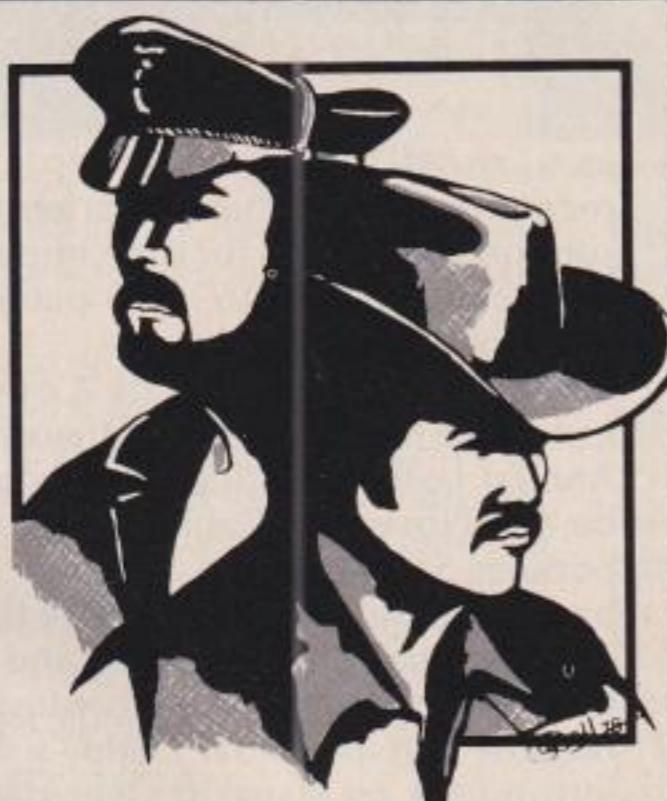
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Tough Shit

"MY RAT IS GIGANTIC..."

Welcome to the wonderful world of chaos, as demonstrated by the newest in a long line of political and social dissenters: West German punks and skinheads. Although not entirely original (England invented both subcultural groups), the West Germans manage to get their point across in not uninteresting ways.

Politically, punks emerge slightly to the left of Chairman Mao, while skinheads are planted somewhere to the right of the *Christian Science Monitor* very near neo-Nazism. Needless to say, neither group thinks much of the other's politics. The general public can only tell either group apart by their hair, or lack thereof.

Two recent events illustrate the philosophical magnitude of both factions: At celebrations for the 300th anniversary of German emigrants to America from Krefeld, the police brushed socio-political differences aside and pounced on skinhead and punk demonstrators



alike (see photo). The German police practice a method of detente that centers around a foot on the back of the neck.

At a Hanover summit meeting of punks and skinheads, in which a peace accord between the two groups was scheduled to be ironed out, 17 policemen were wounded in the longest street battle either group has ever staged.

The West German punks have such stirring political paens as "Drink for Peace, Swords to Faucets," somewhat akin to the East German peace movement's "Swords to Plowshares," but not quite.

The West German skinheads exhibit less lofty aims in their propaganda: "I want nothing other than to be a simple SA man" and "The pigs are laughing while we have headaches."

While the summit meeting did not produce the expected peace accord, there was a well-attended concert by the group SS Ultra Brutal and, in the words of the printed program, "general public sexual intercourse" as well as a visit to the "rich smart set."

A noteworthy item on the agenda was "blowing up all castles in the air."

And yes, Virginia, there are both gay punks as well as gay skinheads. □



DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of Older Men

SERVING DADDY'S BUDDIES

Over the past few months you have been publishing in *Drummer* letters from both Daddies and sons. Most of the letters which I have read concern situations where the Daddy is older than the son. Perhaps you would be interested in hearing of my situation.

I am 52 years old and Daddy is 41. We have been together now about three years and I am treated as the son by a very strict and demanding Daddy. He is 5'5" tall and only weighs 130 pounds while I am 6'2" and weight close to 200 pounds. However, he does not let the difference in our height and weight prevent him from being the boss.

Daddy is built to say the least. He works out and there is not an ounce of fat on him. He is covered with beautiful blond hair all over his body, and he possesses one of the largest cocks I have ever seen, a good 12". We both work full-time and Daddy gets my full check giving me only what he thinks I need.

As I say, Daddy is very strict with me and does not hesitate to punish me whenever he thinks I need it. We live in a secluded suburban area outside a large Eastern city on a farm. Daddy does all the outside work around the place, and it is my job to take care of the house and do the cooking.

Several weeks ago we had some of his friends from work in for dinner. He had told me that he wanted the meal to be perfect and, although he usually permits me to eat with him, this particular evening he wanted me to serve the meal since there were 12 for dinner. I had worked particularly hard on the meal, and although it came out pretty well, the roast beef was over-done to Daddy's liking. Nothing was said during the meal. However, I knew from the way Daddy looked at me I was in for it. After most of the guests had left Daddy called me into his sitting room where he was still entertaining two of the men from his office. I had never met any of his office associates. I walked into the room and he simply said to me: "Go downstairs and prepare yourself, we'll

hot burning ass and then felt a cock shoved home. Daddy fucked me in the face while his friend Bob took my ass.

When they were satisfied, Daddy said to me: "Get the padded table." We have a large padded table also stored in the room which I pulled over to the platform. When it was in place Daddy said: "On your back on the table." I lay down on the table and soon I felt the handcuffs put around my wrists and locked to the legs. I then felt my legs pulled apart and they were also secured to the straps we have on the table. "I haven't done this in a long time but I am still mad at this little piece of shit for what he did tonight. He acts like a little boy too much, so we are going to make him look like a little boy."

He then put a blindfold over my eyes and I knew what was coming. I heard him walk around the room and then he came back to where I lay. I heard the barber's clippers turned on and then felt it placed on my chest. Daddy began running the clippers over the thick black hair which covered my chest. He slowly took it over my chest—then down my belly and finally to my bush. He pulled up my cock and clipped close. When he had clipped the hair he then brushed off the loose hair and I felt a cool sensation. He was spreading shaving cream on me. My front was closely shaved. When he finished my front he turned me over and shaved my ass.

When he had wiped me off I heard him say: "Charlie, his ass is yours if you want it." "I thought you would never offer," I heard a voice reply. I then felt the man called Charlie climb on the table and he forced my cheeks apart as he drove his cock into me. Before I was released from the table Daddy fucked me again, as did the guy called Bob.

After the other men went home we went up to bed. As Daddy climbed into bed beside me he said: "I hope you ruin the beef again sometime soon." I plan to, I thought, as I felt my naked, freshly shaved body.

A.H.E.
(An older son)

that was planned was put aside.

The first thing that I did was to have him gather all his clothes together and I locked them away so that he would remain naked. He cried and protested when I then set about shaving his body hair, for he was quite a hairy stud and looked upon the same as being a sign of his manhood. When I finished shaving him, through his tears he told me that he felt and looked like a little boy. It wasn't long before he experienced the first-time pleasure of his Daddy's cock in his mouth. He struggled a bit with the same and had to have another ass-warming to do so, but he did it, amidst a lot of gagging.

A lot has happened in the past month. He begs to suck and lick my cock and balls and my whole body. Even though he gagged again and again as he learned to drink my piss, he now receives it and his own as the only liquid that he is allowed to drink. He has come to greatly desire being fucked and to know that I will move from one hole to the other for my pleasure even though I give him no enemas or the like to clean him out. In fact, he has also come to know that his mouth and tongue are my toilet paper. He has learned that his body is mine and belongs to me and, as such, has also learned the joys of tit-clamps, dildos, butt-plugs, cock and ball bindings and restraints, in addition to other restraints and being placed into bondage. We have moved from ass whipping into total body whippings and he has learned to lay himself out with his legs spread wide and with him not in any form of bondage while I apply a belt to his cock and balls. He knows the feel of hot wax upon his body and tits and having his cock and balls totally covered and encased in it. He knows that when he is good, he is permitted to sit at the table with his Daddy and that when he has been bad, he will be naked between his Daddy's legs and pleasure his Daddy with working on Daddy's cock while his Daddy will occasionally drop some chewed up food into his waiting and open mouth.

Last night, however, was a big night for us, for I felt it was time for a commitment. Either he was going to stay as my son or he was going to leave, much as I would hate the latter. I had sent him to his room (the first time he's even been in it since we began) and instructed him to make up his mind either to stay or to leave. If he chose to leave, he was simply to get his clothes, get dressed, get in his car and drive away. If he chose to stay, he was to let me know by choosing something which would demonstrate his willingness and prove his desire. He was given one hour to make up his mind.

I'm pleased to say that it was less than 15 minutes later when he came out to me. For the first time since we were together, the collar was not placed around his neck, but it was padlocked there and the key to the padlock was flushed down the toilet stool. He, however, was not

be down shortly."

Whenever I am to be punished it is necessary for me to go to the room we have made in the basement. Here is where Daddy has all of the straps, whips, belts and other items he uses on me. I went to the basement and although I was not particularly happy about the prospects of him bringing others with him, I was not in a position to protest. When I got downstairs I stripped myself totally naked and then stood on the platform we have built there. I switched on the floodlight which lights the platform (turning off the other lights) and stood at attention awaiting Daddy.

He came down about 20 minutes later with the two men from his office. As they walked into the room I heard one of the men say: "My god, look at this!" Daddy made no response to the comment. He walked over to me and said: "You know why you are here, don't you, son?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "the beef was over-done." "Exactly," Daddy replied. He then turned to the men with him and said: "I asked you to stay so that you can see how I take care of my son when he is deserving of punishment."

He then said to me: "Get the bench." I walked over to the corner of the room and picked up a padded bench we have made and carried it back to the platform placing it under the floodlight and then I laid across it. Daddy then came over to the bench and began to run his hand over my naked ass. "Charlie, Bob, close up here, I want you to watch this. I have told you in the office about how I find it necessary on occasion to take the belt to this son of a bitch. He absolutely ruined the expensive roast beef we had tonight, so now his ass is going to pay for it. If you want, you have my permission to feel him up a little." Daddy took his hand away and then I felt another hand rub over my ass and a voice say: "He really is a hairy bastard, isn't he?" "He may be now but he isn't going to be much longer," I heard Daddy answer.

"Okay, we'll begin—you know the routine." I lay there expecting the belt. Whenever Daddy puts me over the bench, just before he begins the beating, my cock begins to grow. I felt it harden as I anticipated the belt. Then it came—hard, solid and sharp against my ass. "One, thank you sir," I cried out. It came again. "Two, thank you sir," I cried out again. Slowly and methodically Daddy laid the belt on me.

He then walked to the front of the bench and stood in front of me. His manhood was at its most erect state. He said to me: "Are you greased?" "Yes sir," I answered. I then heard him say: "Bob, you look like this has gotten you rather worked up. His ass is greased good if you wish to take advantage of it." Daddy then moved closer to me and said: "Open up, boy." He then began to fuck me in the face. At the same time I felt something probe at my

HARD WORKING SON

I just had to write to let you know how much I enjoy *Drummer* and its *Drummer Daddies* section and to let you know that about a month ago I found my long-dreamed-of son here in the unlikely place of Iowa. Having moved here some two and a half years ago due to a job transfer, I had just about given up ever finding someone with whom to share my life and my needs. It's a long story and I won't bore you with all the details leading up to it all happening.

Very briefly, I had placed an ad in a local paper for a hired hand to help me raise the horses I enjoyed so much and to take care of the place I had bought and was unable to keep up with, my having to work fairly long hours away from the place. I hired Doug because he was young and muscular and strong and appeared to be able to do the job.

Our relationship began less than a week after I had hired him. He was careless and clumsy and had heavily damaged a piece of expensive machinery. To make a long story short, I had threatened to whip his ass for the same and it was but an hour later that I did just that. It was during that whipping that he cried out, "Daddy! I'm sorry! Please, Daddy!" and he kept on crying out a simple "Daddy" as I laid on a few more strokes with the belt on his beautiful ass cheeks, which were now real reddened and bruised. When he did not move from his bent over position as I stopped, I commanded him to stay there and enjoyed a good hard fucking of his ass. He was so hot and tight that I couldn't keep from shooting almost as soon as I entered him, but I stayed in him and fucked him for a second unloading. He did not resist, even though he was untied and bigger than me and, other than crying out when I entered him, he displayed no emotion or response through it all.

That night at supper, he said nothing until the meal was ended. It was then that he told me that no one had ever spanked or whipped his ass before and that he had never been fucked before. He admitted as how he deserved what he got and in the conversation that followed I told him that he was going to shape up or else. I also told him that if he was going to act like a kid instead of a man, I'd just have to take control of him as a Daddy should with his son.

The following morning, being Sunday, we prepared for a day of working together and my finishing instructing him as to all of what his job was to involve. While talking together, he kept saying, "Yes, Sir" or "No, Sir" or "Yes, Daddy" and "No, Daddy". The conversation that followed let me know that he was not sure of what was happening and that he was scared to even think about what all might happen and take place, but that he wanted to try it all out. Needless to say, whatever work

satisfied that that was proof enough. It was his decision that he be taken out to the barn and that, in some way, I would tie him up in such a way so that he would be fucked by one of the stallions there. Needless to say, I was shocked, and yet I knew that it had to be done. It did happen (I won't go into the details) and he screamed out as it started and cried throughout until the finish.

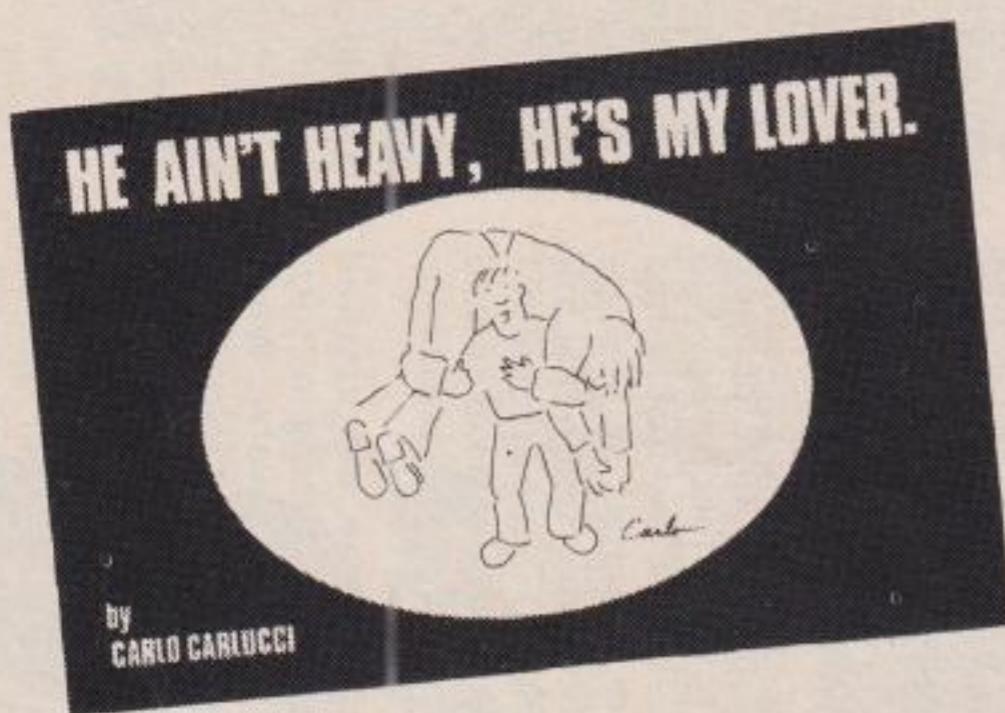
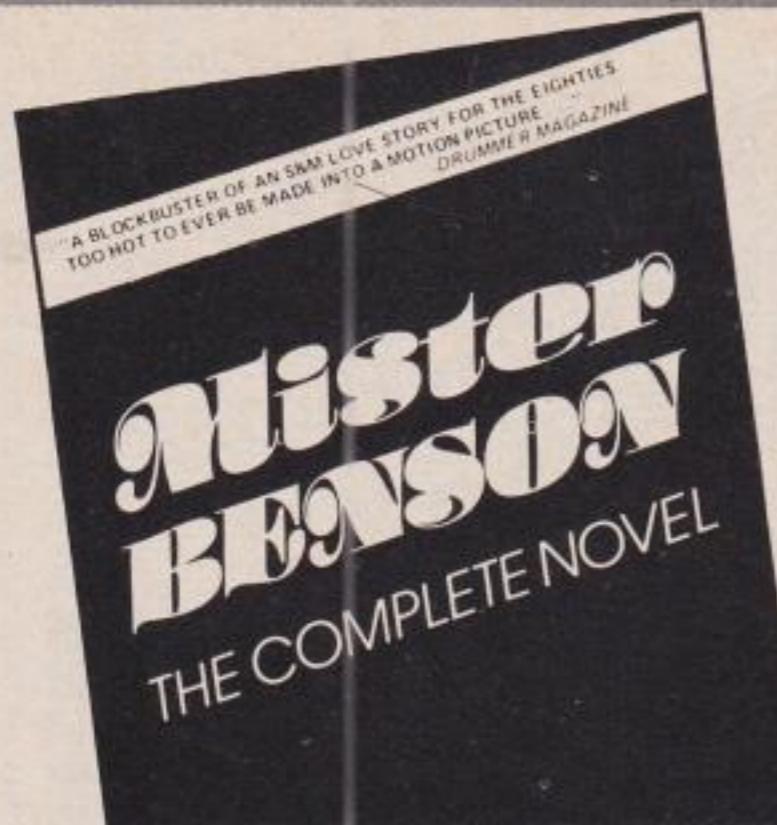
As he hobbled back to the house, supported by me, he continued to cry and to tell me that he wanted to stay and be my son. I have no regrets for what happened after I attended to him and calmed him down, even though I know and he knows that it probably will not happen again. Yes, that night my son was the first guy to fuck my ass in some seven years. He entered me only after rimming my ass and spitting on his cock, and fucked me like a wild man as he chewed and bit on my tits. He finished by pulling out of my ass and driving his cock into my mouth as I fought him and bit down hard and furiously upon his cock.

Moments ago we returned to our home after burning all his clothes in the trash barrel. He stood there watching while I used a belt all over his body with him untied and he did not move an inch through it all. He is standing next to me with tit-clamps on his tits, his cock tied very tightly at its base so that it is purple and throbbing, and his balls tied down tightly in their sac and a weight hanging from them. He is not tied in any way and he has been saying, "Please, Daddy! Tell them that I love you!" In a few short minutes I'm going to release him and we'll go into our bedroom and, for the first time, I am going to make tender love to him and also for the first time tell him that I want and need him as my son and am so happy he is staying.

As I told you, I'm writing because there's so many guys out there who don't live in the areas where Daddy/son relationships are more commonplace. They, like me, have dreams and hopes which they never think will come true. I'm here to tell you that they do come true. No, I don't want any letters or the like. I only ask that you keep up the good work of *Drummer* and continue the *Drummer Daddies* section.

I have to tell you that, prior to my coming to Iowa, I lived in the greater Chicago area. Through your *Drummer* ads I established contact with guys in the area and throughout the U.S. That service is greatly appreciated! For whatever it is worth, I'm 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., quite hairy, 8½" of uncut cock. My son is 19, 6'3", 185 lbs., was hairy, 6" cut. I use bondage on him very little because I get off on the fact that I control him while loose. Whatever—keep up the good work.

Robert J.
Fort Dodge, Iowa



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